

DECEMBER 1953 WILLIAM FAY, HAROLD ROSENTHAL, DAN HOLLAND

Almost any whiskey makes a welcome gift...but...

only Lord Calvert says: "To a Man of Distinction"

Yes, giving *can* be an art! For example, you can pay a deft and gracious compliment to every man on your list... with a gift of Lord Calvert, the whiskey that's Custom Distilled—*and* says "To a Man of Distinction"!

This friendly salute to a man and his taste will make your gifts of Lord Calvert the most welcome of the Season!



Zenith's latest contribution in its crusade to lower the cost of hearing in this day of rising prices:

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Imagine! 15[¢] a month operating-cost instead of 15[¢] to 30[¢] a day!

Introducing the extraordinary new, tubeless, 3-transistor



"ROYAL-T" HEARING AID

What you save in cost of batteries will rapidly pay for the low purchase-price of the "Royal-T"! Tell your friends the welcome news.

The "Royal-T" is, without a doubt, the greatest step forward in Zenith's crusade to lower the cost of hearing. It is a hearing aid that actually does live up to all the magic promises you've heard about transistors. It is a hearing aid that represents, in every way, the superb quality and performance hearing-aid wearers expect of Zenith.

And the "Royal-T" is accepted by the Council on Physical Medicine and Rehabilitation of the American Medical Association.

Let your local Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer show you, firsthand, why the new "Royal-T" is the transistor hearing aid you've been waiting for. His name is listed in the classified telephone directory ... or send coupon below for complete dealer list.

Do tell your friends about this wonderful Zenith development. Show them a copy of this ad.

Sorry—but orders for the new "Royal-T" will have to be filled in the order received.





By the Makers of World-Famous Zenith TV and Radio Sets

GREATER ECONOMY: The "Royal-T" operates for only 15¢ per month as compared to 15¢ to 30¢ per day for old-type vacuum-tube hearing aids!

GREATER CLARITY: Lifelike sound, truer and clearer than ever. Zenith's transistors assure you greater clarity than vacuum tubes, and you get Zenith's newly developed, super-sensitive heat and humidity resistant microphone...an engineering triumph!

GREATER CONVENIENCE: Only one, tiny, 15¢ "A" battery (available in stores from coast to coast) operates the entire hearing aid for a full month in average use. No "B" battery, fewer interruptions in power.

- 5-YEAR SERVICE PLAN: Your Zenith Hearing Aid Dealer will give you full details on this remarkable after-purchase protection plan, and also the 1-Year Written Parts Warranty.
- 10-DAY MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE: You can try out the "Royal-T" at work, home, church, theatre, under all hearing conditions. Judge for yourself!

Zenith's outstanding vacuum-tube hearing aids are still available. \$75 each.

WRITE TODAY FOR FREE LITERATURE

You will receive an important and revealing booklet summarizing the U.S. Government Federal Trade Commission Rules on Hearing Aid Adver-tising and Sales Practices. This vital information, released by the Na-tional Better Business Bureau, should be read by everyone contemplat-ing the purchase of a hearing aid...Zenith or any other make. *Save this Zenith ad* and check it against the booklet. Check every hear-ing aid advertisement you see. Then you, yourself, can readily tell whether or not a manufacturer or dealer is basing his advertising on facts.

You will also receive interesting literature about the Zenith "Royal-T" and a complete list of Zenith Hearing Aid Dealers.

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Dept. Z27, 5801 Dickens Ave., Chicago 39, III.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY_ ZONE___STATE Don't rely on reindeer



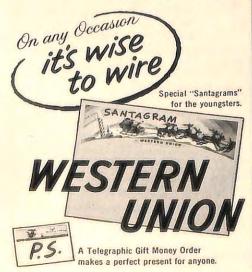
Don't employ a sleigh

Just speed your season's greetings



No matter what else you do...say

"Merry Christmas!" by TELEGRAM



VOL. 32 MAGAZINE No. 7 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. THE ELKS NATIONAL MEMORIAL AND PUBLICATION COMMISSION BRUCE A. CAMPBELL JOHN R. COEN Vice-Chairman JOHN S. McCLELLAND Secretary JAMES T. HALLINAN Treasurer MICHAEL F. SHANNON Asst. Secy. and Asst. Treas. JAMES R. NICHOLSON General Manager LEE C. HICKEY JOSEPH C. JONES GENEVIEVE G. CONOVER Advertising Production REGINA M. FISHER Associate Editor EDWARD FAUST Promotion Manager W. H. MAGRATH Controller JOHN SCHMITT Circulation Manager EDITORIAL OFFICES, 50 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N.Y. **CONTENTS FOR DECEMBER, 1953** COVER BY WOODI 4 OWN YOUR OWN RAILROAD......Dickson Hartwell 6 ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES 9 A CHRISTMAS MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER.... 10 11 INDOCHINA TINDERBOX......Bruno Shaw 12 14 NEWS OF THE LODGES CALIFORNIA CONVENTION FEATURES CEREBRAL PALSY 17 PROGRAM 18 20 FOUNDATION AWARDS TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON 21 22 YOUTH PROGRAM 1953-54 26 THE GRAND EXALTED RULER'S VISITS 27 ELKS FAMILY SHOPPER 28 34 LOS ANGELES CONVENTION 38 ELKDOM MOURNS LOSS OF PROMINENT MEMBERS 38 40 HOME SUPERINTENDENCY CHANGES 42 LIFE'S PROMISE C. E. Broughton, Past Grand Exalted Ruler 56 EDITORIAL ADVERTISING OFFICES LOS ANGELES 17 1646 Wilshire Boulevard DUNKIRK 8-5187 NEW YORK 17 CHICAGO 1 360 North Michigan Avenue 50 East 42nd Street VANDERBILT 6-4660 STATE 2-6662 SAN FRANCISCO 4 DETROIT 2 2970 West Grand Boulevard TRINITY 5-7026 1204 Russ Building SUTTER 1-2251

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

We here at Palm Springs Lodge No. 1905, who are new to Elkdom, as well as the Old Timers. are delighted with

our national Magazine. We expect through this medium to get acquainted nationally with our Brother Elks. Kindly accept our sincere congratulations for the artistic, informative periodical you give us monthly.

C. Ronald Ellis

Kyle Rote SAYS..

Palm Springs, Calif.

Just a brief note to tell you that I think that Brother Samuel C. Duberstein's inspiring article, "Why Membership In the B.P.O. Elks?", which appeared in your July issue, is really great. Thanks to Brother Duberstein for a wonderful message which I sincerely hope all Elks read. W. F. Baxter

San Francisco, Calif.

Brother Baxter now lives in San Francisco, but holds a Life Membership in Bremerton, Wash., Lodge No. 1181.

I have visited a good many lodges in the past year and in all too few have found a good reading room. It seems to me that the first need of a lodge is to have a nice reading room with a table supplied with current magazines: Post, Life, Newsweek, Collier's, and most certainly The Elks Magazine, are a few of the magazines that should be readily accessible to members who wish to drop in at the club for a few hours of quiet relaxation in the lounge.

D. C. Gallagher

Chicago, Ill.

Your feature fiction story by William Byron Mowery-"Timberline Trial"-is a well thought out story-well phrased and the build-up is exceptionally well controlled, but the two-man falling saw in the background of Biggs' illustration of Meesh and Kettick in the cabin, in my opinion, is out of place. "In the ambush of dwarf junipers up near timberline," and throughout Mowery's writings, there was no reference to anything but high altitude, so why did Biggs put a logging camp angle in an illustration where no logging is in the story? Especially a two-man saw when Meesh Le Blanc was alone, above the timberline?

Member BPOE No. 1884, Quincy, Calif .-- our main industry is lumber. Garl Brown

Quincy, Calif.

Leesburg, Fla.

Let me thank you for the thorough and excellent service rendered by your Travel Department.

Floyd N. Shaver

only 3 times a y ... LASTS LONGER, TOO !'

needs water

SEE YOUR PREST-O-LITE DEALER FOR FREE PRO FOOTBALL SCHEDULES

Kyle Rote, halfback of the New York Giants and former All-American from Southern Methodist, was the number one draft choice of the Giants for 1951. After being injured during the 1951 season, Kyle came back in 1952 to gain 421 yards rushing and 240 words on payter creating vards on passes received.

AND TO ALL A GOOD

BY WILLIAM FAY

On this particular Christmas eve it was a long—but important jump for Dennis from the race track to Mr. Clairborne's store.

D ENNIS LANDIS, a young man with the enduring quality of a \$2 napkin, was disturbed on this December 24th by the thought that joy unbounded, like a three horse parlay, was not a thing on which you could depend. Due to weather, and because the Christmas rush was over, there were not many people in the cafeteria of Clairborne's Department Store at River Valley, New York. There was the girl behind the counter, drawing pictures along the margins of her order pad, there was a perfume salesman drinking coffee, and at one of the tables there were Dennis and Mary, who loved each other with a classic tenderness that was in its second week and hurt all over.

"Tired, Dennis?"

"Just my feet. You need the arches of Atlas for the retail trade. Isn't it funny I should wind up working here in a department store?"

"What's funny about it, Dennis?"

He couldn't say. He had begun to believe that Mary's employment of words was more precise than his own, an expected trait in a girl who taught dramatic art at Saint Philip's Academy For Girls when she was not turning odd hours to cash at Clairborne's. He hadn't really meant "funny," or even "peculiar," but as a promotion man and public relations counsel, recently employed by **a** race track, he could not avoid pondering the price any honest bookmaker would lay against a smart man working this here here the set of the set.

a smart man working this hard for a batch of fresh money. "So it's not funny," Dennis admitted. "It's just the best long shot that ever came in."

He looked away from her then, trying not to be unduly sentimental in this season when spirits filled and spilled so easily. Yet two weeks ago, with no job and a slight supply of cash, he had been driving through these towns along the Hudson, searching for a vacant, inexpensive store where he could peddle a cargo of costume jewelry. He had gone into Clairborne's to buy a shirt and had remained to eat a sandwich. His first impression was that this was a nice big store, but limp of pace and purpose; then he had noticed, for all its size, that Clairborne's carried no stock of really gay trinkets at all.

"You worked so desperately hard," Mary said in praise of him. She kept watching him over her folded hands. She was a tall and handsome girl, as brave, he suspected, as she was sometimes wistful. "But what is there, Dennis, that is really worth while and yet not difficult to attain?"

"Mmmmmm," Dennis said.

He supposed, if he thought of something, that it might not fit the moment or the girl. He was not only willing to live among the virtuous, he was anxious to remain with them. Working for Mr. Clairborne—bless the man—he was not an ordinary salesman; he was a private concessionaire. He paid rent on a booth, returning to the store an honest but modest share of the profits, and for vivid ideas, he was paid extra. Still he could not help wondering from time to time what Mr. Clairborne's reaction would be were he to discover that Dennis's costume jewelry—the glittering lot of it—had been pirated from a race track character known as Ralphie "Pizza-Boy" Tolledrando. It was a thought that could rip the tinsel off the very best of his dreams.

"Time to go back now?" Mary said.

Walking back through the store it took a moment to realize why a deep, deep stillness possessed the place. The reindeer, naturally. Someone had pulled the switch on the talking, squawking reindeer rigged on trolleys under the ceiling.

"And a good thing, too," he said.

BECAUSE, if he was proud of this reindeer notion he had sold Mr. Clairborne, he was also worn in the ears with it. These paper-mache friends of old Saint Nicholas were about the size of large dogs. There were six of them. Not only were they wired for jolly tunes and shopping hints to jabber at customers; their tiny motors moved them at a rate that would have blown the red hat off the head of old Saint Nicholas. It was this speed that had suggested to Dennis his greatest contribution to customer-gathering yet—the "Clairborne Daily Double"—a twice-a-day series of sprints for gift certificates. Macy or Gimbel would have been proud.

"What time are you to see Mr. Clairborne?" Mary asked. "Oh, sometime after closing, I suppose."

"Don't you think he's going to talk to you about coming back after the first of the year?"

"I wouldn't swear, angel." But he knew Mr. Clairborne had this in mind. "Of course, he's such a nice old man, I sometimes think he deserves me."

He said this jokingly, for Mary's sake, but he was not without faith in the general idea. He felt with good reason that his future promised to be an improvement on his past. Not that there was anything wrong with promotion work at a race track if a man remained free of any larceny hovering near. But for himself and Mary? You had to face the fact that things were running for them sweeter than Native Dancer in a field of pigs. Even the silliest things paid off for them these days. The homefreezer and the vacuum cleaner they had won, for instance, on a television program entitled, "Listen, Cupid—Don't Be Stupid," when they had gone to New York last Sunday on their only fancy date. He would take (Continued on page 46)



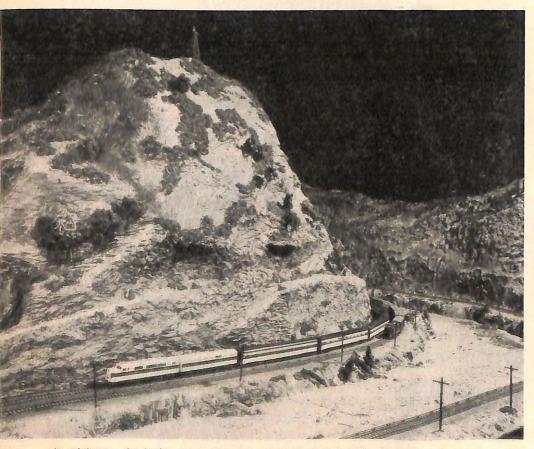
OWN YOUR OWN

—as do thousands of enthusiastic model railroad fans enjoying this fast-growing hobby. BY DICKSON HARTWELL

F YOU rarely see a neighbor, but hear his wife complain that she's now sending the laundry out because she can't get to the automatic washer in the basement and that she's moving the dining room furniture to the attic and putting the living room furniture in its place. you can begin to suspect.

Further, if you note that this neighbor is leaving his car parked in the driveway instead of putting it in the garage, your suspicions can be considered confirmed. You will know that he is a model railroad addict and that his case can be considered hopeless. Moreover, you can guess with some certainty that he is the happiest man in the block.

Model railroading, virtually unknown a generation ago. has suddenly become a nation-wide institution with its own national organization. The National Model Railroad Association, 300 flourishing local clubs and with several magazines devoted exclusively to this hobby. One leading monthly magazine in this field had only 272 readers for its first 12-page issue in 1934 but last year was eagerly studied by 120,000.



In miniature, the Lackawanna Railroad's streamlined train, "The Phoebe Snow", rounds a curve of scenic Delaware Water Gap reproduced in the New York Society of Model Engineers' layout.

Hardly anyone had heard of model railroads until it was discovered several years ago that Yul Brynner, star of the Broadway hit, "The King and I", had built one in his dressing room. He issued a formal complaint that his room was too small and was threatening to tunnel through next door where co-star Gertrude Lawrence, he felt, had more privacy than required.

But the speed of model railroading's growth is less astonishing than the hold it gets on its victims. Once a man comes under the spell of model railroading he is apt to forsake chain smoking, abstain from highballs (by universal "Rule G"-no alcohol is ever permitted during model operations) and give up night clubs.

And building model railroads can go on forever. The good but preoccupied neighbor mentioned above probably has a layout (a layout is a complete railroad operation; switches, lights, towns, stations, bridges, tunnels and trains; as small as the top of a folding card table or as large as a man can make it) in his basement that runs from wall to wall. Obviously in the living room he has another representative of different railroad problems or a different era. Now he is building a third in the garage. In model rail circles his name would be comparable to that of Flagler or Harriman.

Talk of model railroading to the average man and he thinks of the train displays he is herded to when he takes the youngsters on their annual pilgrimage to the toy store at Christmas. Bending to the universal fascination for trains, he watches admiringly as the exquisite tiny streamliner threads its way through simulated tunnels. streaks around curves and pulls up to a station and, magically, stops. Signal lights flash, the engine smokes, hoots and chugs, businesslike and purposeful.

Scale model railroading is not like this. Though many a devoted model hobbyist had his interest kicked off in such a fashion, such layouts are regarded as no more than the manufacturers say they areintriguing and most interesting toys for a father to give his son. The model man is in fact a railroader operating in miniature. His trains are exact scale replicas of specific prototypes. He operates them according to precise schedule. When he Photos by Walbridge Taylor

m

Not the original, but very close to it. Scale model HO consolidation locomotive, "scratch built" by Ira L. Deutsch, won "Best In Show" at the New York Society of Model Engineers" Annual Exhibition this year. Steam and sand pipes, not much larger than a human hair, the execution of the brake rigging and many other fine details made it the outstanding entry.

makes up a freight each car is placed where it can most conveniently be dropped off at its proper spur track along the route. His operations are timed so that a regular train pulls into a siding with minimum time loss to make way for a superior train. (In technical talk the Twentieth Century, for example, is a superior train, not an express or a limited).

RAILROAD

Getting involved in such an operation is obviously something more than play. It may require exhaustive study, painstaking analysis and exact timing. But with each gradual improvement there comes that growing satisfaction that is the pay off for any hobby expertly done. Model railroaders don't claim that they get more out of the fine combination of skills required of them than those called for in, say, ship carvers, amateur painters or stamp collectors. They don't claim anything about ship carving, painting or stamps. They never even think about them. They think about model railroads.

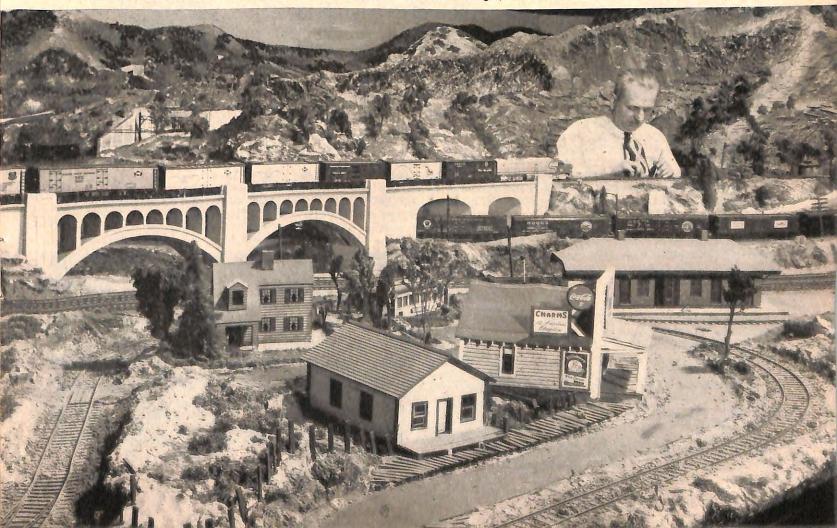
In addition to his job and normal family obligations an enthusiast will spend an average of 15 hours or more a week developing his interest at home. If he belongs to a club. and many of them do, he will probably give another four hours a week to the club project, which, as might be surmised, consists of building railroads and operating them. Thus in a week he gives two working days to his engrossing avocation which, in hobby circles, is considered living it up.

Probably the elite among the model makers are the live-steam men. These artisans manufacture exact-replica engines which, with tender, might be three feet long. Every part is made by hand with great precision required for full operating efficiency. They operate them by stoking the firebox with real coal, filling the boilers with water, creating a head of steam and notching the throttle ahead. Off they go!

Obviously to make such an engine requires consummate skill, machine shop facilities and an almost pathological indifference to time, characteristics which few of us are born with. But the most serious handicap is the almost total absence of convenient facilities for operating such engines. To meet this problem a few members of the inner circle built

(Continued on following page)

The detail that makes model railroading a never-ending task. Scale model bridges, stations and trains reproduce the real thing.



a trestle on a Long Island estate and laid a track on it. They hitch a flat car behind the tender, straddle it, letting their feet hang, turn on the steam and chug off for a merry ride, operating brakes and throttle as needed.

If such an elaborate set-up provided the only outlet for railroad modeling it would have limited appeal. But the next in order of prestige is somewhat more practical. This is called O gauge. Everything from the size of the spikes that hold the rails to the miniature ties and the engines themselves are constructed on a scale of 1/4 inch to one foot. This is done with great precision whether you make your own trains from scratch (which means you build everything but the trucks and electric motors yourself) or whether you buy kits from manufacturers and assemble them. quite a job in itself. Because the gauge is so small, variations in temperature, which expand or contract metal, may cause wrecks or operational failures. For this reason model work must be done exactly. To insure that manufacturers adhere to rigid specifications laid down by the National Model Railroad Association the organization constantly inspects their output. Any who failed to meet standards would find themselves quickly banned by conscientious model men. And of all people, model men are indeed conscientious.

Unfortunately. O gauge is too large for the average home layout. Curves have to be at least five-foot radius and, since curves are downright essential, O gauge often requires too much space. Another gauge, and the most popular, is called HO, which is just about half the size of



Part of the layout of the New York Society of Model Engineers, showing closeup view of freight train and tracks. Note the detail of the ties.

O-to be exact, 3.5 millimeters to the foot. There are other gauges in use, but most modelling is done in O and HO.

Details of railroad model construction (interurban and trolley lines are popular too) can be confusing to the uninitiated but the niceties are well illustrated by one method of building a roadbed. The bed is cut from wallboard and then coated with a slow-drying varnish adhesive. The ties, tiny scale strips of plywood, are then laid on the adhesive and the rails put down and secured with tiny spikes. Then finely pulverized rock is sprinkled on the varnish for ballast, pressed down so it will adhere firmly. and the residue lightly brushed away. Such minutely careful procedures govern each step in construction.

The cost of indulging this extraordinary hobby varies widely according to the temperament and pocketbook of the indulger. Some are so anxious to complete a layout as quickly as possible that they buy most of their equipment already assembled, a practice frowned on by more patient and serious builders. If a man builds from scratch, once he has invested in the essential tools and equipment he need spend very little. An electric motor may cost \$6. engine wheels \$1, gears and light bulbs 25 cents each and a fully operating semaphore signal with motor. \$4. These costs needn't paralyze even a modest budget.

The man who builds from kits will spend somewhat more, though he will get quicker results. HO gauge freight cars, gondolas, tank cars and cabooses are \$3 or less each. In O gauge, kits for one car cost from \$6 to \$9 each.

The major expense, obviously, is for locomotives which in O gauge may start with a switch engine for \$22.50 and go through a Pacific 4-6-2 (four small riding wheels in front, six driving wheels in the center and two small riding wheels under the cab) at \$37.50. to a Union Pacific Challenger 4-6-6-4 Articulated (two sets of driving wheels operating with separate steam heads) delivered assembled and ready to run for \$195. A 4-6-2 Pacific in HO gauge can be had for \$24 and a 4-4-2 Atlantic for less than \$20.

These prices don't indicate the poten-(Continued on page 39)

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES

PERATING under the aegis of the Elks National Service Commission, the Veterans Service Committee of Seattle, Wash., Lodge, No. 92, has been functioning continuously at top speed for over eleven years.

During World War II shows were given at all military installations and hospitals, at dockside and out on the "Welcome Boat".

At the war's end, when many similar entertainment units ceased operations, the Elks of No. 92 felt there was still an important need for this work in the VA Hospitals, and so they continued their program; when action started in Korea, the group was well organized and able to give even more time to this work.

FEW CHANGES IN PERSONNEL

Except for the death of two of its members, the Committee is composed of the same men every year since its inception. About a year ago, with Chairman Bruce Calhoun as Master of Ceremonies, the Committee saw its Senior Entertainment Unit put on its 1,000th performance, an event which took place at Service Club No. 1 at Fort Lawton, and dedicated to the memory of George Ledger, one of those who inaugurated the program.

This lodge's interest in the men of our Armed Forces takes in those overseas, too. Bert Swezea is Chairman of No. 92's Magazine Committee. Not long ago he received the following letter written from California by a Colonel who had served in Korea. It speaks for itself:



These are the members of Seattle, Wash., Lodge's Senior Unit, many of whom have given well over 1,000 hours of their time and talent to the entertainment of our servicemen in VA Hospitals.

September 25, 1953

Dear Mr. Swezea:

Now that the flurry of being released from prison in North Korea and returning once more to loved ones in the United States is gradually subsiding, I want to write you in thanks for the thoughtfulness of you and your Brother Elks.

