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# MINNESOTA WILDLIFE FEDERATION

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Log of the S.S.Fellowship

supplement to July's first edition.

I wasn't able in the last Log even with the five pages to tell all about the Convention and the Reunion. With your permission I'll finish telling about the Convention - the Banquet and Inaugural Dance Saturday night.

The Banquet was held in the Scottish Rite Cathedral - at least 1500 people were seated and from the stage where we were seated it presented a beautiful picture...it was Roz's last appearance as President and he presided with the usual fine manner...all the winners in the various contests were rewarded with their awards...All the newly elected officers and Directors present were introduced...Allen Whitfield presented the Marks Award to Past President Flynn of Omaha...incidentally Allen paid for the beautiful watch personally as a token of memory of our mate Harold A. Marks whom you know died in the service of the JC... the Giessenbier award was made to Past State President Fouko of San Francisco... then Dick West presented the Keeper of the Log a beautiful silver tray...it was hard to conceal the emotion...I shall pay tribute to the fellows elsewhere in this Log...then came several beautiful gifts from admirers of Roz from various cities and then the climax when he and Marion were presented with an exquisite silver service...it was one of those dramatic moments that grips everyone...Roz was so deeply moved - his emotions were so greatly taxed at this expression of love and affection for him that he was unable to speak a word...he held back the tears but they welled up in his eyes...all over the room you could see handkerchiefs being taken out and people wiping their eyes...Roz stood there trying to compose himself to express his heartfelt thanks...finally a few words came...he expressed them and sat down amid a tumultuous ovation...an ovation of joy and affection for Roz and Marion...the situation was tense and something had to break it...

Who should do it but our old friend "Beans" Latimer...only as Beans can do it he delivered an oration as National Jester...it was just what everyone needed...we almost shouted at the funny gestures and the murder of the Kings English... Beans said what he wanted in the way he wanted to say it...it relieved all the tension of the moments before...he presented Roz with the time honored "Exhausted Rooster"...everybody cheered...Good going there, Beans...

Roz now composed took leave of the organization as its President and introduced Phil Ebeling who paid tribute to the work Roz did, took the torch as it were from Roz's hands and promised to carry it forward. He viewed the situation as it appeared, told of the plans and hopes for the new year and said he approached the task with humility but with faith. He spoke of the brown shirted youth, the black shirted youth and others in foreign countries and compared them with the white-shirted youth of America and Great Britain. It was a masterly talk spoken in simple, sincere, language with a seriousness that bespeaks sound and constructive work as a worthy successor of a successful administration just ending.

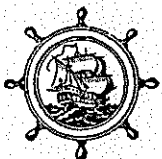
All of us were then called on to join in singing "Auld Lange Syno" and with a lusty singing of this appropriate song, with a feeling of fine fellowship, we adjourned to the Oakland Hotel ballroom for the dance.

The fine spirit of fellowship prevailed at the Dance and it was noted that nearly everyone stayed on until the band stopped playing at 2 A.M. Good-byes were said and the convention was over. As Russ Knowland and Bill Reichol promised us they were "days we'll never forget".

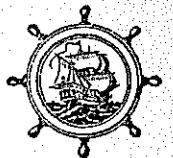
Some rambling remarks of the personages at the Convention and Reunion.