I know I can speak for all the repatriated prisoners of war on the USMS General R. L. Howze when I say that the magazines and the books that the Elks collected to send to the Red Cross were a Godsend to us. Many of us had not seen pictures for over three years. The magazines received the widest attention and were circulated over and over throughout the ship until they were in rags. Everyone enjoyed them immensely.

The unselfishness of you and the rest of the members of Seattle Lodge No. 92 of the Elks will never be forgotten and has served to strengthen our faith in the wonderful people who live in the most beautiful country in the world.

Sincerely yours, Walker M. Mahurin, Colonel USAF, George Air Force Base, Victorville, Calif.



These youngsters, all under seven, comprise the Elks' popular Junior Entertainment Unit.

WHEN the Seattle Committee was formed in 1942, its members decided on two points: It would provide first-class entertainment, and it would keep entertainment clean and wholesome.

The Committee has adhered to that pledge, with the result that today its Entertainment Unit is considered one of the top groups in its field.

In 1950, when it became obvious that the Entertainment Unit, which played its 1,096th performance a few months ago, could not begin to fill all the requests for appearances, the Committee experimented with the idea of another Unit, featuring children under the age of seven.

YOUNG TROUPERS A HIT

This Junior Unit was formed primarily to play at orphanages and children's homes, occasionally filling in at a hospital show, since the Elks had no idea that such youthful talent would go over with a GI audience. However, when a conflict in schedule made it necessary for the Juniors to go on at the Fort Lawton Service Club, the men received them so enthusiastically that now these young troupers alternate regularly with the Seniors.

There are approximately 35 acts to draw from in the Senior group, and 15 in the Junior. Each show includes from ten to 12 acts, and between seven and ten shows are put on each month.

The Committee is backed by the entire membership of the lodge in its conviction that the effort, time and money expended on this program are more than worthwhile. In addition to having played before well over 1,000,000 servicemen, bringing thousands of hours of pleasure to them, the Elks' Entertainers have gained a great deal of valuable experience in this field. Many have left the Units to go into the "big time"; one of them, Sharon Baird, was signed by Eddie Cantor to appear on his television show.

A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



"The Gift Without the Giver Is Bare"

As the Christmas Season approaches, our thoughts turn more and more to those we love, and also, in the same spirit, to those less fortunate than ourselves.

This is a time of thoughtful remembrance and unselfish sharing. It is proper and desirable that we, as a charitable organization whose members have generously shown the charity that is in their hearts, consider the most effective ways to make our contributions to humanity.

It long has been my belief that "charity begins at home", and that we should "perform the duty that lies nearest thee". For these reasons I have urged with all my power that Elks in every section of the country adopt a program of aid and good will in every community served by an Elks Lodge—an Elks project, financed and manned by Elks. It is my hope that each Lodge and each State Association will find and establish a major program which can be endorsed and supported with pride by every decent citizen in this land of ours.

It would be a fine thing if every Elks lodge could—as, happily, so many of our lodges can—point to a program of hope and inspiration for youngsters in an orphans' home, a playground, a park, a ward in a crippled children's hospital or some other worthwhile contribution as the Elks work in that community.

We must never forget that the Order of Elks is first of all dedicated to charity as the cardinal reason for our being an organization at all. A faithful servant of charity is our Elks National Foundation. From the Foundation income, built up by gifts from Elks during the past twenty-five years, the Foundation has helped hundreds of deserving youngsters obtain the education that will make them better Americans; it has made possible awards recognizing the leadership ability of boys and girls, thus encouraging them to greater achievements; it has enabled technicians to obtain the training that will help them to help cerebral palsied children to walk and talk and become more self-reliant; its grants have aided Elks benevolent activities in all sections of the country.

Even more important, perhaps, the shining leadership of the Foundation has encouraged our lodges and Associations to broaden their benevolent activities so that we have become a benevolent Order in deed as well as in name. All of the activities of the Foundation increase the respect and good will of good people everywhere for our Order and for your lodge, and I earnestly hope that it will be supported consistently and increasingly by our members as individuals and by our lodges.

A few weeks ago I was asked by a photographer to lift a small crippled boy in my arms so that he might be photographed better. He had crutches strapped to both arms and steel braces on both legs. Yet, as I stooped to take him up he drew back and said, "I can stand alone". I wonder how many of us have the same pride and courage of that six-year-old boy. You have the opportunity, and I hope that you will seize it, to help that child and thousands of other children to stand alone by contributing generously to help crippled childrens' programs and by giving liberally to the Elks National Foundation. Get on the Honor Roll of Elkdom. It will make yours a better Christmas.

With Seasons Greetings and every good wish to each of you,

E Grand Exalted Ruler

ROD AND GUN

Dan travels to the Ugashik River flats for little-known emperor geese.

BY DAN HOLLAND



THE RAREST of all geese is the emperor goose. Besides being the least known. he is also either the smartest or laziest of the tribe. Whereas most geese breed in the far north, in Canada and

Alaska, and migrate thousands of miles to winter in the south, the normal range of the emperor goose covers merely a few hundred miles of Alaskan coastline. Thereby they save themselves both a lot of tedious flying and exposure to shotguns. To be specific, these beautiful geese breed along the delta country of the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers of western Alaska; then, when autumn comes, their idea of migrating is to fly about three hundred miles south to the Alaska Peninsula. In the spring they hop back again to the delta country to nest and pass the summer. Why they bother to migrate at all is a mystery to me.

From the human viewpoint this bit of western Alaska. the chosen home of the emperor goose, is miserable and desolate in every sense of the word. It is constantly wet and raw. Usually it is enshrouded in deep fog, and at best is overhung by low-flying. dark clouds. To add to its charm, the wind blows and blows and blows. The only change in the wind is when it blows harder. The treeless Alaska Peninsula is covered with a tall rye grass which billows before the raw wind like waves on the sea. The land is of volcanic origin which is the crowning touch to its unearthly appearance. Indians live there, of course, but I have concluded only because they happened to have been born there and resigned themselves to the assumption that the whole wide world was in just such miserable shape.

These Indians have always preyed on the emperor goose, naturally. They rob the nests for eggs, and, in the summer when the birds are flightless, they herd large flocks of them into compounds and club them to death. Otherwise these birds have been little bothered by man. Because of the unhospitable nature of the country, few white men have anything to do with it unless forced to be out there; so little contact is made with the emperor goose. Although an occasional one does stray down to the West Coast with a flock of other geese, this rare and beautiful goose is seen seldom enough and is quite rarely hunted for sport. I feel very lucky to have hunted them on the Alaska Peninsula.

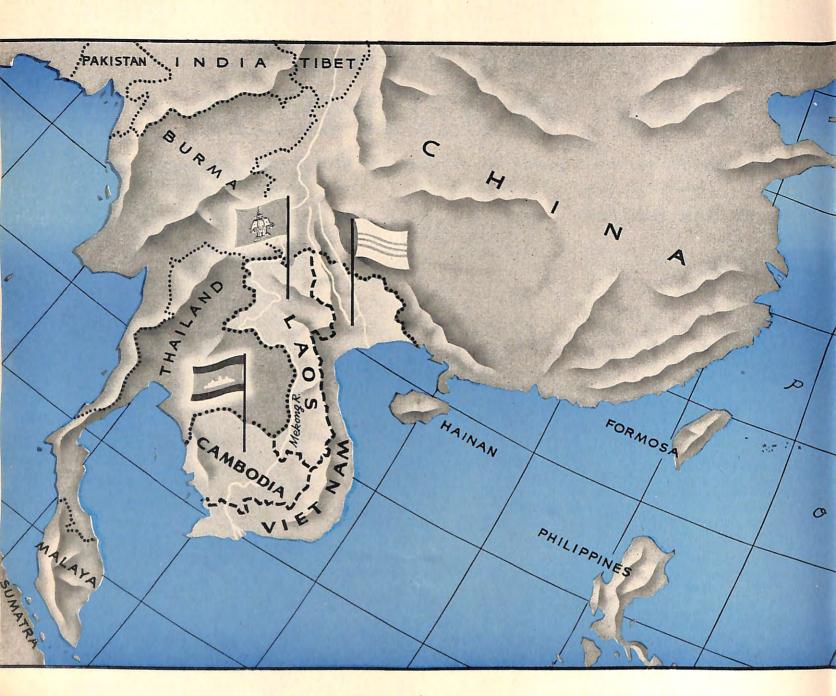
On our hunt we were fortunate to arrive at the Ugashik River flats along Bristol Bay during exceptionally good weather for that part of the world. The clouds were scudding low and black across the sky, and the sharp wind was wet and cold, but there was sufficient ceiling for visual flying, which made it a good day. As we came in low along the Ugashik River for a landing, clouds of waterfowl swarmed into the air, then settled back again into the surrounding marsh. We knew that the birds were there and it was just up to us to get some shooting. After we were settled on the water, however, we were still a long way from the hunting. The huge tides of the area had left a half-mile of bare mud flats between the water where we sat in the plane and the marsh where we could go ashore. As I pulled on my boots, I was thinking what a rough walk we had ahead of us. but Alaskan fliers know how to handle such situations. Smitty, who was at the controls, swung the nose toward shore, revved up the motors, slid the belly of the amphibian up onto the tidal flats and skied the plane over the greasy mud all the way to the edge of the marsh. When we stepped out we had only about fifty yards to walk to get into the marsh grass, which proved to be more than enough at that in the slippery, sticky Bristol Bay mud.

Any goose is by nature wary, and this goes even for the seldom-molested emperor; however, there were obviously lots of them around and the hunting should be comparatively easy. Five of us spread out into the marsh, jumping and shooting ducks as we went. The marsh grass was so high and thick that it provided a ready-made blind anywhere and everywhere a person might be. The emperor goose has a much shriller call than the well-known trumpet-like note of the Canada goose, but it is obviously goose talk nevertheless. Whenever I saw any of them in the air, no matter how far away. or heard this excited call as some of them were disturbed by one of the other hunters, I dropped to my knees and remained crouched there in the grass as long as there was any hope they might pass my way. The Ugashik marsh is a huge one, however, and there were plenty of places for geese to go besides my direction.

I had picked up several ducks and still (Continued on page 51)



Dan Holland holds an emperor goose shot on the Ugashik River flats of Alaska.

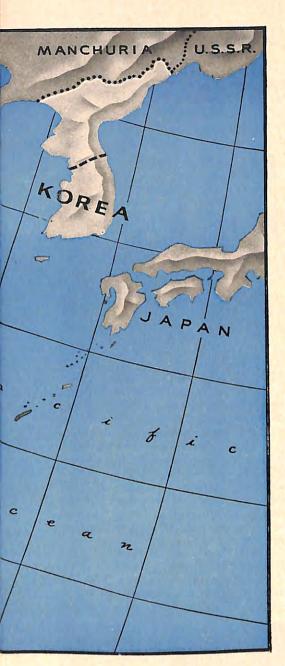


INDOCHINA TINDERBOX

Here is the story of how Southeast Asia became a battleground in the war against Red aggression.

BY BRUNO SHAW

To most Americans, Asia seems a topsy-turvy world peopled by strangely different races whose customs, traditions and religions are weird and difficult to understand. Bruno Shaw, who has been foreign correspondent and newspaper editor in the Far East for some fifteen years and who has contributed several articles to this publication, tells Elks Magazine readers why Indochina is of concern to us. The people of the East, says Mr. Shaw, are not quite as different as we think. They seem strange mostly because we do not know them better.



UCKED AWAY in a corner of southeast Asia, is the peninsula of Indochina. Much larger than Korea, but almost identical in shape, it is considerably less known to most Americans than Korea. Now that the monsoon season has ended, and the unceasing deluge of rain is over, we are likely to find that Indochina will become far better known to us than it ever has been before. For our government will have to consider, and quite soon, whether we shall once again plunge into an Asian battlefield, this time against Indochina's Reds, or whether we can hold the line against Communist aggression by helping those directly concerned to erect a sufficiently powerful bulwark of defense for themselves.

Indochina has been part of the French colonial empire since 1893. Like all areas of colonial empire of the past century, it has been a storehouse of wealth from which the controlling Powers have become rich and strong, while the native peoples for the most part have remained just where they were a hundred years ago —on the ragged edge of poverty; backward, ignorant, illiterate, and quickly worn-out-cogs in the gears of native and foreign exploitation.

The administration of colonial empire in the Far East has been, for the most part too, rotten to the core. It does not follow that self-governing areas were administered with a greater degree of conscience. Foreign administration usually meant more remunerative exploitation of native peoples only because it was more efficient, not because it was more ruthless or more venal.

Even in the best administered Far Eastern colonial regions a note not wholly in accord with the professed morals and practices of the West often made itself evident to the most casual visitor. In Sandakan, for example, in British North Borneo, were three square blocks of concentrated iniquity. Each square block was known as a "barn." Every year the sole right to operate each of these "farms" in the territory was auctioned off to the highest bidder, usually a syndicate of wealthy natives. Persons who indulged in any of these operations outside the limits of the concessions were given free board and lodging, and an opportunity to make little rocks out of big ones, in the jail which occupied one more square block to the west.

I was somewhat startled some years ago when I came upon this scene of well organized and well controlled means of satisfying the native libido in otherwise sedate British Sandakan. But I was to find that this was prim and prissy indeed compared to the all-encompassing graft and corruption and social and economic degradation encountered in areas administered by the Portuguese and French, for example, such as Macao and Indochina.

As long as the colonial Powers were able to maintain their supremacy by control of the native military, economic and political machinery, the continuance of the status quo was rarely seriously threatened. Now, in the mid-twentieth century, however, after World War II in which the Japanese slogan "Asia for the Asiatics" has taken deep root, and under conditions which are ready-made for Communist exploitation, all of Asia has become a tinder box of revolt in which Indochina, because of its strategic position, is considered to be the key that will open or shut the door to further Communist aggression.

It is under these conditions that the French Government at long last is making a sincere effort to satisfy the demands of Indochina's native peoples for self-government, and at the same time, because of their inexperience and the threat of Communist aggression from within and without, to prevent disaster.

Revolt in Indochina began immediately after the end of World War II. The Japanese had seized the peninsula in September 1940, and by the end of the war the prestige of the white race as "invincible" had quite vanished. When the Japanese withdrew in 1945 they abandoned large quantities of military supplies which were quickly taken over by rebel groups under the leadership of Ho Chi Minh, an Indochinese Moscow-trained Communist. When the French returned to resume control of Japanese-evacuated Indochina they were confronted with a Communistled armed rebellion.

For the past seven and a half years the French have been at war in Indochina. During that time the original supply of arms left by the Japanese has been supplemented by equipment from Red China and Russia. This military support from the Kremlin and its Red ally in the Far East, plus the guerrilla tactics of the Indochina Communists, has enabled the rebels not only to prolong the war, but to wreak tremendous havoc upon the depleted economy and manpower of France. The war in Indochina already has cost France 45,000 officers and men killed, and over \$1.000.000,000 a year.

The French have not been alone in their war against Communism in Indochina. In recent years they have had the support of many native political and religious groups, and the armies of Indochina are month by month becoming better trained and better equipped. The situation is badly complicated, however, by demands from the anti-Communist native leaders for national autonomy in their own political, economic and military affairs-and the fear by the French that a too sudden assumption of sovereignty in all these spheres might result in a total collapse of the resistance effort because of inexperience and incompetence and unawareness on the part of native Indochina of what the Communist menace really means.

Indochina is an area of about 275,000 square miles (about the size of Texas), divided by mountain ranges, a variety of cultures, and a multitude of languages, that have always made it a country easy to divide and conquer. It comprises the three separate states of Viet-Nam (population 23,000,000), Cambodia (3,500,-000), and Laos (1,500,000); about 1,000,-000 Chinese; a variety of tribes who speak about twenty different dialects or languages; and in normal times some 50,000 French citizens and their families.

The heads of the three states are: Bao Dai, Chief of State of Viet-Nam which is an all-embracing name for the two provinces of Tonkin and Cochinchina and the kingdom of Annam of which Bao Dai was Emperor; King Norodom Sihanouk Varman of Cambodia; and King Sisavang Vong of Laos. In 1947, under agreement with France, Laos and Cambodia each elected a National Assembly and both adopted constitutions under which democratic freedoms were guaranteed to their people. In 1949 agreements were concluded by France with each of the three states giving them greater control over

(Continued on page 53)



With Palm Springs, Calif., Lodge's first E.R., William Olsen, are Past Grand exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, left, P.D.D. Ted Nelson, third from left, and retiring State Pres. Vincent H. Grocott, right.

Joplin, Mo., Hospital Wing Dedicated as "Elkland"

Joplin's first hospital wing designed specifically for the treatment of infantile paralysis, children's diseases and diseases requiring isolation came into being as "Elkland. The new orthopedic wing of St. John's Hospital was dedicated to the people of the community by Rev. Fr. Arthur M. Tighe, former Chaplain of Joplin Lodge No. 501 whose members made the gift possible.

Sister M. Consolata, Hospital Supt., accepted the gift which represents an Elk investment of \$100,000, and includes the lodge's contribution of \$6,000 in special equipment—an iron lung. hydromassage machine for use in rehabilitating muscle tissue, and other items necessary to the treatment of poliomyelitis. Mark Ettinger, County Campaign Director of the Polio Fund and originator of the polio wing idea, spoke at the ceremonies conducted by D. J. Leary, Chairman of the Hospital's Lay Advisory Board, and a member of the Elks Committee on the project.

Hartford, Conn., Elks Co-Host Parties for Crippled Children

Twice a year in Hartford there is a crippled children's outing that is a tradition with three local organizations—the Elks, the Shriners and the Knights of Columbus. It all started over 30 years ago, when members of these groups joined in giving a Christmas party for the crippled children of Newington Home, Children's Village and the old Blind Nursery. The custom was continued, and seven years ago it was expanded to two summertime outings.

NEWS

of the

LODGES

Edward W. Cotter, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and a P.E.R. of Hartford Lodge No. 19, was one of the organizers, and his son Albert, at the age of 12, got his first assignment as a potato masher at one of the outings. Albert Cotter is E.R. of No. 19 now, and was one of the many hard-working hosts at the most recent event.

Seventy youngsters arrived at Batterson Park early that morning; some used canes, others were in wheelchairs, and there were many wearing double braces who had to be carried. These children spent the day atop makeshift tables from which they played ring-toss, quoits—even baseball, keeping the Brothers busy and winded running after hit balls.

One of the men whittled little boats, and there was a sensational gift for each





Over 100 persons joined in Pottsville, Pa., Lodge's tribute to 50-year-Elk Dr. J. W. Seltzer, pictured here, seated, as he accepted the good wishes of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, right. Others are, left to right: P.E.R. Malcolm Reeves, E.R. Ray Wachter, State Pres. Barney Wentz, Past Pres. Dr. Charles Hogan and Chairman J. S. Herbein.

Left: Chow-time at the picnic when Hartford, Conn., Lodge, the local Knights of Columbus and the Shriners entertained 70 crippled children found Tom Sheeley, left, of the Elks Lodge, and Mike Daly, right, of the Knights of Columbus, happily loading trays of food for their guests. child from Shriner Truman Blood—a small metal box, complete with lock and key, suitable for preserving important papers.

No record was kept of the food that was consumed, but the paper-plate brigade operated in assembly-line fashion.

California Has New Lodge at Palm Springs

It was "Elks Day" in Palm Springs when Calif.'s newest branch of the Order, No. 1905, was instituted. The designation was made by official proclamation of Mayor Charles Farrell, former motionpicture actor and currently starring in TV's "My Little Margie." Ceremonies began early in the afternoon at the local High School gymnasium, when the officers of Indio Lodge initiated the 300 Charter Members in the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, State Pres. Vincent H. Grocott and Grand Lodge Committeeman Ted Nelson.

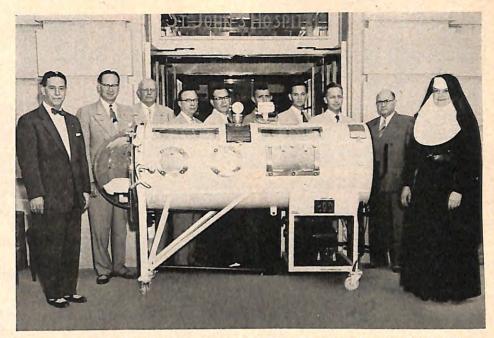
Record Crowd Celebrates Napa, Calif., Lodge's Anniversary

A well-arranged two-day program, directed by P.D.D. Dr. Ted F. Werner, marked the Golden Jubilee of Napa Lodge No. 832. Large delegations of members from the Bay District participated in the activities, highlighted by the presence of Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight James A. Shanley who attended the institution ceremonies for No. 832.

Laconia, N. H., Elkdom Reaches the Half-Century Mark

Elks from all over the State were guests of Laconia Lodge No. 876 when its 50th Anniversary was observed. D.D. Stanley M. Burns was guest of honor at the two-day program for which P.E.R. Maurice A. Jacques was General Chairman.

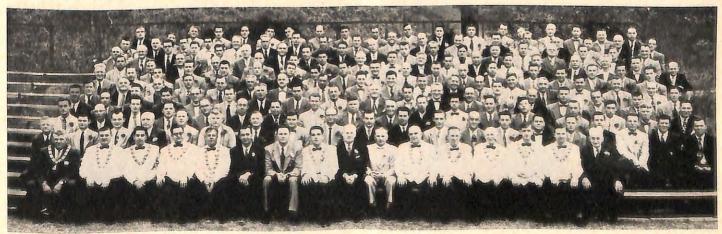
High point of the observance was the initiation of the 175-man Golden Jubilee Class by E.R. B. L. Boutin and his officers. This group was the largest in the history of the lodge which now has a roster of over 1,000, four of whom are Charter Members—P.E.R.'s C. F. Shastany and Dr. Edwin Hodgdon, E. S. Tilton and W. S. Wallace.



Sister M. Consolata, Supt. of St. John's Hospital, E.R. W. L. Schweikert, Mayor Dr. H. Chris Oltman, Past State Pres., Committee Chairman Judge Haywood Scott, Secy. Fred Lukens, P.E.R. Wm. Lahey, Est. Loyal Knight Brice Crouch, Lect. Knight Leland Kitto, Lead. Knight Don Bennett and Trustee L. S. McKee, and the Iron Lung which was part of \$6,000 in special equipment donated by Joplin, Mo., Lodge to the new wing the Elks gave the Hospital, and which will be known as "Elkland."



Officers of Napa, Calif., Lodge pose with Charter Members Howard Roper, William Schwarz, Cecil Ross and Edward Hogan, seated, who participated in the lodge's 50th Anniversary Program.



Climaxing Laconia, N. H., Lodge's 50th Anniversary celebration, E.R. B. L. Boutin and his officers, pictured here, initiated this 175-man Jubilee Class.



State Vice-Pres. Edw. Huncker and delegates from nine other lodges attended the program when these Hannibal, Mo., officers initiated a class honoring State Vice-Pres.-at-Large A. J. Beckmann, standing sixth from left.

A few of the 2,800 children entertained by Providence, R. I., Lodge at its annual outing.

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NEWS of the LODGES



Adam Martin, veteran Secy. of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, with two of the 204 orphans at the lodge's 29th Annual Picnic. Mr. Martin, P.E.R. and Past State Pres., inaugurated the program and handles the details for all of them. Each child receives a gift, as you see.



Woonsocket, R. I., Elks Celebrate Golden Jubilee

More than 300 members and guests attended the Banquet which was part of the three-day celebration of the 50th Birthday of Woonsocket Lodge No. 850. Superior Court Justice John E. Mullen, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, was the principal speaker, and a special guest was the lodge's only living Charter Member, William H. Genereux, to whom the handsome souvenir program was dedicated. Other speakers, introduced by General Chairman Anthony F. Lawrence, included Mayor Kevin Coleman, State Treas., Dr. E. C. Morin, D.D. James F. Duffy, Jr., and E.R. Orlando De Stefani.

A feature of the evening was the distribution of awards won by various musical units and floats which had participated in the colorful Jubilee Parade.



Scout Committee Chairman Harrison Quinby of Orlando, Fla., Lodge prepares to drive Scouts Jeff Hartman, Norman Donahue and Dean Phillips to the annual Fla. Safety Conference. At right is Patrol Leader Ernest McCorkle. Not long ago the lodge brought some of the scouts to the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children on its annual Smiles Day.



Lancaster, Calif., Lodge, co-sponsor of the local Teen Town Club, utilized the talents of some of its members, pictured on stage with Elk Gene Leis, to entertain the Est. Leading Knights of the South Central and South Coast Districts and members of Pasadena Lodge on a recent visit there.



At Woonsocket, R. I., Lodge's Golden Jubilee were, left to right, seated: P.D.D. W. J. Lalor, P.E.R.; Charter Member William Genereux; 83-yearold P.E.R. W. F. Barry; standing: Mayor Kevin Coleman, Toastmaster A. F. Lawrence, P.D.D.; D. J. F. Duffy Jr.; former Chief Justice John E. Mullen of the Grand Forum, and Woonsocket E.R. Orlando De Stefani.



In St. Joseph Hospital, one of the few National Infantile Paralysis Foundation Rehabilitation Centers, E.R. James F. Sullivan, left, and Secy. Joseph Ambrose were photographed with the hospital's Miss Clare Still and the television set Omaha, Neb., Lodge gave the polio ward.

CALIFORNIA CONVENTION STARS CEREBRAL PALSY PROGRAM

WITH 12,000 persons in attendance, the 39th Annual Convention of the Calif. Elks Assn. in Long Beach Sept. 16-19 was the largest in its history.

A dramatic highlight of the meeting was the Major Project Committee's report on the progress of the Assn.'s threeyear cerebral palsy program, personified by two youngsters, both able to walk on stage under their own power as a result of the rehabilitation work performed by the Assn.'s mobile units. They were sixyear-old Dickie Swarner of Indio and Jimmie Landon, 15, of Eureka. When the Committee's Chairman, Horace R. Wisely, introduced the smiling boys at the public meeting, the large audience arose in a spontaneous salute to their courage.

The boys are only two of the 110 children being helped by the two units now in operation, each unit consisting of three station wagons providing transportation for occupational, physical and speech therapists and their equipment. A third will be placed in service soon under an expansion program made possible by \$90,000 in lodge contributions to a drive conducted by Pres. V. H. Grocott, supplementing the more than \$100,000 raised annually by \$1 per capita assessment which finances the program.

Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James enthusiastically praised the California Elks for getting the most out of their money by "putting their dollars on wheels" and seeking out the cerebralpalsied who need help, instead of tying their money up in brick and mortar of hospitals. The wisdom of this approach has been demonstrated by the fact that there were only 22 known cases of cerebral palsy in the areas served by the units when they began operation. With help at hand, parents who had suffered in silence, and often in ignorance of their children's true condition, brought them out of back rooms and attics when the units came to town.

The Committee stressed the fact that parent-cooperation is basic to the success of the mobile-unit program which was pioneered by California Elkdom. "This program is one of parent education as well as treatment for the child," the Committee stated, "first, to educate the parents that there is hope and help available for their child and secondly, as treatment progresses, to teach the parents how to perform specific therapy so that the child may receive daily treatment. Our therapists cannot reach each child every day for case-loads are too heavy and distances too great. Thus, to be successful, our therapists must not only be capable, experienced technicians, but super-salesmen and psychologists."



Research and a scholarship program to train therapists are other phases of this project. The Committee announced a third \$5,000 grant to the Medical School at UCLA to continue research on cerebral palsy which already has added much to medical knowledge of the causes of the affliction, and points to methods for correction or bypassing damaged areas of the brain.

Under the scholarship program, grants totaling \$93,000 have been made to 146 persons for advanced therapeutic training, and in the education of cerebralpalsied children.

"Fighting" was the adjective frequently used to describe the Grand Exalted Rulers' address at the opening session. He stressed his determination that every lodge adhere strictly to the highest ideals of the Order, and made a moving plea for the expansion of Elk programs aiming primarily for the spiritual and economic help of neglected youngsters.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis installed the new officers. He closed the business sessions with a summary of the progress made by California Elkdom in the past year. The summary was in the form of a "report" to the late Past Grand Exalted Ruler William M. Abbott of San Francisco, on how, by their deeds, his Brothers had sought to carry on in the great traditions he had bequeathed.

The Assn.'s new President is Edward E. Keller, San Mateo; Vice-Presidents are Wm. W. Franklin, Big Bear Lake;



Evidence of the work accomplished by Calif. Elkdom's cerebral palsy program was presented to the Convention in six-year-old Dickie Swarner, above with Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James, Grand Esq. R. Leonard Bush and Pres. V. H. Grocott. Dickie could not walk at all when the Elks came to his aid a few months ago. Another Major Project success story was introduced by Committee Chairman Horace R. Wisely, left, with Jimmie Landon who walks unaided after three years' mobile-unit therapy.

Robert E. Neiman, San Diego; Robert R. Johnson, Monrovia; A. W. Mochon, Compton; John M. King, San Jose; Melvin Schlitz, Delano; Alan R. MacLeod. San Francisco, and R. Donald FitzGerald. Stockton. Secy. Edgar W. Dale, Richmond, and Treas, Floyd E. Tumbleson, Huntington Park, were reelected. Trustees are Oscar W. Stutheit, Orange; F. A. Eilers, Lancaster; J. B. Nielson, Watsonville, and C. T. Reynolds, Vallejo.

The Municipal Auditorium was the scene of the Festival of Music, a public performance applauded by a large and appreciative audience. Participants were choruses from Glendale, Long Beach, Richmond, Santa Monica, San Francisco and Los Angeles Lodges; quartets from Walnut Creek, Lancaster and Hemet Lodges, and the Glendale Elks Band.

Past Pres. M. H. Golden delivered the Memorial Address following an impressive tableau put on by Riverside Lodge. Chairman Robert N. Traver reported that during the year, the Veterans Service Committee had sent leather to VA Hospitals in every State for use in occupational therapy, and had shipped 29,000

packs of cigarettes to our forces in Korea. Sonora Lodge won the right to represent California in the national ritualistic competition next July, and Huntington Park Lodge won the Drill Team title.

"Our American Heritage" was the theme of the two-hour parade that wound up the Convention, with over 100 units and 5,000 persons in the line of march.



Winter Wonderland

BY HAROLD ROSENTHAL

Each winter thirty-odd major and minor

leagues get together for serious

work-and usually a lot of laughs, too.

O^{UTSIDE}, a howling wind tearing down Nicollet Avenue accompanied by 10-below temperatures made any postmidnight excursions either a matter of dire necessity or extreme lunacy. Inside the New York Yankees' suite in the Hotel Radisson in Minneapolis, however, everything was warm and friendly. And when the old gent tugged at one of his large ears and told another story it was all very funny.

Casey Stengel, who was to succeed Bucky Harris as manager of the fabulous New Yorkers the following season, was in a story-telling mood. Moreover, he was in good form. Lots of fellows he hadn't seen in a long time since he had dropped out of the majors after less-than successful tenures in Brooklyn and Boston were grouped around the Old Perfesser again. It was a family picture dear to his heart.

Having been more or less moth-balled for a half-dozen years, the stories were as funny as though Stengel hadn't told them dozens of times previously—in diners, in Pullman compartments, in seedy, makeshift spring training dressing rooms and at countless parties just like this one.

It was very late when things broke up, so late that when a couple of visiting newspapermen decided that they had better call it a night if they didn't want to miss breakfast they had no luck getting a cab back to the Hotel Nicollet, site of baseball's annual winter meetings that year of '48. They walked the four blocks recalling snatches of Stengel's stories.

"Too bad," said one, "that the old guy'll be back somewhere in the minors next year. He sure is nice to have around."

"Those Yankees," responded the other, "they never kept anyone around just because he was 'nice'. Maybe after he's fired we can figure out some way to have him back at next year's winter meetings. If we can't have some good trades at these things at least we ought to be able to have a couple of laughs."

The conversation, the outer-space cold, the moaning over the paucity of news as demonstrated by the inability of the assembled club owners to achieve any kind of a mutual level of understanding to begin trade talks, is remembered rather acutely in this corner because one of the two baseball reporters making his way home from Stengel's laughing-bee that evening happened to be me.

I thought that Casey Stengel's sortie into the American League was to be as funny, and would last just about as long, as some of the stories he had related that evening. It shows how wrong a fellow can be, especially after he's been around for a quarter of a century.

I thought, too, that it was a vast shame that I had to travel 1,500 miles just to get some garbled second-handed information on player trades that not only would never come off but probably never had been proposed in the first place. I remember, too, turning to my companiondu-nuit to demand to blue lips and chattering teeth, "Why do these guys have to have winter meetings anyway? They can just as well stay home and not trade as come out here, can't they? And if they want to do it away from home, why don't they take the whole circus South instead of North?"

In the half-dozen ensuing years a few facets of the administrative side of my baseball education have undergone some polishing. Among other things I've since learned are (a), player deals, if any, are but a small segment of the winter meetings; (b), that they are a vital part of the administrative program necessary to handle routine and emergency matters between the end of the World Series and the start of the new season; (c), they are an absolute necessity if baseball is not to develop a completely-deaf ear toward the increasing plight of the minor leagues; and (d), fortunately there is an increasing tendency to do everything in a more temperate climate.

Since 1948, every minor-league meet-

ing (customarily the first half of the winter meetings) has been held in a less-Northerly latitude than Minneapolis'. The following year it was Baltimore in top-coat weather. In 1950 Happy Chandler got his walking papers from what he had deemed a lifetime job as baseball commissioner on a semi-tropical evening in St. Petersburg, one that would have rendered a song-writer momentarily mute with admiration. In '51 it was Columbus, Ohio, and last year it was the desert sun and more starlit nights in Phoenix. This year it will be Atlanta.

This year's meetings will be pretty much like all the forty or fifty others that have preceded them, yet they'll be different because baseball's problems are ever-changing. What was terribly important ten or twenty years ago might be reduced to little more than nuisance value now. Similarly, what didn't cause a ripple ten years ago—something like television for instance—could very easily have the entire game backed into a corner today.

This year's meetings will also be different in that a couple of cities absent from the major-league picture for more than a half-century will be back among the participants. Milwaukee will be on hand proudly exhibiting its attendance figures of more than 1,800,000, the best in baseball, by far, in 1953. Baltimore, or rather the men who were instrumental in moving the moribund St. Louis Browns to that city, will be on hand, too. They'll be waving something different—a checkbook they'll gladly flip open if someone puts some attractive talent on the block.

Atlanta will represent the only opportunity the thirty-odd minor leagues will have to get together during the twelvemonth period. What are the majorleague bigwigs doing there? The majority of clubs in the minors have either a working agreement with a major-league club or are owned outright. A feller likes to be around to make certain that no one is running his stock off the range.

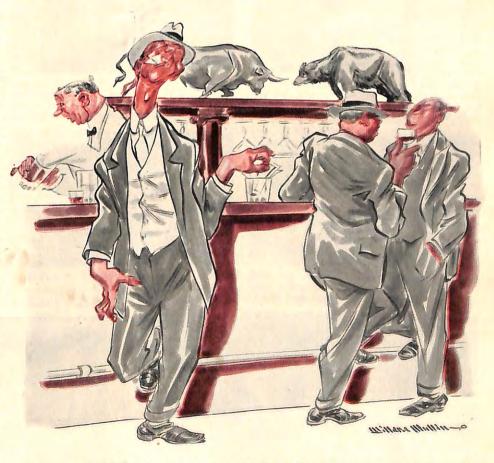
The major-league bosses also figure that the minor league meetings give them an opportunity to trade some of that stock to get in better shape for the big drive starting four months later. (Actually the time lag is much shorter —most baseball organizations figure the season as starting the day its players report to spring training—and they've moved that date down as close as the middle of February by now.)

Neither the Yankees or the Dodgers contemplate any staggering trades since both feel that the teams that represented them in the World Series were pretty much the best they could procure, but there might be a few changes in Brooklyn. There usually are whenever a new hand is placed on the helm. The seconddivision clubs usually provide the trading news—they are forced by their poorish finishes of the previous season to make some kind of move, to satisfy both them-

(Continued on page 43)



Everything broke loose when the news about the Commissioner was flashed.



Like the true old Oriole that he was, Kelly realized there was only one out.



Richard E. Johnson, seated at right with E.R. William F. Burns, received his award in the presence of other Worcester, Mass., officers. Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee Chairman A. J. Roy, left foreground, student Judy Kantack, her family and Meriden, Conn., Elk officials.

ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION AWARD PRESENTATIONS



E.R. R. E. Kuebler hands a \$400 check to Marion R. Zimmerman at Sunbury, Pa., Lodge event.



E.R. L. E. Geary, left, with student Gordon DiRenzo at North Attleboro, Mass., Lodge.





Omaha, Neb., School head E. H. Schroer, left, Committee Chairman Earl Meile, right, and Susan Hill, who won a \$400 Foundation award, \$400 State prize and the lodge's \$100 gift.



At Charleston, W. Va., State Pres. P. E. Berwinkle, D.D. D. S. Dawson, Grand Lodge Committee Chairman D. E. S. Kuhns, P.E.R. S. W. Riffle, E.R. R. K. Talbott, student D. H. Griffith.





E.R. Ralph Moe, center, with Coos Bay, Ore., students Barbara Sukurski, second-place National Foundation award winner, and Tom Crabtree, the second-place National Youth Leader.



At Blackfoot, Ida., Lodge's ceremony: E.R. William Richardson, D.D. Frank Brock, student John Marlow and Committee Chairman Karl Ferrin.



Lowell, Mass., Lodge's E.R. J. P. O'Neill, Secy. F. V. Redding and Treas. J. R. Harrington, with Foundation award winner, Miss Andree Foisy.



At Concord, N. H., were Acting Gov. R. K. Perkins, student Elizabeth A. Kilgore, E.R. E. R. Jenkins, Committee Chairman C. J. Gannon.



At Baytown, Tex., Lodge, E.R. C. M. Bond gives award to Robert Morrison, second from left, as P.D.D. C. R. Mann and student's family look on.



Lakewood, Ohio, E.R. Donald Walton; twin Foundation scholars Diane and Donald Mayer, right; Youth Leaders R. L. Weaver, Carol Thomas, left.

TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

VITH A BIG political year looming ahead, National headquarters of both the Democrats and Republicans are now centers of widespread activity. Leaders have had time to carefully evaluate the record of the Congress and the first ten months of the Eisenhower Administration. All through December important meetings will be held to map political strategy for the second session of the 83rd Congress which opens in January. Republicans hope to make an outstanding record in the months to come and will stress economy and efficiency. Democrats will seek to strengthen party fences. Tax reductions are expected to be a major argument. GOP patronage, widely distributed including the South, Republicans say, should hold many congressional districts which might otherwise be doubtful. Democrats can be expected to blast the GOP record as one marked by excuses and failures. This is indicated by the material put out by the Democratic Digest, pocket size magazine issued by the National Committee. It was a brand new idea and press runs have increased with each issue. First actual fireworks will come when Spring primaries are held. The House election takes in every seat. One third of the Senate terms will also expire.

SYNTHETIC FLAVORS

Production of flavor and perfume materials the past year decreased slightly, the tariff commission reports. Figures show an output of 28 million pounds, against 30 million, or a loss of 7 per cent. Sales totaled 40 million dollars. Most everything on the sweet smelling or tasting side is synthetic nowadays. You'd never imagine, for instance, that methyl salicylate is synthetic wintergreen oil.

FARM OF MIRACLES

During last Summer, and a good hot one hereabouts, the Agriculture Department, at its Beltsville experimental station in the suburbs, developed some candy, including chocolate mints, which won't melt or get soft in 90 degree heat. President Eisenhower has had some of the candy and it wasn't a bit gooey. This Thanksgiving there were even better Beltsville turkeys to fit apartment kitchen ovens. This winter there is a new type of pig which has more ham and not so much lard. They have a new egg grading machine which not only separates the hen fruit for size but also as to color. You can't fool it. For flower growers there is a new kind of lily which, when you add a chemical, will bloom at any time in any season. Now if they will fix up a formula to make the Japanese cherry trees come out on time we'll really have something.

HELPED A CHAMP

Records of the U. S. Office of Vocational Rehabilitation revealed by the House Appropriations Committee show a college education was provided for a youth who had lost three toes. He became an intercollegiate wrestling champ.

JET PILOTS TRIBUTE

When jet plane pilots fly in tribute to departed comrades they streak through the skies in close formation of eight planes, with one missing to represent the airmen who didn't come back. A recent flight of jets over Arlington National Cemetery was just about the neatest precision job ever seen here.

SPOTLIGHT ON FOREIGN AID

As Congress gets ready to meet again, there are rumbles that the Mutual Security Law, which expires on June 30 next, will not be re-enacted. Some sort of foreign assistance may be needed but the present act, its opponents say, does not fit the present world situation. The last Congress appropriated \$6,500,000,000 for foreign aid.

GOVERNMENT PRESS NEWS

Your government, from the standpoint of a public relations expert, puts out a poor looking assortment of press releases. In contrast, some of the diplomatic, commercial and industrial organizations' news stories are works of art. Maybe it's government economy, but highly important stories for the press issued by the giant departments of Defense, Agriculture, Health, Education and Welfare, Justice, Commerce and even the White House have nothing but small typewriter headings. Treasury Department has a fairly good printed heading showing the Treasury seal. Labor has a mimeographed stamped heading which is attractive. State Department has a mimeographed, good sized heading labeled "Department of State for the Press." Big industries like steel, iron, copper, have impressive headings. In the diplomatic field Turkey stands at the top with turkey red ink. India has a green heading stamped "Indiagram," and Pakistan, not to be outdonc, has a beauty with a crescent and a star. As a suggestion, every department of the government should have a plainly marked, distinctive heading, on all press matter. And on the distribution racks and tables each department should have its own place. As it is, news writers in the rush of things often miss important information.

MEET "BILL" SIMMONS

William "Bill" Simmons, long with the White House Secret Service, is the official greeter at the executive offices and is known to thousands. Yet Bill never misses a name. In addition to the countless numbers of those who called on President Roosevelt and Truman, Bill now has thousands of new faces to remember, those who visit President Eisenhower. It's a rare gift. According to newsmen no one in or out of public life can remember names and faces like James A. Farley, but Bill Simmons would run him a close second.

CAPITAL CABBAGE

The tungsten mining industry has opened national headquarters here called the Tungsten Institute. . . . Navy has a new antisubmarine patrol bomber in production which has an elongated tail like a wasp's stinger and which contains gadgets to locate the undersea boats. Lockheed is building it. . . . In a crackdown on aliens alleged to control U.S. ships in violation of our shipping laws, the government has seized 30 cargo vessels. . . . District jails hold 192.1 per 100,000 population, highest in the country except Nevada. . . . By 1965 helicopters will be carrying 1,500,000 passengers a year in and out of Washington, Thomas K. Taylor, V.P. of Trans World Airlines, says. . . . District school cafeterias have 64,000 pounds of hamburgers, beef roasts, stews and canned beef for school lunches this Fall season, all free from the government. . . . To keep out Mexican "wetbacks" 2,000 men have been assigned to the border patrol. . . . A motorist here was arrested for holding a girl's hand while he was driving. He was driving one car and she was riding in another.







For ELKS who TRAVEL

Traveling to Florida? See SILVER SPRINGS Stay over nite at the HARRINGTON HOTEL—Ocala, Florida 50 Double Rooms • 4 Course Breakfast \$3.00 Per Person



Lots of Southern Hospitality at COCOA, FLORIDA B.P.O. ELKS #1532

Cocoa Elks welcome all traveling Elks and their Families to use our small, but friendly facilities while visiting in the Sunshine State.

Excellent dining room service, open from 11:30 AM to 2 PM for lunch, and 5 PM to 9:45 PM for dinner. Club and bar open from 10:30 AM to 12 midnight every day except Sunday.

Reservations can be made for hotel, motor court, or ocean front cottages upon request.

Located directly on U.S. #1 highway in the heart of Cocoa.

Let us make ''YOU ALL'' at home, while away from home.

COCOA B.P.O. ELKS NO. 1532 US Hgwy #1 - Cocoa, Florida

FOR Particular ELKS ABERDEEN LODGE IS THEIR CHOICE

Here are 32 comfortable rooms, 17 with baths including 3 suites and the rates are only what you'd pay in any public hotel where you *wouldn't* get full club accommodations. Rooms \$2,50 to \$3,50, monthly \$25 to \$45. Limited to Elks only.

Lunch from 11:30 to 1:30. Recreation rooms for cards and billiards. Fine cocktail lounge.

ABERDEEN B. P. O. ELKS No. 593 Broadway and Wishkah Aberdeen, Wash. This winter there'll be some 200 cruises sailing for rest and fun in the tropics.

BY HORACE SUTTON

TO SAVE ME I can't think of a better way of frittering away a few weeks of winter than by sitting on the deck chair of a steamer and letting someone navigate me around areas where it is warm.

You get on board with an overcoat which you can put in the back of the stateroom closet. Then all you have to do is remember to show up for meals, which is five or six times a day. In between meals there are such painful duties as sitting in a deck chair in the sun watching the water go by, throwing a piece of rubber tube back and forth across the net, flipping cards across the bridge table. betting on wooden horses that progress to the barrier at the throw of dice. and dousing oneself in the swimming pool. In the evening there is dancing and frequently some manner of entertainmentthe entertainers have gotten wise to the cruise dodge too-or if you prefer it, there is always, if you will permit me that quaint army expression, the sack. Ten hours of sleep at sea can be pretty wonderful.

BUSINESS CARES FORGOTTEN

While all this is going on, business back in town can very well go to pot, but the funny part of it is that after three days at sea nobody much cares. There is no telephone to strum the nerves except the ship-to-shore contraption, and since you can't hear very well on the danged thing anyway, and there is no chance of rowing home in a hurry, there is sort of come-what-may spirit about the whole adventure that is tonic indeed.

Another thing about cruises is the fact that the whole trip comes in one bundle without the bother of meeting a number of connections. save, of course, getting back on board each time the ship is in port. There is the disadvantage of having only a limited time in any one port, and you can just about cross out the idea of getting to know any foreign country on a cruise. But on the other hand it is a wonderful way of finding one's own special island to which to return someday and just beachcomb. And moreover, there is the advantage that you really just have time in a port to shop, which you can do while the long green holds out, without a worry about weight problems or having to carry an assortment of baskets, voodoo drums, and other important purchases the length and breadth of the Carribbean.

This winter there will be some 200 cruises steaming out of ports in New

Planning a Trip?

Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Please print name and address. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require, but kindly allow three weeks for us to gather the information. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the date that you plan to start your trip.

Are you taking advantage of this service? More and more Elks and their families are. In the first nine months of 1952, 1173 inquiries were received and answered. This year, during the same period, our Travel Department received 3,094 requests for travel information of all kinds.





York, New Orleans, San Francisco and Los Angeles heading for palmy places for Haiti to Hawaii, and beyond. The number seems a good deal larger than usual, and is swelled by the addition of several new ships and the diversion from regular routes of others.

NEW CRUISE SHIPS

The Scandinavians are already trumpeting the arrival in New York in December of the new Kungsholm at 22,000 tons, the largest liner in the Viking lands. She will follow the lead of the recent Dutch liners, the Maasdam and the Ryndam, which allotted unprecedented space and accommodations to the tourist class passenger. She will be fully air-conditioned, every stateroom is an outside room, every one has a private bath with toilet and shower even in tourist class. After a round trip excursion to Europe the Kungsholm is off for an 18day swing to the West Indies, leaving New York January 16, 1954. A second cruise, in case you've come into a legacy, leaves on February 6 and will swing completely around South America, returning 55 days later.

Another new ship to cut the Atlantic and the Carribbean this winter is the Greek Line's Olympia. Although she belongs to the Greek Line, she was built in England, will be staffed by a crew from the old North German Lloyd, and flies the Liberian flag. For that matter she doesn't go to Greece at all, but will normally sail between New York, the channel ports and Bremerhaven, Germany. She will make a quartet of cruises from New York to the West Indies and South America starting from New York December 22, January 27, February 10th and 26th, with prices for the 13-day excursions starting at \$295. The ship will be under charter to Simmons Cruises of New York.