"Lay" Loishmann sat next to me at Reunion...hadn't had privilege of knowing him before...fine chap...was elected President of the Tournament of Roses Festival of Pasadena...must be good to achieve such honor...met Will Alton of Spokane for first time, too...another fine chap...does he like to dance?...good old Clarence Michel and Ted Lewis two of our milkmen...Clarence asked about the other milkman Brady Johnston down in Florida...hope you come to Tulsa, Brady... crew is developing a new technique...the new method of disturbing a speaker is to take a handful of silver...knives, forks and spoons...and drop them at the right moment...it spread all over the meeting...very effective disturbers, too... ask anyone who tried to give a speech...Walt Finko's birthday occurred during the convention...he's been away from home each birthday for last 7 or 8 years... always at a JC convention...Australian delegate insisted on calling Allen's home town "Dia-moines"...also got Auckland and Oakland mixed up several times...liked his British accent..."Beans" Latimer dressed as Scotch Highlander...(heavy on the Scotch oh what Beans)...Elmer Marshroy got on a committee immediately...like Morris Turner he's a builder, too...you two ought to get acquainted if not already...MacLeod rigged out in Nazi uniform...Swastika on his hat with "nuts" under it...then rigged out as Fu Manchu bearing the mystic Buddha...Podo Psycho still buries "Peter the Great" in the wee hours...but he missed the old timers' meeting...Jerry Vinson showed up...after the meetings...Lee Augustine came on from Cincinnati...glad to meet you personally, Leo...Norman Birnkrant on hand... he's been a wonderful friend to me...Ray Bonini in our crew for several years... still active...one of now Vice-Presidents...gived a big hand at the reunion... Glad to see Allen and Eva Seod...Allen seldom misses a reunion...his brother-in-law, Mark Matthews retiring and re-elected Vice-President joined the crew...gee but he's a handsome chap...and all wound up over Jaycee idea...Jack Sinclair on the job as usual...Sherm Humason was razzed about being a police character... seems he was victim of mistaken identity...so his record is still clear...Jack Willson who is either of Denver or Los Angeles...anyway he came over to shake hands with his host of friends...seems to be back in good health again...George Yancey old timer that he is is still on the job...attended more conventions than anyone we know of...and still within the age limits I understand...started in JC work in his teens evidently.

Vernon Foster brought regrets from Addington and other Phoenix fellows... hope you fellows get to Tulsa...Driver and other Nebraska delegates parade around with their white coats and map of Nebraska on back...telling the world that Nebraska is the white spot on the map...seems they have a State with no bonded indebtedness and no sales tax...unique that way...Ben Hadley made fine nominating speech for Phil Ebeling...Roland Maxwell on hand...handsome as ever... Whittier JC presented 14 crates of oranges for old timers meeting...we used them as attendance prizes...14 fellows got a crate...Thanks, Whittier...San Jose supplied each old timer with a bottle of Prune Juice...they say it makes you "regular"...Pettit wanted a bottle for each old-timer because they're such regular fellows...This outfit also served prune juice and apricot juice from



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a specially made toilet bowl...you had to be there to appreciate the novelty... movie kodaks were in evidence all through the Convention and at the Reunion... hope they got some fine shots and we can see them at next reunion...did I tell you of the beautiful dining room at Lake Merritt Hotel where we had the reunion - gee it was swell...overlooked Lake Merritt and the mountains in the distance. Everything was perfect - perfect setting, fine lunch, fine group of fellows, fine fellowship. What more could we ask.

While the reunion is now a memory, it is indeed a pleasant one and I'd like to pass on to you some of the comments that have come in regarding it.

Lay Leishmann says "It was a real kick and inspiration to attend Harry Krusz's "throat cutting party", and, although the blood ran rather freely, it was nice to note that it was all good, red American blood."

Walt Finke says "My most pleasant memory of the whole convention was that of the Old Timers' luncheon on Saturday. I think that this occasion is unique in this day and age, and I think, too, that equally unique is Krusz' rare ability as a toastmaster and "scoffer deluxe". His imperviousness to heckling is remarkable; his wit is unexcelled; his sangfroid is unequalled".

Archie Baley says "I enjoyed nothing of the Oakland Convention quite so much as I did the old-timers luncheon on Saturday because with the weight of the campaign off my mind I sat there and really enjoyed myself for a couple of hours."

Rufus Putnam says "The old timers' meeting was one of the finest I have ever attended. It seems as though this group is getting better organized every year. The spirit that permeates this entire group is one of fellowship and brotherhood that today does not exist in many organizations".