Among the shorter and less expensive trips to be considered is an 8-day Christmas cruise of the S.S. Nassau to Nassau and Havana beginning at \$155 plus tax. (There is a 15 per cent U.S. tax on all cruises that do not touch South America, or "another continent.") The Nassau, with an Italian crew and Italian overtones, spends one full day in Nassau on the cruise that leaves New York December 18, and one full day and a night in Havana. That will give you time to see Havana's nightlife, to visit Dirty Dick's and buy a basket in Nassau, and also, perhaps, to indulge in that island's new rage, spearfishing.

In a similar bracket will be the Furness Line's trips to Bermuda and Nassau and also down to the West Indies. A triangle cruise from New York departs November 14th, takes seven days, costs \$175 and up plus tax, and a New Year's cruise of eight days to the same ports, leaving the day after Christmas starts at \$200. Two week trips to Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands, Haiti, Colombia and the Netherlands West Indies are in the \$300-plus category. Furness also has regular service to Bermuda, where the Queen of England and the Duke of Edinburgh arrive November 24 for a little more than one day stay. After a full schedule of sightseeing and being seen, they leave at 5:00 the next morning. If I were the Queen I would object.

The Queen's few hours in Bermuda will set off a pre-arrival ball at the Castle Harbor Hotel and another at the Belmont Manor, a golf tournament at Riddell's Bay, a series of performances of "Elizabeth and Essex" at the Bermudiana Theater featuring Hollywood names, and issue of a special stamp featuring, for reasons that escape me, a picture of Bermuda's longtail bird.

LOW COST JAUNT

The S.S. Patricia, known as the "Queen of the Swedish Lloyd," will run two short cruises to Bermuda, home of the longtail bird, January 6 and 28, which will cost \$110 for two days in Bermuda and three days at sea. This is about the least expensive sea trip available short of joining the navy. The Queen of the Swedish Lloyd makes a number of other West Indies trips under the direction of A. T. Henderson Co., the agents for Swedish Lloyd.

For those who are in possession of money they haven't even bothered to count yet, I would suggest a look into a little sojourn being planned by Cunard for its *Caronia*, a ship especially built for cruising. The *Caronia* will depart New York on January 23, 1954, and will not show up again for 99 days, dropping by in the meantime to look at 24 ports in 18 countries. Among the most fascinating ports of call will be the Easter Islands, Fiji, Bali, Japan, Singapore, and Hawaii, but the ship will also hove to in Peru,

(Continued on page 39)

FT. WORTH, TEX., LODGE, No. 124, WELCOMES YOU One of Elkdom's most outstanding lodge buildings. Here are 45 comfortably-furnished rooms for Elks and non-Elks. Both men and women welcomed. Single rooms range from \$2.25 to \$3.50; double rooms from \$4.00 to \$6.00. All rooms with private baths. No meals served but a good eating place faces the clubhouse, where there's an excellent cuisine. Elks receive first consideration for reservations.





FLORENCE SAYS "HOWDY"

Florence, Colorado, B. P. O. Elks No. 611 offers traveling Elks and their ladies 21 excellent rooms and comfortable surroundings. No food served but convenient restaurant facilities available. Room rates \$2 per night. Liquors served. You'll find Florence lodge a fine stopping off place where a warm welcome awaits you.



HERE'S YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME— WHEN IN

MILLWAUKEE Milwaukee, Wise., Elks Lodge gives you all the conveniences of a fine hotel plus a warmth and triendliness while not obtrusive is here and your's for the asking. There are features too, that you won't find in the average hotel, swimming pool, gymnasium, lockers, steam room, massage and light treatments available. Ladies rest room, private dining and meeting rooms and a spacious Marine dining room. Rooms for cards, billiards and general recreation and a well stocked library. Bowling, of course and the alleys are good. All open to Elks and their guests. Hotel rooms are stag. Roof provides sunbathing and there are horse shoe courts. To enjoy a good time in Milwaukee, to live comfortably and pleasantly stay at the No. 46 Lodge

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NEWS OF THE LODGES





Above: Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge's Chorus, directed by Donald Aupperlye, won the State Excellent Performance Award.

At left are Owosso, Mich., Lodge's State Championship Ritualistic Team, foreground, and its Drill Team, second row, which won second-place honors in the State competition this year.

Hartford Scene of Vermont State Assn. Convention

Nearly \$10.000 was raised during the year by the lodges in the State for the Thorpe Camp for Crippled Children, delegates to the Vermont Convention in Hartford learned. The three-day Sept. meeting was attended by Gov. Lee E. Emerson and Pres. Brian M. Jewett of the Maine Elks Assn. who saw the following officers installed: Pres., Archie Buttura, Barre; 1st Vice-Pres., D. F. Flory, Rutland; 2nd Vice-Pres., J. B. Finck, Bellows Falls; 3rd Vice-Pres., C. W. Landry, Brattleboro; Secy., Roger J. Sheridan, Montpelier, and Treas., R. N. Owens, Rutland, both reelected; Tiler, Sam Dowers, Barre; Trustees (three years) Milton Montgomery, St. Johns-bury; R. W. Michelman, Brattleboro; J. W. Miles, Barre, and C. F. Hillmann, Windsor.

Social events included a supper at the VA Hospital in White River Junction when entertainers for the Convention Floor Show put on a performance for the servicemen there. A mammoth Elks Parade attracted a large crowd, and the State Banquet closed the conclave, when prizes were awarded to winners in various competitions. The host lodge did well, taking the Membership Contest award as well as the Softball and Golf Championships, with one of its members, Tom Keane, capturing individual golf honors. Montpelier Lodge won the Ritualistic Championship and the Cribbage Tourney, and the bowling Elks from Brattleboro Lodge took that event.

South Kingstown, R. I., Lodge Opens Handsome New Home

E.R. Thomas R. Doherty and the 250 other members of the young South Kingstown (Wakefield) Lodge No. 1899 welcomed a large crowd to the dedication and formal opening of their fine new headquarters. Located on an eleven-acre tract, erected as a private residence in 1936 at a cost of \$125,000, the spacious 30-room building was formally opened at a two-day program. The first day was set aside for the general public. The second day's events, for members of the Order, began with a parade and flag-raising ceremony, followed by a barbecue.



Red Wing, Minn., Lodge's handsome monument honoring its Departed Members was dedicated at special ceremonies. Left to right: Committee Chairman Dr. David Johnston, E.R. Harlem Holst and P.E.R. Herbert M. Kolberg.

Right: The Calif. Elks Assn.'s Major Project benefiting cerebral-palsy victims, is aided by \$3,112.07 collected by Santa Barbara, Calif., Lodge. Left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, State Pres. V. H. Grocott, local Chairman Harry McLaughlin, E.R. Albert Eaves, Jr., Chairman Horace R. Wisely of the State Assn. Major Project Committee.





Left: At the opening of South Kingstown, R. I., Lodge's home were, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, E.R. T. R. Doherty, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Trustee E. F. Spry.



Some of the costumed guests at San Luis Obispo, Calif., Lodge's "Gay 90's Dance".

Santa Barbara, Calif., Elks Honor Vincent H. Grocott

Santa Barbara Lodge No. 613 was host to Elks from all over the State when it paid tribute to its own Vincent H. Grocott, a few days before the close of his term as Pres. of the Calif. Elks Assn. P.E.R. David Licker was Chairman for the program, which included the initiation of 34 candidates in honor of Mr. Grocott who delivered a fine address on the Assn.'s Major Projects. High-ranking officials of the Order who participated in the event included Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, D.D. Roy Gordon, Past State Presidents R. Leonard Bush, Stephen A. Compas, C. P. Hebenstreit, R. S. Redington and Horace R. Wisely, Chairman of the Major Project Committee, and many current officials of the Assn.

West Warwick, R. I., Elks Honor Former Secy. Musciano

Over 300 men paid tribute to Carmine A. Muschiano, popular member of West Warwick Lodge No. 1697, in recognition of his efforts on behalf of Elkdom during his six years as lodge Secy.

Est. Lead. Knight Ralph Cinquegrana introduced the speakers, among them P.D.D. Leo B. Carey, Grand Inner Guard Edward H. Powell, E.R. H. I. Kortick and Judge J. W. Leighton. Other guests included former Chief Justice John E. Mullen of the Grand Forum, officials of every lodge in the State, and the father and six brothers of the guest of honor.

Among the many gifts received by Mr. Muschiano was one made by P.E.R. James P. Somerville of New York Lodge No. 1, a copy of the "History of the Order of Elks" which had been autographed by its author, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson.

Colorado Elks Assn. Marks Its Fiftieth Anniversary

The 1953 Convention of the Colo. Elks Assn. had a double significance in that it marked the Assn.'s Golden Jubilee, and the 50th Anniversary of the completion of the home of Colorado Springs Lodge No. 309 which was Convention host.

Over 1,200 Elks and their ladies attended the four-day program, during which the Greeley Male Chorus entertained. Distinguished guests included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen and Edwin J. Alexander of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities.

Pres. Campbell F. Rice reported a net



To help prevent the many drownings that occur in fishing accidents in the area, Longview, Wash., Lodge presented a \$400 Aqua Lung to the city. E.R. W. R. Studley adjusts the oxygen tank for Co-Chairman H. R. Morrison, wearing the Buck-Rogers affair, as Co-Chairman Jack Updegraff, left, and Elk James Skaggs, Police Chief who accepted the gift, look on.

gain of 750 members, and it was revealed that the Colo. Elks had contributed well over \$40,000 to the Elks National Foundation, and nearly \$15,000 to Elks Laradon Hall, the school for handicapped children which is the Colorado Elks' major project.

The three-time National Championship Ritualistic Team of Greeley Lodge again captured the State Contest, with four of its members making the All-State Team. Grand Junction, Idaho Springs and Colorado Springs Lodges each placed one member on the Team.

Elected to office were: Pres., J. A. Drehle, Littleton; Vice-Presidents: H. G. Downs, Pueblo, and Clarence B. Metcalf, Denver; Secy., Frank H. Buskirk, Montrose; Treas., Eugene M. Welch, Grand Junction; Chaplain, C. B. Millen, Brighton; Tiler, John Askey, Loveland; Sgt.at-arms, W. P. Stark, Ouray. Five-year Trustee is R. F. Williams of Greeley.



Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge gave these youngsters money to spend at the Shrine Circus recently.

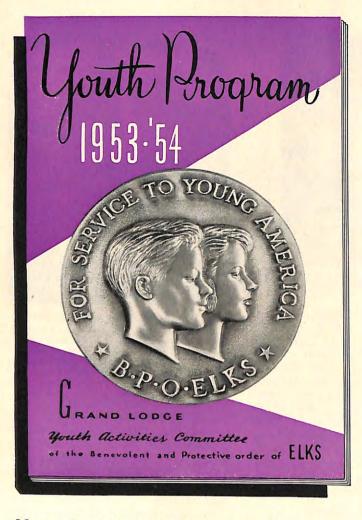
ELK MEMORIAL SUNDAY AND CHRISTMAS ACTIVITIES

are to be reported to the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities.

Please submit your stories and photographs covering your lodge's tribute to our Absent Brothers, Sunday, December 6th, to the Chairman of that Committee, Herman J. Salz, Box 269, Woodward, Okla., *before* December 20th.

Your material on the Christmas events of your lodge should reach Committeeman Thad Eure, State Capitol, Raleigh, N. C., no later than January 15th, 1954. Awards will be made by the Com-

Awards will be made by the Committee for the most representative observances, and the Magazine will publish reports on those ceremonies which the Committee selects.



New Committee augments Program,

including benefits to underprivileged

UNDER Chairman Jay H. Payne, the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee has set in operation a high-gear program for the year which has been enthusiastically approved by Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James. The Committee's plans were made in accordance with Mr. James' wishes that "the Order increase its sponsorship of Youth Programs."

AIMS BROADENED AND DEFINED

The Committee is making every effort to influence our lodges to broaden their youth activities in order to reach all sorts of children, to do more for the underprivileged child, and to understand that more is expected of the lodges than the sponsorship of mere "entertainment" for many normal, healthy youngsters."

Its three fundamental aims are:

- (1) A well-balanced, year-round Youth Program in every lodge and State Association, furnishing recreational, educational and social programs for healthy and normal children, as well as special aids and rehabilitation interests to underprivileged, handicapped and disturbed young people.
- (2) Outstanding Youth Leadership Contests.
- (3) Unexcelled observance of Elks National Youth Day.

PROGRAM BOOKLET ISSUED

The Committee has distributed a booklet in which all phases of the program are covered, with a detailed account of the year's plans, regulations governing the Contests, deadline dates

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and many suggested programs for lodges and States to adopt.

Exalted Rulers, District Deputies and State Association Presidents have been apprised as to the methods in which they can best assist the Committee in making the program a success, the most important being the appointment of capable Youth Committees.

PRIZES AND AWARDS

The Committee announces that "handsome awards will be made to the lodge and to the State Association whose Youth Programs are considered the most worthwhile and beneficial. The lodge with the best program in each State and Territory will also be recognized and awarded." In this regard, the Committee points out. "the effectiveness of these programs will be judged by their depth and their effect upon the lives of the children reached, as well as on the number of children served."

Each lodge presenting a plan to the Committee will receive a colorful "Participation Certificate."

ELKS NATIONAL YOUTH DAY

By proclamation of Grand Exalted Ruler James, May 1st has again been designated as Elks National Youth Day, when every lodge is expected to sponsor some particular event paying tribute to the youth of our country "to demonstrate to the world that we have a real interest in, and concern for, the welfare of our youth, and that we are proud of them," the Committee comments.

YOUTH LEADERSHIP CONTEST CLARIFIED

The Grand Lodge Youth Program this year includes the Youth Leadership Contest to be conducted on a local, State and National basis.

While the awards for the National Contest are financed by the Elks National Foundation Trustees, the Youth Activities Committee stresses the fact that this Contest *must not be conjused with the Elks National Foundation's "Most Valuable Student" Contest, or any other State Association or lodge scholarship program. It is not a scholarship program; it is a contest based on the qualities of leadership in our young people, regardless of their abilities as scholars.*

"We wish to find and reward as Youth Leaders those boys and girls, 18 years of age and under, who, by their manner of living, best exemplify the qualities of leadership," the Committee states. "They will be judged on their initiative, citizenship appreciation, resourcefulness and sense of honor."

These awards will be distributed in the same amounts and in the same manner as in previous years. They will be in the form of U. S. Savings Bonds, allocated as follows:

	Boys	Girls	
1st Prize	\$400 -	\$400	
2nd Prize	\$300	\$300	
3rd Prize	\$200	\$200	

Each State Association will be allotted a \$100 Bond to be given as a Grand Lodge award to the boy or girl judged the winner of each State Youth Leadership Contest. These State winners will automatically become contestants in the National competition, to be judged by a group of distinguished Americans whose names will be announced shortly.

The Committee invites queries at any time, on any phase of the subject, which may be addressed to Chairman Jay H. Payne, 338 South Main St., Ann Arbor, Mich.; George Steele, 12 Alward Road, Roslindale, Boston 31, Mass.; Charles C. Bowie, 217 No. Sam Houston Blvd.. San Benito, Tex.; Walter J. Matherly, 204 Anderson Hall, University of Florida, Gainesville, Fla.; Joseph F. Bader, 190 Orient Way, Rutherford, N. J.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Pres. V. H. Grocott, second and third from left, greet Mr. and Mrs. James at the Calif. Meeting.

On his arrival in Muskogee, Okla., Grand Exalted Ruler James, left, was welcomed by E.R. Milton Kidwell and Mayor Lyman Beard, right.

COLLOWING the outstanding threeday Convention of the CALIF. ELKS ASSN., reported in full on page 17 of this issue, Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James flew to New York City for a series of visits to lodges in that State.

On Sept. 19th, he addressed approximately 150 men at the annual meeting of the E.R.'s and Secretaries of lodges in N. Y.'s S.E., East and East Cent. Districts, as well as his District Deputies and the State Vice-Presidents for the area.

The following day, with Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan and George I. Hall who presided, Mr. James spoke at a similar meeting of 300 officials at the home of ONEIDA, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 767. Other dignitaries in the party included James A. Gunn of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities, and the following State Assn. officials: Pres. Bert Harkness, Chaplain Msgr. A, J. Quinn, Secy. Wm. R. L. Cook and Chairman F. J. Fitzpatrick of the State Scholarship Committee, and Bryan McKeogh.

In the company of Mr. Gunn, the Order's leader was guest of honor at a reception at ITHACA LODGE, NO. 636 the afternoon of Sept. 21st. While in Ithaca, Mr. James inspected the Reconstruction Hospital for children suffering from infantile paralysis. This institution received the first charitable grant made by the Elks National Foundation, and has been receiving the assistance of the Foundation ever since.

That evening found the prominent Oklahoma City lawyer a participant in



Left: Grand Exalted Ruler James, left, with his immediate predecessor, Sam Stern, right, and E.R. Calvin L. Nelson at Brainerd, Minn.

the celebration of the 50th Anniversary of LYONS LODGE NO. 869. His address at the banquet held at the Community House was applauded by an appreciative audience of over 300 persons. D.D. W. Edward Hudson escorted Mr. James and Mr. Gunn to PLATTSBURG LODGE NO. 621, the afternoon of Sept. 22nd. En route, the party stopped at WATERTOWN for a luncheon meeting attended by a large group of CARTHAGE Elks. Shortly after his arrival in Plattsburg, Mr. James went on the air to deliver a stirring 15-minute speech, and, following the banquet in the lodge home, he made a 30-minute address, carried by another network, before a gathering of 300 persons, including a delegation of members of several Vermont lodges, led by D.D. Frederick J. Fayette of Burlington. E.R. Edward J. Lapham presided, and other speakers included Mr. Gunn, D.D. Hudson, T. Emmett Ryan, former Grand Lodge Committeeman, State Pres. Harkness and State Vice-Pres. Edward Burns.

The next day, the Grand Exalted Ruler and Mr. Gunn arrived at NORTH TONA-WANDA LODGE NO. 860 whose members (Continued on page 43)

Grand	Exalted Ruler's Itinerary*
DEC. 2	Junction City and Manhattan, Kans.
3	Topeka, Kans.
4-5	Joplin, Mo.
7	Milwaukee, Wis.
11	Albuquerque, N. M.
12	Roswell, N. M.
14-21	Territory of Hawaii
JAN. 1	Pasadena, Calif.
20	Marshall, Tex.
26	Covington, Ky.
29	St. Louis, Mo.
31	Washington, D. C.
*Subject to	o change

Right: At Haverhill, Mass., Lodge, left to right: E.R. Arthur D. Kochakian, Mr. James and D.D. C. M. Duran.





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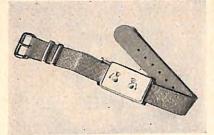
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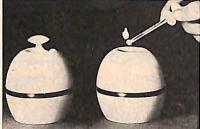
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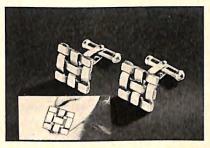
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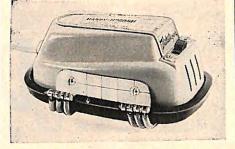
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with Ed Faust



In the Doghouse

Faust discusses gifts for dogs and dogs as gifts.

F DOGS could read, this department would, of course, be devoted to telling them what they could buy for Christmas for other dogs, with perhaps a few throwoffs in the way of suggestions for presents to the Boss. But unfortunately, or is it otherwise, Fido is denied this privilege so I'll list a few of the things that his Boss can get for him and you'd be surprised how many people include the pooch on their Christmas lists. Since this is not going to be given over entirely to the business of gifts, we'll brief a few you can get for a dog and then move on to the point of our story.

For the dog that has become a member of the family, and there are many such dogs. a Christmas for the purp isn't as far fetched as it may seem to some who are dogless. Silly? Is it? I don't know. But I do know that among many of the letters I get from readers there have been more than a few that have shown an attachment for a dog so sincere and so deep that you might think the dog was a beloved human being. More often people who are lonely or living much within themselves find their greatest happiness in the companionship of their dogs and it is not surprising to find among them those who by no means regard a Christmas tree for the dog as a sentimental extravagance. Then there are other dog owners moved by the gayety that marks the holiday who think it fun to have such a tree. Speaking for myself, well, you can put Faust in the latter class. I've never known a lonely period nor am I an introvert, that is, not much. But I have been deeply fond of some dogs and have gotten a bang out of putting up a small tree for them. I think the dogs felt the same way too. Oh yes, the gifts.

Well, how about a new collar for the pup and here, if you want, you can splurge because there's a firm that makes dog collars with a variety of fancy trimmings in the way of brass work and colored stone inserts. I'll add, if your dog hasn't a collar then get one for him, fancy or otherwise. A collar identifies a dog as belonging to someone and besides is a convenient handle to grasp when you want to restrain him. For the smooth-coated dog a flat collar is the thing; for the rough-coated fellow choose a round collar. If your dog is licensed, and wherever required this should be done, then of course the collar is a neces-

sity to carry the license tag. A dog bed makes a good gift, often one that's really valued by the dog. Many dogs have the bump of possessiveness developed to an unusual degree and quickly learn that the bed is their property. I once owned a little Welsh terrier that was as fussy as a Dutch housewife with his bed. Once a day he would remove the three blankets in it, shake them as if to air them and would return them to the bed in the order in which he had removed them. So help me, it's true. How he knew the difference and the sequence I can't even guess. Now a rubber toy with a "squeak" is a good bet for Fido, but omit the squeak if there are any nervous members in your family. I speak from experience. If yours is not a dog you intend to show at a formal dog show then you might substitute a harness for the collar. A harness is rarely, if ever, used for a show dog since it has a tendency to distort the dog's forelegs. But for a house pet this doesn't matter. The distortion is only noticeable to the dog fancier.

Your dog would probably take a dim

view of soap for his Christmas but after all it will be for his good. This you can buy at any pet shop or drug store. Get soap intended for dogs and don't use soaps intended for human use as most of them contain ingredients that are not good for the dog's skin or coat. Other gifts could include a comb and brush (I told about these in a recent article) and if yours is a rough-coated dog, then a good stripping comb to keep him looking tidy. A fine product that has come to my attention is a specially designed metal dish for feeding. It has a novel inner ridge that is intended to keep Fido from scattering food on the floor. Such things as raincoats, blankets, sweaters, boots, you can get in any store that sells supplies for dogs, or if you care to write to me I'll tell you where you can buy them (and other products mentioned in this article) by mail. I'm not exactly enthusiastic about the latter equipment for dogs other than for those that are short coated and live where the winters are extra cold.

Boots? Good for dogs that have tender (Continued on page 41)





LODGE NOTES

Members all over the country, particularly those who have attended a Grand Lodge Convention in recent years, will be saddened to learn of the death of Carl C. Jones of TERRE HAUTE, IND., Lodge. Prominent in local musical circles for many years, as director of the local Elks Chanters he led the group to national acclaim at many Grand Lodge Sessions, and became Director of the famous Indiana Elks Chanters whose voices add so much to the pleasure of these national gatherings. Mr. Jones was musical director for his lodge's Minstrel Shows. He is survived by his wife, a son and a brother • • Another Ind. Elk who passed away recently was Alfred M. Jenkins of FRANKFORT Lodge. Nearly 102 years old when he died, "Uncle Alf" as he was known all over the State, joined the Order when he was 73 • • We have just heard from another long-time Elk who has his original membership card. He is 81year-old George E. Clinch who writes from LA SALLE-PERU, ILL., that he holds the card issued to him in 1903. and that his nephew, a teacher at St. Bede College, has preserved most of the cards issued to Mr. Clinch since that time · · Among the speakers at the banquet held in honor of State Pres. Barney Wentz by the Elks of the PA. N.E. DIST. and ASH-LAND Lodge were Past Presidents Wilbur G. Warner and Dr. C. V. Hogan, Vice-Pres. Ruel Smith, Dist. Pres. J. P. Tolan and E.R. L. J. Staudenmeier • • The booth set up and decorated by the TIL-LAMOOK, ORE., Elk-sponsored Boy Scouts at the County Fair recently brought a great deal of favorable comment, and much gratification to E.R. A. E. Fisher, Scoutmaster M. W. Jensen, Jr., and other interested members • • MILTON Lodge's E.R. E. M. Kline presented to polio victim Kenneth McKee the 1953 \$200 award provided by the PA. NO. CENT. DIST. Elks' Student Aid Fund for a physically handicapped person, on the basis of scholarship achievement and ability . UKIAH, CALIF., Lodge's cerebral palsy fund is richer by \$200, thanks to a stunt pulled by a group of its members who, dressed as ladies, set up a booth in the shopping district and sold 70 cakes in less than two hours.