I want at this point to humbly express my sincere thanks to all the old-timers for the beautiful gift of the silver tray. It is a gift of which I shall always be proud not only for the intrinsic value of it which is great, but for the thought of love which it expresses and the honor it confers on me which is far greater. The joy of serving all the crew is sufficient reward for the efforts I have put forth and I feel now that I have really been overpaid.

On the way back from Oakland I stopped at Salt Lake City to see how Howo Moffatt and Lyle Nicholes of our crew were faring; Lyle is doing fine. Going into his private office I was tickled to see hanging in a frame on the wall the picture of Andy Mungenast. Lyle is one of the host of us who place Andy among our most admired friends. Then went to see Moffatt. Found he was out. Had to return twice to catch him in but it was worth the effort. We had a fine chat about all the JC affairs and the men of the crew. Howo looks fine and is as interested as ever in the crew.

Next stopped at Denver - wanted to see Royal Irwin and Park Kinney who were not at Oakland. Found Royal was in Cleveland. Sorry to have missed you, Royal. Going down the elevator met Garoth Brainard whose firm manages the University Bldg. you know. He said he had just heard from Billings McArthur who was going to come through the next day. Then went over to Kinney's office and we chatted a little while. He was sorry he couldn't get to Oakland but looks forward to Tulsa next year. Incidentally I found he came from Brooklyn. He said on his trip back to New York last time he was amazed at the constant march of progress that takes place in the Big City.



While at Denver I thought I'd pay my respects to Bill Nash's mother and stopped at her home only to find she was downtown shopping. Sorry to have missed her and wish you Denver fellows would tell her I stopped. Bill, you fellows know, was the first of our crew to pass to the Great Beyond and we keep green his memory.

Next stop was at Topeka where I wanted to see our two mates Vincent Smith and R.H.Hinkson, Jr., Found Vince at home and was he surprised when I drove up in front of his home. He didn't recognize me for a few moments but when he did he greeted me like a long lost brother. We tried to get in touch with Hinkson all over town but no luck. Sorry I didn't get to see you, Hinkson. Vince took me over to Gray LeVitt's home; Gray is one of the wheelhorses of the Topeka JC and knows many of you fellows. Had a nice visit there talking of you fellows. Vince wanted to take me all over the town meeting the Topeka lads but it was getting late so we had to say good-bye until Tulsa. Thanks for your courtesies, Vince, and thank LeVitt, too.

Went through Columbia and would like to have dropped in on you, Goo. Spencer, but it was getting too late in the evening; my daughter, Priscilla will be going to school this Fall at Fulton and I'll have a chance to see you when I take her there.

I had only been home a day or so when John Briggs of Dallas called up. He was attending a conference of life insurance executives here and only had time to call me and express to all of you his best regards. I told him I had not Doc Liggott of his Co. at Oakland and that Doc had come in as a passenger on our ship. Glad you called, John.

And next came a long distance call from Linus Vorpahl. He sounded as if he was entirely recovered from his recent illness, and made this call especially to have me include in the Log his heartfelt thanks to all those of the crew who wrote him in those long days when he was lying in bed seriously ill. He said we have no idea of what comfort it gave him and how it raised his spirits to hear from all his mates throughout the country. He said his nurse brought in mail constantly and I believe this helped him make his rapid recovery because the mental attitude goes a long way and cheering him up as all of you did with your letters did a great deal of good. When a fellow calls up long distance from Minneapolis to St.Louis to tell how much he appreciated these letters you may be sure he was deeply grateful. Thanks, fellows, for your fine co-operation - it's the spirit of the crew.

This incident reminded me of what Arthur Moe said about Friendship. He said:

"One thing we all need on our journey through this world, whatever time may bring to us it is Friendship. We come into the world alone; we pass out of it alone, but none of us can live his life alone. It is true that there are things in all our lives that God and we alone can know. It is true that there are times in all our lives when God alone can comfort us. But it is true that the love of a friend is the dearest thing in all the world, and that no man is so happy and no man is so miserable that he can scorn or reject it. In happiness and sorrow, too, the heart of a friend is our common need."

Sincerely,

*John A. Brewster*  
Keeper of the Log.

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