This trio of Elmira, N. Y., Elks, representing a total of 124 years' membership, attended a reunion celebrating Mr. Kline's 85th birthday. Left to right they are 89-year-old Judson Manning, a member 46 years; 88-year-old P.E.R. G. P. Ransom, a 43-year Elk, and guest of honor, Irving W. Kline, a member 35 years.



When D.D. David S. Speaker, right, made his official visit to Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge, he saw E.R. E. O. Bremer, left, present an Honorary Life Membership to P.E.R. A. J. Chadek, and a 75-man Chadek Class initiated. Participating in the program were the famous Elks Plugs Drill Team, Male Chorus and Military Band.



Adm. John F. Miller accepts an iceless oxygen tent for Staten Island, N. Y., Hospital from J. A. McKinney, representing the local Elks.



Mrs. Bud Ryan of the VFW Auxiliary presents the VFW Community Service Award to E.R. Russell Borders for McPherson, Kans., Lodge.

Right: This float, entered in the Reidsville, N. C., Harvest Jubilee Parade, won second prize and much applause for the Elks.





Left: This modern, folding aluminum wheelchair, purchased by friends of the late Charter Member Charles Carter, will be loaned to persons in the jurisdiction of Lawrenceville, III., Lodge. Here, Committeemen Charles Emmons, Wilburn Morrison, Van Peerman and E.R. L. B. Strange, left to right, are pictured with George Lucas, who is the first patient to utilize the wheelchair.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



In cooperation with the Police Dept., Norwalk, Conn., Lodge sponsored a show for the benefit of the Jimmy Fund at which members of the Lodge were guardians and ushers for 800 children. Left to right are Entertainment Committee Chairman Robert Roark, Empress Theater Mgr. John Prato, E.R. Jack Karron, Trustee George Gerstner, House Committee Chairman J. A. Liberatore and Esteemed Leading Knight J. P. Beres.



P.E.R. L. A. Cruise, Chairman of Orange, N. J., Lodge's Veterans Servicemen's Committee, first from left, and E.R. F. A. McEnerney, third from left, with other Committeemen and some of the 200 East Orange VA patients who enjoyed an Elk-sponsored variety show.



These are the officers of Greenville, Pa., Lodge who became State Ritualistic Champions at the 1953 State Convention at Harrisburg.



E.R. Loney Kemple breaks ground for Tooele, Utah, Lodge's new home, to be completed shortly after the first of the year, in the presence of other members of this very active and community-minded branch of Elkdom.



At the request of the 6th Army Regional Office, Salt Lake City, Utah, Lodge took an active part in the recent "Clothes for Korea" campaign. With the cooperation of its continuous clothes-for-the-needy collecting agency, the "Good Will Room", in charge of Mrs. Rose Sorensen, pictured here with Est. Lead. Knight Frank Delvie, the Salt Lake City Lodge was able to gather over a ton of clothing for the Koreans.



When it comes to bowling, these Carthage, N. Y., Elks are tops, having won the N. Y. State Bowling Assn. title at Albany this year. Reading left to right, they are Alton Stiles, Ralph MacDonald, Gordon Myers, E.R. Ivan Nicholl, Capt., Adam Lofink, Luther Shaw and Joseph O'Connor.



Boone, Ia., Lodge's Ritualistic Team defended its two-year State Championship and took possession of the Lloyd Maxwell Trophy.



The Alliance, Neb., Elks' Skeet Team holds many trophies, including one taken at the 1953 Nebraska Convention. Left to right: C. W. Boyce, C. S. Sowers, Gene Vogel, John Manawal, Mike Banjoff and Al Shadwinkle.

Los Angeles Convention

D URING the 1953 National Convention a new Grand Lodge Committee was created. Designated as the ELKS NA-TIONAL CONVENTION COMMITTEE, it is composed of the following Past Grand Exalted Rulers:

George I. Hall, Chairman, Lynbrook, N. Y., Lodge, No. 1515.

Charles H. Grakelow, Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge, No. 2.

John S. McClelland, Atlanta, Ga., Lodge, No. 78.

Michael F. Shannon, Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge, No. 99.

James T. Hallinan, Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge, No. 878.

As Chairman of this Committee, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hall announces that plans are progressing for the coming 90th Annual Grand Lodge Session which will be held in Los Angeles, Calif., from July 4th to July 8th, 1954.

The National Convention Committee will follow the practice of previous years in housing delegates and visitors by States, and requests that all those desiring reservations in Los Angeles make known their requirements to the Housing Chairman of their State Association as soon as possible.

Each State Association will receive room allotments, conforming as nearly as possible to their requests, from the National Convention Committee Director:

FRANKLIN J. FITZPATRICK, Room 606, 292 Madison Ave., New York 17, N. Y.

PLEASE NOTE:

ALL ROOM RESERVATIONS MUST BE MADE THROUGH THE STATE AS-SOCIATIONS AND NEITHER THE NA-TIONAL CONVENTION COMMITTEE NOR THE LOS ANGELES HOTELS WILL ACCEPT RESERVATIONS DIRECT FROM LODGES OR INDIVIDUAL ELKS.

The fact that this is the Order's first visit to the Coast in some years, plus the strong appeal of Los Angeles itself, with its many attractions, adds up to an unprecedented attendance of Elks and their families next July. Therefore, if you plan to attend, make the fact known to your State Association Housing Chairman immediately so that your room reservation may be arranged.

Executive Director Robert S. Redington and his Los Angeles Convention Committee are well advanced in the arrangement of an outstanding series of activities and entertainment for delegates, visiting Elks and ladies. Their subsequent program announcements should leave no doubt that the 1954 Los Angeles Convention will be one of the best in a long line of enjoyable Grand Lodge Sessions.

ELKDOM MOURNS LOSS OF PROMINENT MEMBERS

Members throughout the Order will be saddened to learn of the passing of these three devoted members.

LOUIS J. RACHOFSKY, LOVELAND, COLO.

Remembering his strict adherence to the principles of the Order, and his deep belief in the fellowship of man, it is interesting to note that Elks in widely separated areas were called upon to participate in various duties connected with the funeral services for Louis J. Rachofsky.

It was in Clearwater, Fla., that he passed away, and to the members of Clearwater Lodge No. 1525 that his wife turned for assistance in making many of the necessary arrangements following his death. A member of Loveland, Colo., Lodge, No. 1051, for 53 years, and its Senior P.E.R., he was laid to rest in a Grand Junction cemetery, with officials of Boone, Ia., Lodge, No. 563, conducting the services at the graveside.

A former District Deputy, Mr. Rachofsky was a Past President of the Colorado Elks Assn. It was at the 1953 Convention of that organization that he was eulogized in a moving address delivered by his close friend, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen, to whom his 50-year-membership pin was given as a memento.

Among his club affiliations was his membership in the International Brotherhood of Magicians; as a sleight-of-hand artist and magician, he gave a great deal of his time in the entertainment of children and veterans. Besides his wife, he is survived by two sisters and two nieces.

WILLIAM M. FEX, BIRMINGHAM, ALA.

The Elks of Alabama, particularly those of Birmingham Lodge No. 79, will miss William M. Fex deeply. Tiler of that lodge at his death, Mr. Fex was most widely known for his interest in State Association work. Active in the Alabama organization many years, he was its Tiler in 1936, a Trustee several years, and its President in 1947. Until this year, when a stroke suffered some months ago prevented his presence, Mr. Fex had never missed a State Convention in well over a decade. He organized more lodges in his State than any other individual member, being responsible for the establishment of seven. He helped institute three new lodges in the past 14 months.

This outstanding work was to be rewarded October 6th, with the presentation of a plaque in recognition of his efforts; instead, he was taken to the hospital that morning, and passed away two days later.

At the time he died, he was Co-Chairman of the New Lodges Committee, and a member of the Committee on By-Laws. A student of this type of work, he had rewritten the by-laws of his home lodge on several occasions.

SYDNEY H. WENNIK, BRONX, N. Y.

The Elks of Bronx Lodge No. 871 record with deep sorrow the sudden death of one of its most beloved members, Sydney H. Wennik. A member of that lodge since 1927, Mr. Wennik was a leader in many of its activities from the moment he became affiliated with it.

Remembered as an outstanding pitcher on the lodge's baseball teams of the 1930's, his greatest contribution was his devotion to the welfare and hospitalization of servicemen, and of his Brother Elks. A familiar figure at Base 81 Veterans Hospital in Kingsbridge, N. Y., as a member of his lodge's Service Commission, he was continually on the alert to provide entertainment, sports exhibitions and other wholesome recreation for our men there. In his welfare work he was acquainted with most of the heads of the County's hospitals.

The esteem in which he was held was shown by the many members of his own and other lodges who attended the Elk Services in his memory. He is survived by his wife, and a son who is also a member of Bronx Lodge.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 23)

Mexico, California and Pitcairn Island. It covers 33,850 miles and even manages to arrive in Japan for the cherry blossoms, unless the weather proves uncooperative.

Hardly one to be out-romanticized, American Export Lines will send its sleek, modern *Independence* on a 20country jaunt touching such places as Benares, Jaipur, the Taj Mahal, Darjeeling, Addis Ababa, Khartoum, Luxor, Jerusalem, Capri, Florence, Cannes, and Madrid in the course of shore excursion. This one covers 19,000 miles in the airconditioned ship, departs New York February 4 and returns April 10. That leaves 65 of the worst days to the stay-athomes, a privilege which will cost \$1,750 and up.

Out on the West Coast, American President Lines will send the President Wilson out from San Francisco on November 29th, touching at Hawaii, Japan, the Philippines, and Hong Kong. For the first time APL will offer half rates for family dependents. The *President Cleveland* sails from San Francisco December 19 and from Los Angeles two days later on its annual Christmas cruise to the same locale.

If you prefer, you can whoop it up over the holidays in South America on one of Moore McCormack's 38-day cruises that dip all the way down to Buenos Aires, with stops on the way at Barbados, Bahia, Santos, and Montevideo. One sailing leaves November 28 and returns January 4th, another sails December 17 and returns January 25th. For what a person would save in the annual Christmas attack on the bank account it would almost pay to skip town.

Own Your Own Railroad

(Continued from page 8)

tial expenditures, however. They can increase in direct proportion to mounting enthusiasm. But some model makers who operate excellent home layouts claim their hobby costs them no more than \$100 a year. This is after several years of building during which the investment may have been somewhat greater. There are innumerable inexpensive items which add greatly to the realism of a layout and these are either to be bought or made.

An express truck costs 35 cents, oil barrels for flat cars are five for 25 cents, mail boxes, telephone poles, fire hydrants, cattle (four cows, two calves, 50 cents), work horses, fish wagons, ash cans, clothes lines, ice wagons and even a surrey with a fringe on the top, which is cheap at 50 cents. Since many of the model railroads are prototypes of those operating in a certain period, these accessories are also of different eras. An up-to-date DeSoto taxicab is no more easily acquired than a 1916 Twin Six Packard roadster or a 1914 Model T Ford touring car. All of these are built to scale.

The heavy demand for accessories has been responsible for the creation of scores of new small business ventures. There are many kit suppliers, of course, and enterprising Jean Carpenter of Spring Lake, Michigan, offers trees, shrubs, flowers and complete landscapes built to scale in four gauges. Board fences, so much a part of the railroad scene, can be bought even to including such details as miniature billboards. Rusty rails interfere with electrical circuits and special rust preventives have been concocted and put on the market. One New York man has set himself up as an art consultant to model railroaders, giving special attention to scenic layout and diorama design. There is even a necktie designed for model hobbyists. It carries a silhouette of the famed Civil War engine, the General. Sells for \$2.50. Lubricating such tiny equipment requires specially designed oil cans, among the most popular of which is a gadget closely resembling a hypodermic needle.

One of the model fans who has most extensively indulged a passion for appurtenances is William Parry of Miami Shores, Florida. Bill Parry is a real estate operator who is sufficiently successful to work when he pleases, which amounts to something less than a 14-hour day. He has created for his layout a fabulous operation he calls the Zephyr Hills Kissimee River Railroad. The rolling stock of this outfit, most of which he built himself, has more units than some real railroads. It consists of 50 locomotives, 60 switch engines, 250 freight and 40 passenger cars and 1,000 feet of tiny track. It is operated by an intricate control board of 120 pushbuttons and 240 lights, which indicate at all times the position of equipment, including whether trackage is open or occupied.

To house this outstanding layout Parry put up a 25 by 40 foot concrete building which cost \$2,500. To get away from the operating hazards which come from humid air and changing temperature he installed a \$2,000 air conditioner. His total investment, exclusive of his own time and labor, is now something over \$15,000. But it's worth it. Every Monday he has open house for 30 or more guests and shows them how a real rail operation ought to be run.

By far the most elaborate layouts are those developed by Clubs in which members pool their time and special talents. These Clubs are all over the country; there are 38 in New York, for example, five in Oregon and 13 in Wisconsin. One of the finest of them is in Oakland, Cali-



"The Sinclair Oil Stations, which so many motorists seek, are numerous and very courteous with travelers," report the Louis Leopolds of Torrance, Cal., after a 3000-mile automobile tour through the Northwest. And Martin O. Hanson (Brooklyn No. 22) grateful for Sinclair help on his trip, says "In reciprocation I will use Sinclair Service when and wherever available."

* * *

France no longer requires American travelers to carry a French or International driver's license to drive in France—if the driver has a valid American license.

* * *

Think a Florida winter vacation too expensive? Better investigate the possibilities of a trailer. One for four with shower, refrigerator and apartment-size stove may be rented for \$150 a month. Trailer-camp space ranges from \$20 to \$45 a month. Local auto clubs will steer you.

* * *

Harold L. Wiseman (Nampa, Idaho, No. 1389) warns, "Be sure to purchase an auto insurance policy in Mexico. Very inexpensive and most U. S. policies are void across the Border" . . . William L. Roberts (Gloucester No. 892) writes, "The Elks club at Myrtle Beach, S.C., is beautiful but the dinners served there are unsurpassed-by far the best place to eat on the Beach" . . . Harrison Orwig of Alma, Mich., who visited Hollywood, Fla., this summer says, "We liked it so much we leased the 32-room Hutchinson Hotel." And Robert G. Angell of Ithaca, N.Y., operates the Harrington Hotel at Ocala, Fla. We feel sure visitors would be made most welcome . . . J. Steven McGrath (New London No. 360) reports a 'Davis Package Tour' to Havana from Miami Beach. "We left Miami at 8 a.m. on Pan American World Airways-beautiful trip over the Florida Keys-arriving Havana at 9:15 a. m. and were driven to the famed Hotel Vedado, Outstanding hotel with beautiful swimming pool and American food. The tour takes in all of Havana's interesting places, including two night clubs. Would advise anyone to take this tour."

* * *

On our recommendation, R. L. Crutcher (McAlester, Okla., No. 533) now residing at Corona del Mar, Cal., traveled K.L.M. Royal Dutch Airlines on a recent World Tour. He reports great satisfaction with K.L.M. accommodations and service. fornia, where members of the East Bay club have done one of the outstanding jobs in the world—there are model clubs in the British Isles, Europe, even in India.

Many of the clubs are civic minded and have become an important factor in their communities by playing host to handicapped children and cooperating in fund raising for the March of Dimes, Red Cross and other worthy organizations. Other groups work in Veterans Hospitals helping disabled service men to participate in model railroading and enjoy its benefits. Clubs also sponsor "railfan" trips to railroad properties-round houses, signal towers, terminal facilities and even ride over "freight-only" lines. This not only provides members with firsthand knowledge of railroad problems and techniques, but also offers the public the opportunity to enjoy railroading and take some pictures. It seems that almost without exception a railroad hobbyist is also a camera fan.

WHAT IS certainly the largest and will be the most complete club layout is now under construction in Hoboken, New Jersey, in the terminal of the Lackawanna & Western Railroad. It is the creation of the New York Society of Model Engineers, oldest in the country, having been started in 1926, and now in its fourth major building project.

The system, named by the Club the Union Connecting Railroad, covers an area 35 by 105 feet and occupies space leased from the Lackawanna in a section of the upper concourse of its Terminal. In deference to the cooperation of the Lackawanna, the Union Connecting R. R. has its terminus in a replica of the Lackawanna's Hoboken Ferry House, in which a scale ferry model is a part of the decor. Already 5,000 feet of track are laid, of some 7,000 contemplated, according to plans which required two years to draw up. The first spike for the road was driven with appropriate ceremony in 1947 and none of the members will guess when the system will be finished. But careful time checks show that for every foot of track laid 100 man hours of work are expended. To date, 500,000 man hours have been used. When finished the layout could not be duplicated for \$1,000,000. assuming that contractors were hired to do the construction of layout and equipment.

The system is all electric, using a third rail and some overhead catenary—or wire, to the layman. It is so completely integrated that, except for the operations of the terminal, one man can use remote controls and run the entire layout. The development of the electrical system for this operation, a feature seldom appreciated by a public conditioned to plug-in household systems, is so intricate that each of the several panel boards resembles the interior of a huge telephone switchboard. Thousands of wires lead in all directions. All these were installed by club members, some of whom believe that

HOME SUPERINTENDENCY CHANGES

N AUGUST, 1927, Robert A. Scott, organizer and P.E.R. of 50-yearold Linton, Ind., Lodge, No. 866, became Superintendent of the Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.

National Home in Bedford, Va. Now Mr. Scott has retired, and Thomas J. Brady, P.E.R. and 34-year-member of Brookline, Mass., Lodge, No. 886, has taken over the duties there.

Mr. Scott attended his first Grand Lodge Convention in 1906 and has not missed a Session since that time. Recognizing his capabilities, the Ind. Elks Assn. made him its President in 1915, and the following year he served as District Deputy for Southern Indiana. From 1918 through 1920, he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee and from 1922 to 1927, a member of the Board of Grand Trustees, its Chairman in 1927.

His 26-year administration at Bedford was marked by his efficiency, the many improvements made there and for his faithful devotion to making the declining years of his resident Brothers happy, healthful and easy.

Mr. Brady's temperament and experience make him an excellent choice for this position. He has been District Deputy, Grand Tiler, State Assn. Pres., Asst. Grand Esquire in 1930 and 1933, and Grand Esquire in 1937 and 1942. He served four years on the Board of Grand Trustees, and has just



THOMAS J. BRADY

resigned as its Chairman.

ROBERT A. SCOTT

The citizens of Brookline elected him Selectman for two terms, and he did yeoman work during World War II as Chairman of the community's Service Committee. Named to the post when it was created four years ago, he has resigned as Director of the local Civil Defense Organization. He has also relinquished his 28-year General Managership of Boston's Leopold Morse Co., a firm with which he has been affiliated for 43 years, and whose officials and employees paid warm tribute to the man who has elected to devote his time to the Brothers at Bedford.

the only important feature of a railroad is its signal system.

Each year the Society holds a public show and last February some 25,000 visitors, 38 per cent of whom were children, saw this fabulous, though still incomplete, operation in action. Not in action as the members conceive it, but as the public most enjoys it. What the uninitiated want is to see as many trains of various types operating simultaneously as is possible to crowd onto the tracks. For the exhibit, the Society put 22 trains in constant operation. There were freight trains, oil trains, passenger trains, a 19car circus train (with animals) and a \$1,500 exact replica of the crack Lackawanna streamliner, "The Phoebe Snow."

What the Society most enjoys though is to get together a couple of dozen of its 125 members and crew up for an evening of time table operations. On such occasions no more than 10 trains are in operation, but every man is as busy as a commuter's dispatcher at 5:30 in the afternoon, trying to make sure that the time table is kept on schedule. A time table, incidentally, is merely the authority for the movement of regular trains. The schedule prescribes the class, direction, number and exact time when those trains are to be moved.

Each participating member is given specific duties. Towermen line their routes, report on trains and receive orders from a dispatcher. Engineers try to keep their trains on schedule while making station stops. Yard Masters supervise the making-up of freight and passenger trains and freight conductors set out cars on industrial spurs and endeavor to keep their train from delaying the scheduled express, which operates at a scale speed equivalent to 60 miles per hour. An occasional hot box or special train calls for improvising and rerouting. Every man is kept constantly on his toes.

The entire operation takes place in the real tradition of railroading and under published rules of the Society. While there are, of course, a few laws of good conduct, most of the rules are designed to eliminate hazards and introduce order into operations. For example, this is one of the simpler regulations and applies to single track operation in both directions:

"An inferior train must clear the track for opposing superior trains. Failing to have the train in the clear the engineman at the point involved must notify the engineman in advance, if he is affected, of the condition in order to assure full protection to the equipment.

"Extra trains will be governed by train orders with respect to opposing extra trains."

With 14 pages of such rules to guide the members only rarely is there a "lost-time" meet.

Since a wide variety of technical skills is called for in the operation of a home layout or for participating actively in a club project, it would seem that most men attracted to model railroading would have previous technical training. This is far from the case. Almost none of the members of the New York Society, regarded as typical, have had previous experience in most of the major facets of model railroading.

Among them are accountants, clerks, a publicity man, a Ph.D., a produce merchant, and one of New York's outstanding neurologists. Strangely, only three of the Society's members have any connection with railroads and one of these joined the club, got interested in railroad signals, took a night school course and soon wound up in a responsible position with the New York Board of Transportation. Another member came into the club without training. To improve his technique in making his own equipment from scratch, he signed up for a course in machine shop operation. With expanding interest in metal working he began inventing and came up with a new porous metal for use in filtering processes. His hobby promises to reward him well.

One of the pleasant fringe benefits of

foot pads and good for the peace of mind of the spic and span housewife who resents having her floors marked with muddy dog tracks on wet days. Other than for these reasons I'll not plump hard for canine footwear. Last but first with your dog is food. Get him a few packages or cans of different kinds of dog foods. There's one brand that is said to be an excellent vitamin supplement to the dog's regular diet. It's inexpensive and most dogs go daffy over it.

If your home doesn't already possess

model railroading is an extraordinary comraderie that develops among its devotees. One model man travelled recently in cities where he was a complete stranger. In each city he consulted his membership list of the national association and within an hour found he had a friend. In one instance he talked for three hours before it occurred either to him or his fellow hobbyist to ask what the other did for a living. One important executive has standing instructions with his secretary to be notified immediately no matter how important a conference he is in if any caller is a model builder.

This is a tribute to the fascination of the hobby but it is understandable. Who wouldn't want to see the layout of Neil Fisk of Great Neck, New York, whose Franklin Eastern Railroad was begun in 1942 and includes operating coaling, water and sand operations and that modern element of railroad efficiency, a hump yard? In this hump yard one operator can make up five freight trains at once. Fisk's layout includes a station with cars parked, loafers standing about and 24sheet billboards fronting on a traffic laden highway.

ODEL MEN believe these extra ef-fects lend interest and strive to achieve them without detracting from the railroad itself. The New York Society's Union Connecting Railroad includes in its pike a replica of the Delaware Water Gap, on the route of the Lackawanna, which is so realistic there are tiny geese taking off from the water.

Mounting enthusiasm and increasing skill among model makers lead to dissatisfaction with earlier, amateurish efforts and in his efforts to operate the perfect railroad the model man is more or less constantly tearing down and improving his layout. This sometimes puts a strain on family relations. A wife who waits patiently over the years while her man is building his layout is always hopeful that once it is finished, he will again become a creature of normal social habits and maybe take her to the movies. It doesn't always work out that way.

One devotee complained to his wife that while his trains were operating to his satisfaction, he was unhappy with the buildings in his layout, built several years

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 34)

one, why not get a dog for Christmas. It's a present to yourself or family, which, if given reasonable care will last for years; and if the dog adjusts to its new home, as nearly all dogs do, he will bring a wealth of companionship and affection with him. What kind of dog is best? There's only one answer and that is the kind you like the most. Or it doesn't even have to be any particular breed or kind. Your nearest animal shelter can provide a fine companion for you.

What to look for when getting the

before. "That station looks like it was made of playing cards." he said. "Any five-year-old could put up better farm houses, and that coaler and water tank appear to be in the final stages of a losing battle with termites. I'm going to tear out all the buildings and do them over."

"But darling," his wife protested. "You thought they were perfect when you finished them. Besides they took ten months to make."

"Ten months," he said disdainfully. "What's ten months? Why, I've got a whole lifetime."

This may be a little rough on wives but as any psychiatrist would testify it has a fine therapeutic effect on husbands. An engrossing hobby, they aver, is an excellent prolonger of life and almost certain to insure real contentment. A man who can lose himself in a hobby, who can forget the problems of his business or the recurring minor irritants of domestic strife, renews his energy for coping with serious problems, and is inclined to be more efficient in solving them.

Moreover, when he later faces what can be the devastating realities of enforced retirement with the implications of being shelved, he looks forward to it eagerly. At last he is going to have all the time he wants to do the thing he wants.

It is doubtful, though, if even this ideal of an uninterrupted 24-hour day will satisfy the model railroader. It is nothing for one of them to spend a year modelling a dining car, two years constructing a carved linoleum station, or five years building just one engine. And at any age from 20 to 70 he is likely to wake up in the middle of the night with a brilliant idea. "You know," he will say, "I've got a wonderful thought. I'd like to do an HO layout of that narrow gauge road that used to haul silver ore out of Leadville, Colorado, down the east side of the Rockies towards Denver. Theodore Roosevelt said it was the world's most scenic route. I'll build it from scratch, all the old engines and ore cars . . ."

And as his voice trails off into the happy dream-world of the hobby addict you realize that the model railroader will never get to do all that he wants to do. There just isn't that much time in the world.

dog? I've written in detail about this but I'll brief the subject here. The whites of the dog's eyes should be a clear white, never pink, yellow or cloudy. The white is one sign of good health. Tongue and gums should be pink and the latter firm. Teeth should be sound. Breath should be clean. Avoid the dog with a listless manner or bloated stomach, or one with sore eyes. The dog's coat should have "sparkle" and not be dull. Skin should be entirely free from rash. Avoid the excessively shy dog and

you will of course pass up the one that is distinctly unfriendly. Bear in mind, however, that some dogs are more reserved than others and mere quietness is not a sure sign of an unfriendly or vicious disposition. If you live in an apartment best not to get one of the large breeds as in time the dog may take up too much room. Then, too, most of the larger dogs need ample room and for such dogs the suburbs or open country are best.

If you haven't much time to devote to the dog then don't get one whose coat will require much attention-here the short coated dog is a wiser choice. If you are a nervously inclined person avoid most of the terrier breeds, for many of them have too much bounce, particularly when they're young. If you are not particular as to the breed and not concerned with pedigreed pups by all means get a dog from an animal shelter. You won't go wrong if you observe the precautions I've listed here. As for qualities of loyalty, companionship and those things that make a dog a good dog, you'll get as much from the mixed breed as from any blue-blooded pooch. On the other hand, for confirmation and traits particular to a breed, there is no substitute for a pure-bred dog.

Every so often my mail shows a letter from a prospective dog owner seeking advice on the purchase of a dog as companion to a young child. I don't know who was the first person to give voice to the opinion that it is a good thing for a child to grow up with a dog, but I do know that if the age of the child isn't taken into consideration the opinion falls flat. I have always discouraged the purchase of a young puppy for a young child. Students of child psychology agree that most young children have little understanding of cruelty. It is said, and with good reason, that the development of a human being parallels the development of the human race. In its moods, emotions and actions the young child reflects the human being at a primitive stage of life. Primitives are seldom considerate or tender toward those more helpless than themselves. Please don't take this as a knock against the small fry. I simply don't like to see a puppy condemned to suffering such as I have seen inflicted by heedless youngsters.

A fairly well grown or middle size dog usually can take care of itself but a pup-a mere baby-is utterly helpless in the hands of a thoughtless child. My suggestion is to wait until little Harry or Harriet is eight to ten years old before buying a dog. At those ages children as a rule become more considerate and are the more easily taught to be kind to animals. I know that some breeders will not agree with me, but then I suspect that they have special reasons for this. Most commercial kennels give too little heed to the age of the puppies they sell or to whom they sell them. But the good breeder who sincerely cares for





e are born and sojourn here for a time. A new year is ushered in and its span of life is run. Associations are formed - beautiful friendships, and then comes the parting, the passing on, and the coming of the new. So it is with life. We are born, and in the springtime we plan and build for the future. Then comes the summer of life, when we are watching the beauty that surrounds us and wondering if the harvest will be all that we hope for; then the afternoon of life, or in other words, the autumn when our fondest hopes are realized or shattered. We cannot go back and plant anew: we must harvest what we have sown, and then by that harvest we will be judged. And then comes the evening of life, or winter, when we look back over a profitable or unprofitable life, and review, just as we do today, the things that have taken place-the worthwhile and the failures. And by this record we will be measured.

So the year ends, just like a life ends. A year seems short, a life is short, and we must crowd a lot into that life if we expect to leave for posterity something that will make the world a little better. If we are going to leave behind pleasant memories, we must of necessity render some service to humanity. 2990

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

Le.E. Broughton

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles E. Broughton sometime ago prepared this inspirational message in the form of a card in color and we are presenting the message as it was originally published. Mr. Broughton's thoughts are so appropriate to the ideals of Elkdom, the coming holiday season and the end of the year that we wanted all Elks to have an opportunity to read this fine message.

his dogs wants to place them where he knows or believes they will be well treated and happy. At a suitable age there are few better gifts for a child than a dog, preferably a young one, but again let me say not a very young puppy.

A child can learn a lot from a good dog because that kind of animal will again and again demonstrate the characteristics of courage, forbearance, fidelity and obedience. If the youngster is observant, as so many alert children are, these examples will not go unheeded. Furthermore, no association is quite like

that between a youngster and his or her dog. Certainly few partnerships evidence less thought of gain for either, other than such matters as devotion and companionship. and the daily sharing of happiness and sorrows. Of course, this is premised on the degree to which the child is taught to look after its pet and to look for such characteristics in it. Properly guided and given to understand that he or she is the owner of the dog and responsible for its care and education. this education is a wonderful character builder.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 27)

were hosts to 350 persons at a banquet that evening in honor of Mr. James.

On the 24th, Mr. James and Mr. Gunn took part in the Centennial Celebration of Mount Vernon, N. Y. On his arrival there, he received the Key to the City from Acting Mayor Joseph Rietano. Est. Lead. Knight of MOUNT VERNON LODGE NO. 842. That evening Mr. James addressed 250 members at the lodge home.

Sept. 26 and 27 were the dates for the Fall Conference of the IND. ELKS ASSN. in INDIANAPOLIS, at which Mr. James was a special guest and principal speaker at the Assn. banquet. The first event on the agenda was a visit to the Ind. University

Right: During the Fall Meeting of the Ind. Elks Assn., these dignitaries were guests of Dr. John VanNuys, Dean of the Medical Center of Indiana University. In the foreground, left to right, are Past Presidents Dr. A. A. Pielemeier and Thomas E. Burke, Grand Secy. J. Edgar Masters, Pres. L. A. Krebs, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Dr. VanNuys, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle and Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Arnold Westermann of Louisville, Ky. Medical Center where Mr. James, Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters and Joseph B. Kyle, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Arnold Westermann and officials of the State Assn. were luncheon guests of the Dean. Dr. John VanNuys. Later, a tour of the Center was made during which the buildings, equipment and various programs on cancer research for which the generosity of the Ind. Elks is responsible were pointed out and explained.

Back in his home State on Oct. 3 and 4, Earl James was on hand for the Fall Meeting of the OKLA. STATE ASSN. with E.R. H. M. Kidwell and MUSKOGEE LODGE NO. 517 as hosts. An outstanding affair, the meeting was highlighted by the initiation of the Earl James Honor Class of 106 men who were admitted into various Okla. lodges at a mass ceremony conducted by Duncan Lodge's State Championship Ritualistic Team. Mr. James and Grand Treas. Edward A. Dutton, guests of honor, addressed the candidates. They also spoke at the State Banquet before 450 persons, among them Pres. D. E. McCroskey, Chairman Herman J. Salz of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities. Past District Deputies Bert Wysor and R. R. Stanley, and Mayor Lyman Beard.



Left: Photographed with Mr. James and the officers of Plattsburg, N. Y., Lodge are James A. Gunn of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities; T. Emmett Ryan, a former member of that group; State Pres. Bert Harkness; Vice-Pres. Edward A. Burns; Charter Member T. H. Smith, P.E.R.; D.D. W. Edward Hudson, and E.R. Edward J. Lapham.

selves and their fans. The move consists of either (a) giving up an acknowledged top-flight player from their roster for potentially good players from the list and farm clubs of another major-league organization or (b), digging into the financial sock for a large amount of cash to purchase an established star. Both plans take a heavy toll on the nerves of the negotiators.

In the various executive sessions amendments to the major-minor agreement (the legal tie which binds all of baseball together) will be mulled over. Moving down a notch each of the Leagues, from the Tar Heel in Class D up to the Pacific Coast, whose Open classification is only a level below the majors, will sit in executive session to ponder their particular problems. With minor league cities shutting up shop one after another they'll have plenty to think, talk, and complain about.

The essence of all this thinking, talking and complaining will be boiled down to

Winter Wonderland

(Continued from page 19)

something readable and communicable, and will be passed on to the major league meetings in New York which follow. Here, the helping-nanders or the cruel whip-wielders (depending upon what kind of a year you've experienced in the minors) will view matters in what they insist is an impartial light. From out of these meetings will emerge baseball's final legal acts of the year. Some of these—like the bonus rule, the high school rule, the winter-ball rule—have a far-reaching effect upon the game wherever it is played.

The major-league bosses will also be called upon to pass upon the merits of the demands put forth by the majorleague players. If okayed they will represent the biggest gains by the fellows in flannels since the threat of unionization seven years ago.

Approval of most of these, already recommended by the powerful Executive Council, is considered a mere formality --stuff like reducing the ten-year status to eight, of better moving allowances (a 'moving allowance,' Chumley, is money given a player to transport his family, record books and Chesapeake retriever from one city to another when he is traded); of off-the-base living allowances in spring training for married men; of a higher rate of meal money (the proposal is \$8 a day on the road).

There'll be a few interesting thoughts, however. on the proposal which the Executive Council has forwarded for action without recommendation, wherein the players have asked that the minimum wage in the majors be boosted from \$5,000 to \$7,200.

All this is interesting, of course, but is it interesting enough to warrant sending a reporter clear across the country first to Atlanta and then to New York, just to keep his finger on things? Not at a first glance.

That was the feeling which existed in November of 1950 in the office of the largest newspaper in the United States, one

"History of the Order of Elks"

that prides itself, and justifiably, on its superb baseball coverage throughout the year. The fellow in charge permitted himself to be sold on the idea that by not sending a man to St. Petersburg for the winter meetings the paper could save several hundred dollars.

"Nothing ever happens at one of those darned things, anyway, does it?" demanded the man from the auditing department. The sports department boss had to agree that things had been pretty slow at the past few winter meetings and this would probably be worse.

In this he turned out to be 100 per cent correct-for four days. Nothing happened Thursday. Friday was dull. The Sunday papers of the rival publications which had sent men showed rather obviously that these fellows had spent Saturday picking each other's brains-and that pickings had been exceedingly slim. On Sunday everyone went on a fish fry somewhere down Tampa Bay.

Monday night, about 10:30, just when the sports boss of this big newspaper was sitting back congratulating himself on his ability to keep the costs of the operation down and the quality apparently as high as ever, the floor reached up and socked him. The AP and UP machines started to ring like nine-alarm fires. Each spewed forth a terse paragraph. Each didn't bother with the adjectives.

A. B. (Happy) Chandler had been fired from his job as Commissioner by his major-league bosses, a lot of fellows he was supposed to have under his educated thumb. That was all.

Happy Chandler fired and his own best baseball writer out covering some college basketball game 1,500 miles from the scene!

It would have been small consolation for him to have learned that the confusion in St. Petersburg among the writers had been almost as wild as that which had been caused by these wire-service flashes. He was faced with having to go with a wire-service story on the biggest baseball yarn since the Black Sox scandal! That was enough.

OWN IN Florida the full tropic moon was flooding the grounds of the Vinoy Park Hotel with a wonderful silvery glow; the air was warm and fragrant with the scent of jasmine. If any writer on the scene claims to remember these details, however, mark him down as a chronic liar. There were other, more important items to occupy his attention that night than moonlight and sweetsmelling flowers.

No, they hadn't been caught with their pants down like that big paper up North. Their ties were a little askew, however, and their hair was rumpled. And ironically, the New York crowd. which emerged mussed up more than the rest, was perhaps the least to be blamed for being a little late and confused.

If any Chicago, Boston, Detroit, Cincinnati, Philadelphia, Washington or



Grand Exalted Ruler James presents a copy of "History of the Order of Elks" to the Library of Congress at a ceremony arranged by Washington, D. C., Lodge No. 15. Verner W. Clapp, Acting Librarian, accepted the volume on behalf of the Library. Representing Washington Lodge are Rosell T. Pickrel, P.E.R.; Charles E. Orrison, Esteemed Leading Knight; Ambrose A. Durkin, P.D.D., and Philip U. Gayaut, P.E.R.

Cleveland writer had wandered off into the night leaving his job unguarded he was most certainly open to censure. The New York writers, to a man, however, were all at the annual winter-meeting party the Yankees were throwing for the writers, scouts and their own administration men.

It was a pretty good party (starring Casey Stengel, of course) but it probably set a world record for an abrupt ending. At the stroke of 10:00 the Yankee publicity director, Arthur Patterson, hustled out to answer an urgent telephone summons. He returned ashen and shaken and announced that cabs and cars were waiting outside, that he'd bring the wives back with him and "For God's sake, fellows, hurry up. All hell has broken loose.'

Ex-Commissioner Chandler is ancient history now; no one tries to save expenses by scrimping on coverage of the winter meetings any more, and the Yankees are still denying that they deliberately took the New York writers ten miles out of town just to get them out of the way to prevent a possible news leak that could have ruined everything. If the writers were surprised that night they had some consolation in knowing that Chandler wasn't exactly in on things, either. The ex-Senator from Kentucky got the news while attending the Coca-Cola party where he was lending his fine tenor to some enthusiastic community singing.

Firing a Commissioner or executing a five-player deal of the first magnitude will always grab off the headlines but there is a lot of routine stuff at the winter meetings that makes for solid-and important-reading to the baseball people who have remained at home. For instance, there's the major-league draft of player talent from the clubs in the minors. There's a price on these, of course, ranging up to \$15,000 if you like someone, who is available, in the Pacific Coast League. The picks are made in what is deemed the most logical order.

Goes to Library of Congress

The major-league clubs finishing lowest have first shot. In other words the Dodgers pick last because they finished atop the National League. The Yankees pick ahead of them even though they beat them in the World Series because last year the National League picked first.

An air of excitement always pervades the draft, which is open to everyone. It is run almost like an auction, and no one ever really knows what's in the package. Ferris Fain was once a draft choice for a mere \$10,000. The fabulous Hack Wilson was drafted by the Cubs for even less. The top price when the Giants forgot about Wilson on their Toledo farm and let him go in the draft was \$7,500.

You can get some pretty good bargains, but you can throw away \$10,000 in an awful hurry (\$15,000 if you're shooting for some of that Coast talent). You can lose the money as fast as you would on a fixed horse race, maybe faster because it takes only a second to pronounce some player's name. Some horse races last as long as a minute and a half.

Having first crack at the field is no assurance, either, that you'll come up with a winner. First choices in the last

half-dozen years have been Al Gerhauser, Dwain Sloat. Steve Nagy. George Metkovich, George Schmees and Elroy Face. Face, a pitcher, was drafted by the Pirates from the Dodgers' Fort Worth farm last December. He wound up with a six-and-eight record at Pittsburgh last season.

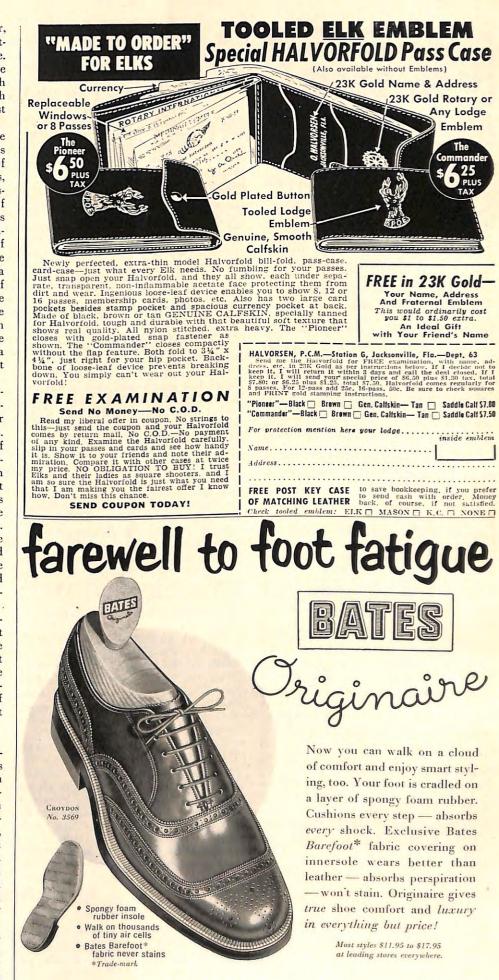
The draft gets things going in the winter meetings and then the various meetings start. The biggest meeting, of course, is the conclave of all the minors, which staggers along under the impossible title of National Association of Professional Baseball Leagues. This year, as in previous ones. the saturationpoint broadcasting and telecasting of major-league games into minor league territory will come in, justifiably, for a lot of excited discussion. All sorts of solutions to this seemingly impossible problem will be offered, ranging from the banning of all radio and television in baseball, wherever played, to having the majors acknowledge the minors as a problem child and offer direct support financially.

Unfortunately, the major-league owners aren't nearly as exercised and disturbed over the plight of the minor leagues as the minor-league owners. From the air-conditioned precincts of some skyscraper office suite what happens in a Class D league somewhere in South Georgia or West Texas, or the fact that a Pacific Coast city's attendance has dropped from 400,000 to 120,000 in three years, seems of little current importance. Perhaps it is, and the fact is that the American public actually is interested only in the best, as exemplified by the major league. Maybe, after seeing and hearing the best, they've decided to reject, resolutely, all other offerings.

On the other hand, perhaps the majorleague owners are making the biggest mistake of their lives in permitting the strangulation of the minors to the point where there are less than two-thirds the number of leagues operating now as operated in '47 and where less than half those still remaining can show any sort of a decent profit.

PROFITWISE. the biggest winter-meeting deal. certainly the one which has exercised the most profound influence on the national game for more than two decades, took place at the meetings held in 1931 at French Lick Springs, Ind. It involved, strangely enough, not a player, players or a franchise. An administration man changed hands and it represented a radical change in policy by a club slated to go on to become the biggest World Series winner in history. It was the deal that brought George Weiss to the New York Yankees.

Up to that time the Yankees had operated much along the lines of John McGraw's New York Giants. They bought good, established players at good prices, depended upon loyal friends to recommend promising kids. In the first



Exclusive comfort feature - "SLIPPER-FREE WHERE YOUR FOOT BENDS" BATES SHOE COMPANY, WEBSTER, MASSACHUSETTS department the Yankees had shelled out a beret-full of money buying two players from the West Coast—Jimmy Reese and Lyn Lary.

This pair had proved somewhat less than successful and the late Col. Jacob Ruppert, who owned the Yankees, deemed a change to be in order. He decided to give the new-fangled farm system a whirl and looked around for the best man for the job.

Weiss, then general manager at Baltimore, was persuaded to take the job in Newark, N. J., which was to be the Yankees' key farm in the International League. The proposal was that when, and if, anything happened to Ed Barrow, then the Yankees' general manager, Weiss would have the job.

He got it, but it was sixteen years later after the club had changed hands and after Ed Barrow had retired. In that interim Weiss pumped talent tirelessly in the Yankee chain. Today he has other people doing the pumping and it is he who takes walks around the hotel grounds at winter meetings hiring other talented people. But as talented as they'll come, they'll have a tough time matching Weiss who has several times been named baseball's top executive by the industry's bible, the "Sporting News"; who has won five pennants and five World Series in the six years he has been top man.

Weiss wasn't looking for a job, particularly, at those French Lick meetings, but there are a lot of fellows who show up at the December conclaves in search of baseball employment. There is no such thing as a placement bureau in baseball. All hiring is done on a friendship basis and baseball job-seekers are well aware of the out-of-sight-out-of-mind precept.

Applicants for managerial, coaching or front-office jobs rise early, get down to the lobby of the hotel where the meetings are taking place, and don't leave it until midnight, except perhaps for meals. With each passing day, and each announcement of some particular post filled, their smiles become more fixed. Those with enough of a stake get on a train when the minor league meetings end and hustle up to either New York or Chicago where the major-league meetings wind up the winter conclave. There might always be some last-minute switch that could cause a job to open up in Class A or B somewhere. The rest go home and wait for the next winter meetings to roll around.

Mary and River Valley, he had decided, for at least the next fifty years.

"You and me in the same trough, angel," Dennis said. "Look—when do I talk to your father?"

She didn't answer him right away. Her soft mouth trembled and her hand closed But while job seeking. of necessity must be a bleak and oft-times discouraging thing, solemnity isn't always the byword at the winter meetings. There are a lot of laughs just as there must always be in such a highly-individualized business where one man's lunacy winds up as another man's fortune. The press boys work overtime thinking up gags, the corks pop, and permanent residents of the hotel housing the meetings develop a haggard and harried look.

SOME of the winter meeting legends have their basis on a sudden, on-thespot zany decision, others on a plan that could have taken several months to dream up. Take the time almost a half-century ago when the late Joe Kelley, one of the original Baltimore Orioles, learned he had been tapped for the job as manager of the Cincinnati Reds. There was only one thing to do. Kelley invited everyone within earshot to the bar in the old Waldorf in New York to toast his success.

It turned out to be a larger party than Kelley had anticipated. Once at the bar his friends were loathe to leave. Kelley, after a while, noticed that the checks for each round of drinks, tucked into an empty glass tumbler in the custom of those pre-prohibition days, literally were starting to overflow.

He subjected his bankroll to a quick inventory and realized that there was only one thing to do. Like an old Oriole he rose to the occasion. Since he had cash enough to pay only about half the liquor checks he solved the problem in drastic and dramatic fashion—he ate the other half of the checks. No one noticed and Kelley stayed out of jail. Spending the night in the clink would hardly have been the proper way to start a managerial career.

The old Waldorf was the site of another feat in a different department, one which still brings smiles. This coup was brought off by a newspaperman, Joe Vila, the late sports editor of the since-defunct New York "Sun." He got the big scoop of that particular meeting by the simple process of picking a pocket.

Vila was a gentleman about it, though. The object which he lifted from the pocket of the president of the National League was that loop's schedule for the forthcoming season. When he pilfered it he excused himself, sought out the hotel's public stenographer, had a copy made, then returned the original to the pocket of the unknowing League president, and took up where he had left off. They separated on a note of cordiality which lasted until the first edition of the "Sun" appeared the following day—containing the complete schedule slated to be released two months later.

Then there was a Boston writer, also now a still-chuckling shade, whose annual target was Charles Ebbets, boss of the Brooklyn Dodgers, the man after whom the present Brooklyn ballpark is named. The trickster was Paul Shannon, a Hub newspaperman, and one of his better ones was to print a sign and hang it on Ebbets' coat announcing "Zach Wheat for sale." Wheat was Brooklyn's big hitter thirty years ago. Shannon presumably has apologized to Ebbets in some baseball Valhalla.

Newspapermen have kept things moving with phony announcements on the press-room bulletin boards-like invitations to non-existent parties or pronouncements that some non-existent league, due to an economy measure, would operate the next season without umpires. But they in turn have to keep moving at the meetings, too, because the clock is thrown away during these hectic eight or nine days. The Indians got Early Wynn and Mickey Vernon at 5 a. m. five years ago from the Washington Senators for Eddie Robinson and a couple of pitchers. A lot of newspapermen walked around with heavy-lidded eyes the following day.

The '50 meetings provided news that'll take a long time to match in the firing of Happy Chandler. But even before the meetings ever started that year in St. Pete they were instrumental in giving an enterprising reporter a grade-A beat on the rest of the field in the announcement that Charley Dressen had the job as manager in Brooklyn.

He had received a tip that Dressen was to be the new Brooklyn boss but he was going frantic trying to check it. No one would confirm.

Finally he struck upon an idea. He called the Florida hotel where the Dodgers would stay for the winter meetings. "This is the so-and-so department store," he announced to the room clerk. "We have a package addressed to Charley Dressen in care of the Brooklyn Dodgers at your hotel. Will you please check whether he is on the Dodgers' rooming list?"

The clerk checked. He was. "Thank you very much," advised the newspaperman.

He turned to his own boss. "It's okay, you can go with the story."

... And to All a Good Night

(Continued from page 5)

quickly on his arm. Her expression was without evasion. "He isn't hard to talk to, Dennis," was all that Mary said. She was standing by the booth where for two weeks she had machine-stitched kids' names on red Christmas stockings: Jimmy, Susie, Doody, Tubby, Harold, Boo-

Boo, and so on. It was closing time and she was all out of stockings, anyhow.

"You were sensational," Dennis said. "You sold out like a double-header in Milwaukee."

His own booth, he could see, was much less tidy, if equally depleted of marketable goods. There was a quantity of earrings, either unmatched or with broken clips, and there was a dazzling \$3 brooch in the shape of a peacock that was missing one ruby eye. He felt justified in believing the season's work well done—the \$1000 wholesale lot having retailed for —he looked once again at the final figures in his book—\$3153.24.

"What about that play you're giving at your school tonight?" Dennis said. "I'm not a native. angel; tell me more."

"Well, we give it every year. Dennis, for the benefit of the African Missions, and, of course, for those children who don't go home at vacation time. Mr. Clairborne's always generous with gifts, and there's an early-to-bed kind of party for the smaller kids."

"What time's this supposed to take place?"

"Eight o'clock for the customers, dear, but we'll have to get there much earlier than that if I'm going to help with the costumes, or with any rehearsing the children may need. Suppose I leave now and come back in twenty minutes to pick you up? I can drive your car back here right away, while you're talking with Mr. Clairborne. Or do you think, with the storm and everything, that I should try to get Uncle Herbert's jeep?"

"Just a few of my reindeer," Dennis said.

He helped her with her overshoes. Poinsettias were standing as tall as Mary in the quiet aisles. The reindeer, silent now and motionless, would soon be coming down with all the bunting and the fancy fixings. The props of Christmas managed now only to look sad, proclaiming an end to something very dear. It almost made Dennis afraid.

When Mary was gone, he stood near the entrance to the store. The snow had been falling the length of the day, but now, as it had not before, the wind turned balky and ambitious, sweeping the snow in great ghosts high as the buildings. He was thinking how pretty it was, and how appropriate to the season, when a man named Ignatius L. Kelly came through one of the revolving doors.

"Denny," this Kelly said. "Merry Christmas, Denny." Kelly stamped his feet and shook a halo of new snow from the brim of his hat. He was a mediumsized, soft-spoken and deceivingly amiable man, who was also a thief in the regular employ of Ralphie "Pizza-Boy" Tolledrando. "Where is the money, Denny?"

Dennis always remembered the scene. The daylight was long gone from the winter afternoon. All over town the lights were on—green lights and red ones, white lights and the blinking, electrified candy stick that hung above the City Hall—vivid there as a barber's pole with a twisted neck. Carol-singers from the Methodist Church were standing in the snow outside the store, raising their voices to the King of Christmas. Their tones were loud and beautiful, and unlike Kelly, who was never loud, and never, never beautiful. Dennis turned and walked back to the center of the store, with Kelly beside him, the two of them in matched, unhurried stride.

"Here I am casin' you two days," Kelly said, "and we have to meet so informal. Please excuse the snow in my ears."

"How did you find me?"

"It was modern science, Denny. I am in a Bronx bar with Ralphie because we are too poor to go to Florida this year. You don't believe it? Well, it is when we are filling up on the free cheese-bits that we look up an' see you on the tee-vee show. They give names and addresses on that program. Where is the money?"

Dennis took the escalator to the second floor, but so did Kelly. They shared the same rising step, with an excellent view of each other. "Why do you keep saying, 'Where is the money?'" Dennis asked. "What money?"

"Once it was junk jewelry, Denny. Now it is money. You robbed it off Ralphie, remember? You took it out of the plant in the trunk of your own car. Ralphie wants to get paid."

"You can tell Ralphie to chew on a seventy-nine cent necklace," Dennis said.

WALKING towards the gentlemen's washroom, he was speaking with a boldness not truly his own. He was afraid of Ralphie Tolledrando, that strange and huge and dangerous man, yet he suffered no knots in his conscience for having taken the costume jewelry. Ralphie had owed him \$1000 for honest labor in publicizing a lady singer named "Candlelight Cissy" Caplan, and for ads and slogans composed in behalf of MAINLY FOR MADAME, INC., a trinket foundry Ralphie owned not far from the last race track where Dennis had been employed. The trouble was that Ralphie had refused to pay the \$1000 when these earnest chores were done. Their oral contract had been orally violated by Ralphie in this effective way: "Get out of here before I throw you out. Nobody can prove I owe you fifteen cents."

"You know why I took the stuff," Dennis said to Kelly now. "The boys knew me down at the plant, and when I said, 'Give me this case, and that one, and the one over there, for Ralphie,' they just loaded it in the car. I took as close to a thousand dollars worth as I could figure it."

"It's illegal," Kelly said.

They went into the washroom and Dennis thought of filling Kelly's mouth with liquid soap for saying such a thing. Instead, he lit a cigarette, and Kelly said, with an injured tone, "If you don't mind?" Dennis held the match for him.

"Thank you, Denny. Now, like I was saying, it's illegal to steal costume



jewelry, just the way it's illegal to steal hats or dogs or a corned beef sandwich. Your trouble is you got no bill o' sale for them cases. and there are the boys that helped load the car. Ralphie's got witnesses. He could throw you into a penal institution."

"I think it's real funny," Dennis said. Because, having learned the ways of Ralphie Tolledrando, he could not easily imagine Ralphie calling in the law. You could anticipate Ralphie knocking your brains out with no trouble at all, or putting a bomb in your oatmeal—but the cops?

HEY LEFT the washroom. They walked out to the deserted second floor. Their discussion continued in a section of Clairborne's known as the MAKE IT MODERN department.

"I think it would appeal to Ralphie's sense of humor to have a guy locked up legitimate, Denny. I tell you he needs the money. He keeps up a front, but things are not good. That Candlelight Caplan, she ran out on him, and she was expensive while she lasted. Even at the plant. Denny—no good at all. Machines broke down. The government put the clamp on Ralphie for a lot of taxes he couldn't hide. It's why we can't afford to go to Florida this year. It's why Ralphie is short with my salary."

"I bleed for you both," Denny said. "And that is why, for a quick turnover of a rapid dollar, Denny, I should have a talk with your Mr. Clairborne. Icould explain to him that if you are willing to get up a bundle we will not press charges, but I will tell him that this wise guy that hung them reindeer from the main floor ceiling is really a two-faced moose, peddlin' hot goods in a store that's got a ninety year tradition for noble dealin'. You are surprised at this talk?"

"I would cut your ears off with a scissors," Dennis stated with quiet passion. It had never occurred to him until now that his means of recovering from Ralphie could imperil anyone else.

"Maybe later you will cut off my ears," said Kelly, "but get this, Denny. This will give you a belt. This is about how small the world is, as the saying goes. I can tell you Ralphie had to spray a little beer on me the other night when —there you are, as pretty as a cake-mix on that tee-vee show, and then the emcee says, with that gluck-gluck chuckle. 'Where are you from?' and this nice cute broad says, 'We are from River Valley,' Frankly, I can't stand it. Do you know why this is a scream?"

"I am just a growing boy," said Dennis.

"Because I was born in River Valley, Denny. I'm a home town boy. I remember Mr. Clairborne when he had hair. The way I figure things, havin' cased you close for two days. is that those trinkets went for—lemme see—three thousand bucks? I think you deserve some credit, Denny; we only want two thirds."

Dennis was silent while two tired delivery men were passing through the MAKE IT MODERN department.

"How about that, though—is it a small world, Denny? All the time you are doing so good up here, you figured Ralphie was safe in Florida? Like a pale flamingo with that Candlelight Caplan, livin' the life of the rich?"

Dennis hit Kelly on the point of his long jaw. He hit him well, but it was a blow less vengeful than tactical, the idea being to gain freedom of Kelly for a thoughtful moment. He placed Kelly's relaxed form on two modern sofa sections, then left him there, like a salesman adrift in dreams.

Dennis didn't linger for a chat with Mr. Clairborne, nor even to wish him a Merry Christmas. He was thinking that one blow on the chin would not anesthetize a man for very long. It was also in his thoughts that the best way to get Kelly out of River Valley would be to take the next train to New York, relying on Kelly, in the pursuit of cash, to follow. He was thinking these things when he pressed the revolving door that led to the street and ran into firm resistance. He was not prepared to find Ralphie "Pizza-Boy" Tolledrando filling one section of the door as it had never been filled before. He had assumed that Ralphie was in New York, but here he was in Clairborne's door, cute as a charging ox. Ralphie, who was smiling, then pushed the door in such a way that it ejected Dennis like a cartridge.

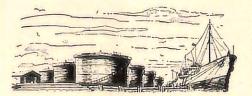
"Dennis, dear!" said someone.

It was Mary. She looked slightly out of breath and red of cheek and prettier than all the mistletoe in town. She evidently thought that Ralphie and he were having a prank. There was snow in her hair and one of her gloves was torn. Mr. Ralph Tolledrando, having made a leisurely circuit of the door, had joined them.

"I couldn't get the jeep, Dennis." Mary said. "I had to take your car, without any chains. It doesn't spin very well in the snow, dear. One tire went flat."

The modest and elderly sedan, on impoverished rubber, had not been equal to the task. Yet it was interesting to see Mr. Tolledrando walk to the rear of the car and raise it half out of the snow. "It's this here tire," Ralphie said in explanation. "You're a cooked fish, Denny —know what I mean?" But he spoke like a friend. He stood beside them, hovering high as a horse and a half.

"Er, Miss Cummings," Dennis said



uneasily, "this is Mr. Tolledrando." He didn't know what else to say.

"We was talkin' before you come out," said Ralphie. "How do you do, ma'am. It's a hell of a night, please excuse the expression. Could I drop you off some place?"

"Isn't it asking too much, Mr. Tolledrando? All the way out to Saint Philip's?" She turned to Dennis. "You know, dear, I dread imposing on such a night, but I do have to be there so much ahead of time to get things ready for the play."

"We'll take a cab," Dennis said.

"Tonight," said Ralphie, "there will be no cabs. Besides, it's no trouble. You get in with the lady, Denny, then you an' I will have a nice chat out at Saint Whatsis's."

Lightning should strike through the snow, Dennis was thinking eagles should whisk me away. He could see the untroubled figure of Ignatius L. Kelly leaving the store, waving to the watchman with a stockholder's ease.

"I was delayed," Kelly said. "I was lookin' at modern furniture and I must have got too absorbed."

Ralphie's big car drove up Madison Street with its strong chains gripping the snow. Dennis, from the rear seat, could see the windshield wipers rhythmically falling, like little guillotines. Mary, with the content of the innocent, held his hand.

"Saint Philip's?" said Kelly, the native returned. "We take route seventeen. You go to the first fork, Ralphie, then you bear right, maybe half a mile."

"But how did you know, Mr. Kelly?" Mary asked.

"My guardian angel told me, Miss."

Ralphie drove well in his beautiful car. If he was broke, as Kelly maintained, he certainly did keep up appearances. At the convent gate the heaviest snow had been swept away from both the macadam road winding through the grounds and from the sign above the gate that said, SAINT PHILIP'S ACAD-EMY FOR GIRLS.

"Times change, all right," said Kelly, "but I think they lose a little flavor. Twenty-five years ago this was an exclusive reform school for boys, an' there were no girls allowed, I can assure you." "Shut up," Ralphie said.

"I was just wonderin' if the place was under the same management, Ralphie. What's wrong with that?"

NOW THE SNOW had stopped and it was very beautiful at Saint Philip's. Half the moon had come out to brighten the Christmas sky. A tractor had cleared a large parking area near the steps of the great stone building. "Mr. Kelly and Mr. Tolledrando," Mary said, "couldn't you both come in for a cup of hot coffee?"

"We were comin' in. anyhow," Ralphie said, "but it was sweet of you to ask. How about that, Denny?" Coffee was served in the school gymnasium, near the improvised stage. A youthful nun, who had brought in the tray, placed a pyramid of dainty sandwiches to one side, explaining that these very pretty items were of course reserved for the children. Her name was Sister Rosalind and she was in charge of details for both the party and the play.

"But I am a child at heart, Sister," Ralphie said. "How about one of them cheese ones?"

Sister laughed, thinking Ralphie was a gay one for a party. She set him to moving a piano on the stage, and then, impressed with his power, showed him another piano to be moved. Sister Rosalind turned to Kelly. "We've been so short-handed because of the storm, Mr. Kelly; hardly any of our volunteers have managed to get here early, except your-selves. Would you mind, please?" She gave Kelly the tray. "The open door, sir; straight ahead; you'll find Sister Benedict in the kitchen. And Mr. Kelly?" That courtly and charming figure remained attentively still. "Possibly later, Mr. Kelly, could you help take up the collection for the African Missions?" Kelly bowed. The young nun walked off, reassured. Kelly marched on to the kitchen.

"Mary," Dennis said, "I've got something to tell you." His conscience, no longer twitching, was threatening to overpower him. "Mary—"

"One moment, dear."

A SLIGHT and elderly nun, serene as a yard of soaring silk, had come into the gymnasium from the main corridor of the convent. She took Mary's hands in her own with accustomed affection. Her name was Sister Pantaleon, and she was, as Mary explained, the Superior at St. Philip's.

"And is this your young man, Mary? Is this your Dennis? Why, I think he looks very promising." Sister Pantaleon, who was tiny and ageless, continued her quiet appraisal. "And how have you found it at Clairborne's young man?"

He said he had been very happy there. "Mr. Clairborne, Heaven bless him, with all the things he has to do, never forgets us," Sister Pantaleon said. "He'll be here tonight, of course."

"Tonight?"

"Every year for sixteen years now, after he leaves the Methodist party at his own church, Mr. Clairborne has worn a Santa Claus suit over from the store to please our smaller children." She spoke then to Mary. "Now, dear, about those costumes."

"Mary," Dennis said more desperately. "Look, Mary."

But she was traveling at a breathless rate with Sister Pantaleon who seemed to float. Dennis remained in the center of the big gymnasium. An enormous Christmas tree, at one side of the gym, was dressed like seven queens, gifts hanging heavy all about it and arranged be-



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neath it. Opposite. there was the major symbol of Christmas—the Crib of Bethlehem, with a soft light on the cradled Infant. Between them were the wooden chairs arranged in rows for play-goers yet to come, and then suddenly, returned from the kitchen, there was Kelly.

"Denny, boy," said Kelly. "C'mere." Dennis did not oblige. On stage, seated at a piano, Ralphie Tolledrando was playing "I Love Coffee, I Love Tea," with the middle finger of his vast right hand. He was not without skill because he could play without looking, his eyes on Dennis instead of the keyboard. 1 could start running now, thought Dennis, and just keep going, but pride, the enemy of all good grace and many sensible acts, restrained him. Ralphie's modest concerto had ended. Ralphie moved across the stage with a featherfooted grace that was amazing. Dennis had seen this huge man on the verge of violence before. Some times, as though to crank up his fluid power, Ralphie would tap dance. Ralphie came down from the stage while Dennis maneuvered warily, trusting his prudence would not too closely resemble fear.

KELLY had moved closer. "And who do you think they told me in the kitchen is going to play Santa tonight?" Kelly watched his reaction. "Where is the money?"

"It's in my left ear," Dennis said, but he was comforted to know the bulk of his means was on deposit with the River Valley Trust.

"Don't make me turn you upside-down an' shake you like a tambourine," Ralphie warned him. "I wouldn't want to do it in refined surroundings."

"I don't owe you a nickle, you thief. I did a thousand dollar promotion job on that off-key thrush."

"Candlelight's debts I don't recognize, Denny. If you hadn't built her up like that she never would have left me. I'm talkin' about that jewelry, boy, an' you wanna talk about love. It will cost you."

How dearly it would cost him, Dennis was not sure. He thought of hitting Ralphie with a chair, but he could not endure the idea of a big brawl in the gym. In such an event his disgrace would be guaranteed. Three young ladies wearing blouses and jumpers came in to place packages under the tree. They looked starched and pretty and from twelve to fourteen years of age. Dennis chose this interval for orderly retreat. He attained the corridor where traffic was much heavier. Children of assorted sizes were in readiness for a rehearsal of assorted roles. It was seven o'clock. Dennis passed a group of shepherds on their way to the gym, then nearly fell over an angel. Two more young ladies, fore and aft, failed to fill the poor pelt of an imitation camel as a camel should be filled. He thought how well, on all fours, Ralphie Tolledrando might have done the job. Then he saw Mary.

"There's just this last quick rehearsal," she said excitedly, "and I think everything ought to go well. Dennis isn't it fun?"

"It's great fun," he said flatly. He could see Ralphie and Kelly at the entrance to the gym. Mary waved to them and they waved back. "Dennis—where did you ever meet these amusing people?"

"In San Francisco Harbor," he said, "when Alcatraz refused them."

"You're so silly, Dennis."

Not so silly, he was thinking, that he would not keep close to populated areas of Saint Philip's Academy For Girls, thereby depriving Ralphie of a chance to use his muscles.

"I don't want to miss this rehearsal," he said. But when they reached the wide door, Mary stopped him. He said, "What's the matter?"

"Please, Dennis; I'd really be selfconscious directing them in front of you. Besides, I want you to have the full effect of it later. Do you mind staying with your friends?"

"We will take good care of him," Kelly said. "How about that, Ralphie?" "We will give him a touch of the ol

Yule," Ralphie promised. The corridor was empty. The clock

said 7:10. Ralphie's hand closed firmly on Dennis's left arm.

"We'll have a quiet talk," said Ralphie, "about the wholesale an' retail handlin' of Christmas trinkets. There's a room over here."

Dennis could hear distant voices, but his choice of things to do was limited and unattractive. He could slug Ralphie now, for one thing, with consequences not more serious than jumping under a train. Or he could scream for help, an alternative that seemed to him as distasteful as it would be unmasculine. Indecision carried him into the empty office, and Ralphie took over from there.

HELP THE AFRICAN MISSIONS, a banner proclaimed from one of the walls. The letters were bold enough for Dennis to read while he was hanging upsidedown. Ralphie had no need to shake him like a tambourine; it was a simpler thing to hold him this way, legs joined like a turkey ready for the oven, his wrists, behind his back, clamped in the lock of Ralphie's other hand, There was Kelly to explore his pockets while Dennis strained with vain, exhausting rage.

"I made it eighty-four dollars and twenty-six cents," Kelly said. "A driver's license, his registration, a ten watch, his cigarettes and a library card. How about this wise guy?"

Ralphie dropped him.

"I am disappointed," Ralphie said. "I figured he was loaded. If I didn't like this fresh kid I would kick him through a wall."

"He's got the dough in a bank," Kelly said accusingly, as though it were a dishonorable thing.

"I've got it there and I'll keep it

there!" he shouted. Resettled on his own feet, Dennis felt the need for forthright action of a grown man stripped of dignity. He scorned the use of furniture or ready bric-a-brac. He walked around the desk that separated him from Ralphie. The least he might do in redemption of his self-respect was throw one punch, and he knew that there would never be an apter time than now.

"Did I hear someone?"

The voice was gentle, yet hardly timid. Sister Pantaleon, as the Superior at Saint Philip's, had a talent for quiet command. She wasn't tall; indeed, in the shrinkage of her years, there wasn't much of her at all. Dennis, with his right arm raised in anger, let it drop, like an auctioneer when the bidding is done. Sister Pantaleon, if she noticed it, did not seem to think his action strange. Her gaze passed from the interesting mass of Ralphie to the statuesque, staring figure of Ralphie's companion, whom she had not seen until now.

"Ignatius Loyola Kelly," she said slowly.

Kelly grew paler. "Good evenin', Sister." But one could barely hear his whispered words of respect. "We justwell, we just dropped in to see the show. Right, Ralphie? Am I right? Like I told my friends here, this was not always a school for girls."

"Welcome home then, Ignatius," Sister Pantaleon said, "but I can't say that I'm not surprised." Her quick glance included the money on the desk. "But why did you come here tonight?"

"I just happened to be in town, that's all. You know how it is, Sister, with an old alumnus, so to speak." His glance went quickly to the banner on the wall. "I thought it might be nice to drop by and do a little something for the African Missions. That's why the dough's there, Sister, on the desk."

DENNIS, rallying, and picking up the money, began to count. "Let me see —that's ten dollars from Mr. Tolledrando," he said, "and ten from Mr. Kelly. The rest, of course, I had before."

"Make it fifteen dollars for me," Kelly said. "After all, I just got a Christmas bonus." He was lying now like a champion and his confidence grew. "Sister, this is my boss in the manufacturing business, Mr. Tolledrando. Ralphie, this is my old teacher. You wouldn't believe it, but she used to swat me dizzy. How about that, Sister?"

Dennis, not certain of the wisdom of his act, put \$25 into a box that said, "Donations—African Missions."

"How about that, Sister?" Kelly repeated. "Didn't we have great times? Like the day I stole Father Carmody's watch?"

The old eyes moistened, and for a moment, Sister Pantaleon was obliged to close them. She smiled then.

"May Our Lord forgive me, Ignatius," she said, "but in my own uncharity, and perhaps in my tack of faith, I never expected to see you outside of a jail. And is this the good man, Mr .--?"

"Tolledrando," Ralphie said gently. "Thank you. Is this the good man who has given you employment and a chance to lead a useful, constructive life, Ignatius?"

I can't stand it, Dennis thought. He walked outside. Those bums, he was thinking, and the sacrilege of their pious posturing. I should never have covered for them. I should call the cops and come clean with the whole mess, Mr. Clairborne or no Mr. Clairborne, future or no; I can't take this.

But in the great corridor of the old, old building, waiting and watching, Dennis could hear the soft strains of an organ playing "Little Town of Bethle-hem." It was very beautiful It was very beautiful, and when you had listened long enough you found that anger was pared to something closer to sadness. Mary and her costumed group had finished their brief rehearsal, and people from River Valley, some of whom he knew, were making their way to the gym. The smaller children, led by Sister Rosalind, were going in to their party. It was almost time for Old Saint Nicholas Clairborne. Finally he saw Ralphie, walking with Kelly, but he made no attempt to retreat again.

"Denny," said Ralphie, "we keep gettin' interrupted."

"Well, it's all right with me, because we're all through talking," Dennis said. "Mr. Clairborne will be here any minute. You can talk to him. Tell him I stole the costume jewelry, Ralphie. Tell him anything you want."

They stood facing each other in this manner and Ralphie, for some reason, neither slugged him nor looked surprised.

"You know, I'm gettin' to like you more an' more because you got character," Ralphie said. "Let's look at it this way then. I beat you out of a thousand bucks and you beat me out of them trinkets. We are even?"

"Why, it's fundamental," Dennis said. "It's what I've been telling you all along."

"Except I must be gettin' soft in the head, like a cantaloupe," Ralphie said sadly. "I been sabotaged by that nun. She made me ashamed. It may not last long, but it happened tonight.'

Dennis looked more closely at Ralphie, reluctant to believe the expression on his face, or the glazed look transforming the unbeautiful countenance of Ignatius L. Kelly.

"She gave me a holy pitcher," Ralphie said. "A pitcher of a Baby-look, at this time of the year. It makes me feel like a bum."

"Well?" Dennis said. "You should feel like a baritone angel? You are a bum. But maybe," he added, in a rush of charity, "you are not a hopeless one."

He watched them descend the wide stone steps to the place where Ralphie's car was parked. They turned once to gaze after a man in a bright red suit, but they did not speak to him. Mr. Clairborne, tired but dutiful, was coming up the steps. The good man paused to look once at the shining sky.

"Merry Christmas, Dennis," Mr. Clairborne said, then carefully put on his beard.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 11)

hadn't fired a shot at an emperor goose. The weather being what it is in that part of the world, I began to worry. It always goes from bad to worse, so we might be forced to leave at any time. On our way out to the Alaska Peninsula we had experienced the hardest ride any of us had ever been through. It was a combination of zero visibility, heavy icing and high winds in a mountainous area that made us all thankful to be alive when we did finally reach the Naknek air strip. Therefore, I knew that once the weather commenced to close in, Smitty would want to head for the plane and be on his way. I could visualize us pulling out of this marsh teeming with emperor geese without once firing a shot at one. Somehow it made me walk faster and farther, which proved nothing of course.

The foul weather gave us one big advantage, however; the geese apparently didn't like to go any higher than necessary into the strong wind and remained low when they took off across the flats. This kept up my hopes and finally gave me my chance. My limit of ducks-pintails, spoonbills and a green-wing tealwas already filled out, and numerous

geese had passed me by out of range when finally a single emperor came my way. He didn't come directly toward me, but he was low enough to remain within shooting distance as he passed to my left. I pulled out ahead of him, squeezed the trigger, saw him falter but catch himself and go on. This time I swung even farther ahead and saw him fold. Almost before he had hit the ground I was racing toward the spot as fast as the slippery going would permit. I could visualize him just wounded and sneaking off into the thick marsh grass never to be seen again. I was out of breath, as much from excitement as running, when I reached him, but I needn't have hurried. The second load of sixes had done a good job. He was lying belly-up in the marsh grass, quite dead.

The emperor is a comparatively small goose, but very striking in appearance. His most outstanding feature is his white head and nape of the neck, tinged slightly with a golden yellow, which contrasts sharply with a black throat. His body is predominately a silver gray with blackrimmed feathers which give him a scaled look. He is such a handsome bird that it





is easy to understand how he came by the name emperor goose.

Any goose is a trophy as far as I am concerned. Being a shotgun man, I rate geese and turkeys in the same class with big game, so bringing down this rarest of geese was a big moment. The wind could blow, the rain could sting and drench me, and the fog could come rolling in at its worst, but it couldn't bother me now.

UCK often has a tendency to overdo itself one way or another, and it did with me that afternoon on the Ugashik flats. While I was still admiring my firstand, as far as I had considered, my lastemperor goose, I looked up and saw a flock of a dozen or so headed directly at me. This was easy, especially with the excitement of getting the first one behind me. I crouched in the grass and as they passed low overhead I dropped a double. The second one of the double, however, didn't fall dead and vanished in the marsh grass as I had feared might happen to the one shot a few minutes before. I tramped down about a quarter-acre of marsh looking for him, but it was hopeless. I still feel bad about losing him.

Ordinarily I count a down bird in my limit. If I fail to pick one up. I figure it is my fault; so I have adopted this personal rule to make myself more careful. This, then, gave me my three geese and ended my shooting. However, on the way back toward the plane I weakened. During the afternoon I had seen a few cackling geese, the little fellows with the markings of the big Canadian honkers, and now a flock of them was headed my way. I had shot Canadas and lesser Canadas at one time or another, but had never fired a shot at one of these little fellows. I didn't have much time to think it over as they were coming fast downwind. By the letter of the law, of course, a hunter is permitted to bring in a limit of game, and it seemed ridiculous to have come this far to find such shooting then to pass up a legitimate opportunity at a cackling goose. I made up my mind to go the limit literally just in time to drop one as they passed overhead.

When I picked him up, I was surprised to discover how small a cackling goose really is. Although I had considered the emperor a small goose, he looked big alongside this one. The emperor was at least half again as large.

Back at the plane I found out how lucky I actually was that afternoon. Smitty had one emperor goose, but the other three fellows had failed to connect except with ducks. Our luck was only beginning, however, Smitty indicated. He had had experience with emperor geese before, and he explained that we would be traveling too fast from now on for any opportunity to cook and eat them. Therefore, we would give them away to some appreciative soul back in Naknek that evening. That, he explained as he taxied the plane across the mud flats toward the open water, would be the luckiest part of the hunt. As beautiful and exciting a trophy as the emperor goose is, apparently it was never intended to be eaten by white man. It is a marine bird and, according to Smitty, tastes like the Ugashik River mud flats smell at low tide.

We had hunted just about as remote an area as man can find; yet, no matter how far a hunter goes and no matter how great his success, there's always something a little beyond even more fantastic to set him dreaming and planning. We had to turn back toward the interior of Alaska now and leave the Alaska Peninsula for the last time as far as I know now: however, as miserable as it can be out there, I would like to go back again some autumn. It seems that we had been almost to the end of the world, but not quite. A couple of hundred miles farther out the Peninsula is an area known, appropriately, as Cold Bay. There, I am told, gathers one of the greatest geese concentrations in the world. From the huge delta country and the arctic breeding grounds of Alaska, geese concentrate by the thousands at Cold Bay before taking off on the long journey across the Gulf of Alaska and the Pacific toward our West Coast.

Just one lone Canada goose winging his way across a duck marsh in my general direction can thrill me like few other things I know, and I don't know how I would react if I was in among thousands of them such as would be the case at Cold Bay. Except for this one lucky day on the Ugashik flats, geese have been making me look bad all my life. I like to think that at Cold Bay I could make them look bad for a change. However, knowing geese as I do, I might find it a terrible experience. Likely I would get nothing. To be fooled by one goose on a hunt is bad enough, but to have thousands of them make a fool of me in one day might be too much. Still, I might be willing to take that chance.



Indochina

(Continued from page 13)

their own communications, immigration, customs, finances and military affairs.

None of the three states has much in common with the others. They became grouped together as "French Indochina" only because France, a Johnny-comelately in the business of grabbing colonial empire in the Far East, took those three remaining pieces of real estate that were still lying loose between India and China, and named the unit "Indochina." How Siam (now Thailand), between Burma and Indochina, managed to escape being annexed by one or another of the major Powers in the last century, is in the nature of a minor miracle.

Viet-Nam, Cambodia and Laos became Associated States within the French Union, roughly comparable to the Dominions in the British Commonwealth, by virtue of their agreement to share in common defense, the unification of their currency, and their interstate development of foreign trade. In September 1952 all three were proposed by France for membership in the United Nations. Ten of the eleven nations of the Security Council voted in favor. Only the Soviet Union prevented it, by exercising its by then familiar veto.

Where the reader of a murder mystery instinctively goes on the alert for the culprit in accordance with the sound French advice in these fictional situations, *cherchez la femme*, the reader of today's newspaper jumps to the conclusion that where there is rioting, war or aggression there is equally good reason to look for the hammer and sickle—and ten times out of ten he is right.

The revolutionary party in Indochina is the Viet Minh. It was founded in 1941 by Ho Chi Minh. At the beginning it drew to it many of Indochina's intellectuals, nationalists, and political leaders. It was able to do so because it had disguised its real objectives by masquerading under the banner of political and agrarian reform. as the Chinese Reds had done in China. By now the ultimate aims of Viet Minh and its associations and means of support are better understood in Indochina. While demands for national autonomy are still as strong as ever, disillusion with Viet Minh has long since set in. Even in many of those areas of the country where Viet Minh forces are strong, the principal motivation of the people is non-resistance, because of fear of retribution, rather than cooperation.

Ho Chi Minh is a formidable enemy, He has been a dedicated Communist obedient to the Kremlin for over thirty years. His present name is only the latest of many aliases he has used during his long career as a Communist which started, as Nguyen ai Quoc, in 1920. In the Soviet financed and guided Chinese revolution in 1925, Ho Chi Minh was staff attaché to Michael Borodin, Chiang Kai-shek's erstwhile Russian political adviser. After Chiang split with the Communists, Ho Chi Minh turned up in Thailand in 1928, and in Hong Kong in 1930.

In Hong Kong the flitting Ho organized the Communist Party of Indochina, and secured recognition for it as an independent section of Moscow's world-wide Comintern. With this authority he became principal Asiatic representative of the Red network in southeast Asia, in charge of agitation and propaganda. After serving time in a British jail in Hong Kong in 1931, he went underground.

In 1940 Ho Chi Minh reappeared in China where, together with other Communists, he formed the Viet Minh—the League for Independence of Viet-Nam. He was imprisoned by the Chinese Nationalist Government in 1943, but was released the following year in order that he might help in anti-Japanese activity in Indochina. The result was something like the release of Lenin by the Germans in World War I—the cure being worse than the disease.

Despite the fact that Ho Chi Minh's thirty-year Communist record speaks for itself, party-liners and sympathizers had considerable success in selling him to the Western world as well as to Indochina as an "agrarian reformer," in the same way that Red China's Mao Tse-tung was portrayed during and immediately following World War II. Under the slogans of "independence" and "anti-colonialism," he made substantial progress: His control extends over about half the people and territory of Viet-Nam, and his guerrillas operate in Laos and Cambodia as well. His government, the Viet Minh, issues its own money, collects taxes, enforces its own laws, and conscripts its own army. In Viet Minh areas, Ho's government is the only one that youngsters of army age have ever known.

Many of the religious and political leaders in Viet-Nam who constitute the opposition to the present regime, while rejecting Ho Chi Minh and Communism, nevertheless will not accept the commonwealth status offered them by Paris, within the French Union, as a final solution. Though they are not in office at the moment, they are a powerful group numerically and politically—and they want independence, and only that.

Complete independence, while Ho Chi Minh is on the loose with the backing of Red China and Moscow, and while a quarter million Red Chinese troops are encamped along Indochina's northern border, cannot be granted at this perilous moment. The problem of France in Indochina is somewhat like that of the villager in the ancient Chinese saying: "He has a tiger by the tail"—fearful of holding on, afraid to let go.

However, a tangible and significant



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GRAND LODGE OFFICERS ELECTED IN ST. LOUIS



Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, head-aches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday con-

important to good health. When some everyday con-dition, such as stress and strain, causes this im-portant function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache-feel miserable. Minor bladder irritations due to cold or wrong diet may cause getting up nights or frequent passages. Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills-a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amaz-ing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts-help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!







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Standing, left to right, are Past Grand Exalted Ruler J. Edgar Masters, Charleroi, Pa., Lodge,

Grand Secretary; Glen S. Paterson, Watertown, S. D., Lodge, Grand Forum; Arthur Umlandt, Muscatine, Ia., Lodge, Grand Trustee; Dr. Melvin H. Carlson, Brainerd, Minn., Lodge, Grand Tiler, and Edward A. Dutton, Savannah, Ga., Lodge, Grand Treasurer. Seated, left to right, are William A. Wall, West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge, Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight; Lee A. Donaldson, Sr., Etna, Pa., Lodge, Grand Esteemed Leading Knight; Earl E. James, Oklahoma City, Okla., Lodge, Grand Exalted Ruler, and Frank Hise, Corvallis, Ore., Lodge, Grand Esteemed Lecturing Knight.

change has taken place in Indochina, particularly in Viet-Nam, since the accords that gave a great measure of independence to the Associated States were signed by France in 1949. At that time Viet-Nam had no means of building a national army-no budget, no equipment, no system of military instruction. France then assigned the late General Jean de Lattre de Tassigny, in December 1950, to what appeared to be a hopeless task in which the French were mired down beyond their depth.

By 1951 this brilliant and practical soldier, who was endowed with political as well as military wisdom, had trained and graduated 1.000 new native officers from Viet-Nam military schools. The nucleus of a General Staff was formed on May 1, 1952, under the command of General Nguyen van Hinh, who had served as a pursuit pilot in Europe in World War II.

The armed forces of Viet-Nam which totalled only 60,000 men at the end of 1950, numbered 155,000 two years later. By the end of this year Viet-Nam will have at least 200,000 trained soldiers, adequately equipped to fight, and able to meet Viet Minh guerrillas on their own ground.

There is no "38th parallel" in Indochina. Viet Minh guerrillas have infiltrated into many areas of the three Associated States, particularly throughout all Viet-Nam. Wherever they are strong enough, or wherever Franco-Vietnamese forces have not penetrated directly, they

stay put. Elsewhere they hit and run, "recruit" conscripts forcibly, and lay a blanket of obedience by threats to return.

Last spring the center of gravity of Viet Minh operations moved into north Viet-Nam where Ho Chi Minh's forces are now concentrated, and where it is understood they are being outfitted by the Chinese Reds for a large scale drive down the peninsula such as that which took place in Korea three and a half years ago.

Despite their boast that they fought the United Nations to a standstill, the Chinese Reds absorbed a terrible amount of punishment in Korea. It is in the hope that a sufficiently large, well trained and well equipped Franco-Vietnamese army, with its own air and naval support, will act as a deterrent to a similar attempt in Viet-Nam or Laos, that the United States has tremendously increased its military and economic aid to Indochina.

The question that looms large before the Western world, however, is this: If such a drive takes place anyway, and if the Viet Minh is stopped by Franco-Vietnamese forces, will the Chinese Reds now concentrated on the border of Viet-Nam join in as "volunteers" as they did in Korea-and will the United Nations again come to the rescue?

The problem in Indochina is political as well as military. It includes the need to convince the people of all three Associated States that their political structures within the French Union offer them enough freedom and independence, and

enough economic and social improvement, to be worth greatly increased contributions on their part toward resistance to Viet Minh; and to be worth the chance of encountering Viet Minh revenge in taking that position.

France cannot enforce peace and security in Indochina. nor can Ho Chi Minh's Communist Viet Minh be driven out of Indochina until the majority of the people, even those within the Viet Minh orbit, are convinced that the French mean what they say about freedom for Indochina-until the people of Viet-Nam get off the fence in their allegiance-and until it is proved to them that Communism cannot win in Viet-Nam any more than it did in Korea. and that the end result of non-resistance to Communism is devastation.

HE CONGRESS of the United States, as well as every government department concerned with our national defense. is aware that the fate of Indochina will inevitably affect our own future security. That awareness is responsible for the fact that many hundreds of millions of dollars of Federal funds, paid by American taxpayers, are being spent for the purchase of "hardware" for Indochina. and a somewhat lesser amount for economic and agricultural aid to the people of that region.

The hardware, of course. is guns, tanks, jeeps, planes and ammunition. The economic aid is primarily fertilizer. farm implements and, very importantly, the loan of agricultural experts who teach the native peoples how to conserve their overworked land while getting more and better crops out of it.

Why is our hard earned tax money going to Indochina?

Last August, in a talk before the Governors of forty-five states and territories at their meeting in Seattle, President Eisenhower said: "The \$400.000,000 foreign-aid appropriation recently approved by Congress to help fight the war in Indochina is not a 'give-away program.' It is the cheapest way we can prevent the occurrence that would be of most terrible significance to the United States of America. If Indochina goes, several things happen right away. The Malay Peninsula would be scarcely defensible. The tin and tungsten that we so greatly value from that area would cease coming. And all of India would be outflanked. Burma would be in no position for defense. All of that position around there is very ominous to the United States because, if we lost that, how would the free world hold the rich empire of Indonesia? So you see, somewhere along that line, this must be blocked and it must be blocked now-and that's what we are trying to do."

"Out of this kind of thing" said the President, "grows the need for taxes. The security of the United States is not just the business of the Secretary of Defense and the Congress and the President. It is the business of every man. woman and child. It is the business of all of us."

American help is being given to Indochina not to prolong colonial domination of the Associated States by France. It is being given because France has shown every evidence of her desire to promote independence and self-sufficiency, and political, economic and social progress for the people of Indochina. If this were not so, and if the battle were only to prevent Indochina's storehouse of raw materials from falling into the hands of the Communists, it would be a losing battle-it would really be pouring money down a rathole. For no people can possibly be saved against their will, or without their own help.

France has been bearing the brunt of the fight in Indonesia since 1946. About 22 per cent of her officers and 29 per cent of her non-commissioned officers are serving in that theatre of war. Since 1949, native forces have been fighting valiantly side by side with them. In 1949, native casualties totalled 10 per cent. In 1952, more than half (52%) of all casualties were Vietnamese, Laotians and Cambodians.

The United States has increased its contributions to Indochina's defense against Communist aggression steadily in the past few years, until now it amounts to about one-third of the cost of the war. We have supplied more than 170 million rounds of small arms ammunition; 16.000 transport vehicles and trailers; 850 combat vehicles; 350 military aircraft; 250 naval craft: 10.500 radio sets: 90.000 small arms; and hospital supplies and engineering and technical equipment of many kinds. In addition. we have contributed \$71.330.000 in economic aid in the past three years.

Why should we get mixed up in this fight?

General Eisenhower said it is the cheapest way we can prevent "the occurrence that would be of most terrible significance to the United States of America."

Our State Department says: "It is agreed, in the absence of any tangible proof to the contrary, that recent developments in the Soviet Union have not changed the basic nature of the threat confronting the free world. It is recognized that Communist aggressive moves in the Far East obviously are parts of the same pattern. Therefore, while the full burden of the fighting in Indochina falls on the forces of the French Union including those of the Associated States. an intensive study is being made to determine how and to what extent the United States may be able to contribute materiel and financial support.'

Perhaps the American soldier who returned to his home town from the war in Korea put it even better. "We're fighting the Communists in Korea," he said, "to keep from fighting them in our own back yard.'



Build, Repair, Re-model,

with

Sand, Re-finish and Polish

CHRISTMAS CROWDS and last minute shopping

You'll save your health, time and temper if you do your Christmas shopping from Elks Family Shopper (pages 28 to 33 in this issue). NOW-while there's still time to have pre-Christmas deliverywhy don't you sit down with this and the two or three preceding issues of The Elks Magazine, turn to your Family Shopper and polish off your list in the comfort of your home. Since most merchandise is gift wrapped by the supplier, you can have it sent directly to the recipients. But don't delay. Send in your orders as soon after receiving this issue as possible.

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THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT



Fortunately for mankind, the present day exemplification of the spirit of Christmas is somewhat broader than that suggested by the poet of the 16th Century who said:—

> "At Christmas pray and make good cheer

For Christmas comes but once a year."

The spirit of Christmas is expressed in giving, in brightening the lives of others, young and old.

Probably there is no group in the country that gives more freely of those things that create good will and happiness, that lighten the burdens of those who are heavy laden, that dry the tears of those who weep than the Order of Elks.

It is true that the benefactions of the Elks are emphasized at Christmas time, yet the spirit of that day is carried by the members of this Order into their daily lives all the year.

When we pledge at the altar of Elkdom to practice charity and brotherly love, there is nothing said about observing those principles only at certain seasons of the year.

The many benefactions of the Elks National Foundation know no limitations of time or season. Without regard to the passing months, scholarships are issued to worthy young men and women; doctors and therapists are given the opportunity to qualify to aid the victims of cerebral palsy; and in so many ways aid is given to the less fortunate.

The wounded veterans in the army and veterans hospitals throughout the land do not have to wait for the chimes of Christmas to ring before there come to them the good cheer, the entertainment, the comforting aid that the Elks throughout the country, under the direction of the Elks National Service Commission, are bringing to them.

The State Associations, the subordinate lodges, the individual Elks recognize no limitations of season but around the year give the greatest demonstration of charity and brotherly love they find possible.

It is thus that the Elks are doing the will of the Master and serving their fellow men. May our ears always continue to be attuned to the song of the angels:

"Glory to God in the highest and on earth peacegood will toward men."

THEIR LASTING GIFTS TO THE ELKS



After a long, productive career, James Earle Fraser, one of America's great sculptors, died recently at his home in Westport, Conn., at the age of seventy-six.

Mr. Fraser won recognition of his genius early in life, at the age of

twenty-two, when he received the 1898 award of the American Art Association of Paris for his creation, "End of the Trail", the familiar weary Indian astride his spent horse. Later, the sculptor became known throughout America when he designed our buffalo nickel. That he enjoyed a busy life filled with things of beauty is evident from the numerous heroic size statues, product of his sensitive mind and hand, which today abound in the nation's capital and in public parks and buildings everywhere in the land.

We in the Order have a more personal reminder of the artistic genius of James Earle Fraser in the handsome pieces that he conceived for our Elks Memorial Building in Chicago, his symbolic statues in heroic size of Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

We shall remember Mr. Fraser both individually and in company with the distinguished artists who strove, as if in concert, to bejewel our magnificent Memorial Building with works of enduring richness. We shall think of him in company with his wife, Laura Gardin Fraser, who fashioned the award-winning Reclining Elk at the entrance of the Building, as well as the companion bronzes in the Reception Room. And with the others: Gerome Brush, who carved the stone panels between the columns of the stately colonnade; Adolph A. Weinman, distinguished sculptor, who executed, in addition to heroic bronze groups, the decorative frieze with its scores of figures, the most extensive work of its kind in the world; Eugene Savage, who contributed the triptych for the ceiling of the Reception Room and many beautiful masterpieces in murals for which he was awarded the Gold Medal of Honor by the Architectural League of New York in 1929; and Edwin H. Blashfield, the venerable artist, who once remarked that he regarded the lunette of Fraternal Justice, one of his several delicate, charming murals, as his finest production. As one of this illustrious company, we shall remember too Egerton Swartwout, architect of several State capitols, who produced the unique design of our impressive Building.

Through their superb creations for our Order's national shrine, James Earle Fraser and his renowned associates will live long in the heart of Elkdom.

BETWEEN THE LINES



In this issue we refer to the record of splendid service which the late Bro. Louis J. Rachofsky rendered to his Lodge, Loveland, Colo., No. 1051, and to the Elks of his District and his State during the more than half-century of his membership in the Order.

That recital would not be complete without a reference to Mrs. Rachofsky for the wonderful cooperation which she gave her husband in his Elk work and the warm understanding she has of Elk objectives.

The full story of Pauline Rachofsky's enthusiastic help in her husband's activities may be gleaned by reading between the lines of a letter she addressed to the Elks of Clearwater, Fla., to express her thanks for the help they extended at the time of Brother Rachofsky's death.

"Louis firmly believed", she wrote in part, "in the Fatherhood of God, the Brotherhood of Man, with Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity toward all.

"If Louis had left a final message for all Brother Elks, it would urge each and all to attend meetings and to live up to the high principles of the B. P. O. E. He would ask you especially to attend your comforting, helpful and sacred Memorial Service, and always bring your entire family and all your friends to your wonderful Flag Day Service in June. God bless all of you and protect you."

Remember in December ... America's Finest Gift Whiskey

Memory course for shoppers: "December reminds me of Christmas. Christmas reminds me of snow. Snow reminds me of ice. Ice reminds me of highballs. Highballs remind me of 7 Crown, America's finest gift whiskey! And that reminds me to give it to those on my list who appreciate the finest!"

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America's most popular cigarette is gaily cartoned for Christmas, Built-in greeting card – no wrapping necessary. Here's flavor, mildness – pure pleasure!

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CIGARETTES

KING-SIZE

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The 1-lb, tin is perfect for pipe smokers - or roll-your-owners.

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The fast-growing king-size cigarette that 8 out of 10 smokers find milder – festively cartoned for your friends who prefer a "long" smoke. Your card's on the carton – the carton's ready to give!