

THE
Elks
MAGAZINE

FEBRUARY 1953

**BIG MO
FIGHTS BACK**

BY RONALD SCHILLER



If you like beer... You'll Love Schlitz

'ROUND THE CLOCK and 'round the calendar—day in and day out—Schlitz quality is assured by hundreds of special, rigid safeguards.

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TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON



THOSE WHO SAY our form of government is old-fashioned and out of date should look at what is now happening in this capital of the USA. A new administration came into power only about 10 days ago, a change-over from Democrats to Republicans, but the old Ship of State sails serenely on her course. Congress has been grinding along on legislation for about a month and the only confusion on the "Hill" is among new secretaries and clerks trying to find their way around. The new cabinet is at work. Top level appointments are being completed in government agencies. Across the Potomac the huge Pentagon housing the vital national defense effort stands as immutable as the Washington monument. Our Department of National Defense is greater than any dozen of America's largest industries put together yet not one minute of time has been lost. Meanwhile, workmen are finishing the job of taking down reviewing stands along Pennsylvania Avenue and at the Capitol. Movers work patiently as families leave town and others arrive. The Government Printing Office has issued the new "Congressional Directory", a big job, and the daily copies of the "Congressional Record" roll off the presses same as ever. Reporters already know the new sources of information. All winter records for tourists are being broken. Crowds visit the White House. Folks wave at "Ike" when they see him. Business is good, very good.

FOLKS HERE DENSE

Washington people never knew how dense they are until the Census Bureau said they are packed in the District 13.150½ persons to the square mile. No state can match this. Rhode Island is next with 748½ persons per square mile.

RAPIDAN TO REOPEN

President Eisenhower, they say, will do some trout fishing this Spring at the famous Rapidan River Camp used by President Hoover years ago. The retreat in the Blue Ridge Mountains of Virginia has been kept in perfect condition, thanks to the Boy Scouts. Even the historic log where Hoover sat down with Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, is still there. FDR and Truman never used the Rapidan camp. President Roosevelt had a retreat near Thurmont, called Shangri

La. only 50 miles from Washington, whereas the Rapidan place is double that distance. President Truman preferred to use the yacht "Williamsburg," which this Spring may be placed on the inactive list. Perhaps someone in the new administration will now take over the dilapidated Catoctin Manor house, near Catoctin Furnace in Maryland, not far from Shangri La. This famous old house was used by President Hoover and his Secretary, Larry Richey, as a fishing lodge. It is close to Little Hunting Creek, a famous stream, and near it are some superb brook trout pools.

SPEAKING OF TAXES

As you get ready for income taxes, here's the headache—1952 collections were about \$65 billion. The take for 1953 is expected to be \$69 billion. HST broke all tax collecting records, more than \$300 billion in his seven years. FDR in his best seven years took in \$141 billion. It all adds up to this: for every \$1 you paid in Federal income taxes the year Pearl Harbor was attacked Uncle Sam now collects \$9.50.

LATEST ON EMPLOYMENT

Census Bureau has gone all out on a prediction that high level employment will continue in this country for the next 25 years. By 1975, it says, the labor force will expand from 64 million, as of 1950, to 89 million. It adds, "women will occupy an increasingly important role in the economic life of the nation as time passes." In 1950 women totaled 28 per cent of the workers. By 1975 they will total 33 per cent, the report says.

DEEP FRIEZE HISTORY

A 26-foot blank space in the border frieze under the dome of the U. S. Capitol will soon be filled with dramatic scenes of American history. The frieze, 58 feet above the rotunda floor and with a 300 foot circumference, was begun 75 years ago. First picture showed Columbus' discovery of America. After many a bitter debate Congress appropriated money for the various pictures until only a small section remained unfilled. In this gap will be three pictures, a Union and Confederate soldier shaking hands, depicting the end of the War between the States, a naval gun crew loading a big gun, commemorating the Spanish-American War,

and a scene showing the first flight of the Wright Brothers at Kitty Hawk, marking the dawn of aviation. Allyn Cox of New York is commissioned to do the paintings.

AUTO THEFT CRACKDOWN

Automobile thefts have become the nation's biggest crime against property, and the FBI is taking steps to smash the racket. Conferences have been held in 100 cities around the country and a crack down on auto thieves is under way. Stolen cars last year exceeded the \$190 million mark and thefts of auto parts and articles left in cars totaled 41 per cent of all stolen goods. Keep your car locked and don't leave things in the car is the warning. Dealers are asked to check the actual serial car and motor number on all cars they buy or take in on trades.

CAPITAL HOUSING

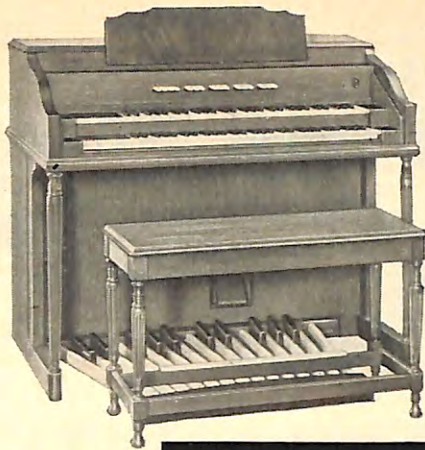
Families moving to Washington can get houses 10 to 15 miles from the White House at a cost of from \$16,000 to \$18,000. Average down payments are from \$3,000 to \$5,000. Apartments rent from one room efficiencies at from \$65 to \$110, up. Housing shortages will be eased within the year, builders say.

DOMES REPAIR

Since 1865, the cast iron dome of the Capitol has been overhanging the East portico by about 15 feet because of a rebuilding job. Capitol Architect David Lynn is looking at plans to reconstruct the whole front to get the dome in proper line. It will cost \$8,000,000.

POTOMAC PARADE

Steel production keeps booming at over the 100 per cent level. . . . Crime among GI's in Europe is at low record. . . . Last name in the new Washington phone book is Zywasco. Mr. Zyvoloski is now next to last, moving up a notch because Mr. Zywicki is no longer in the book. Can you beat Zywasco in your phone book? . . . School marms here balked at receiving service badges denoting 30 and 40 years employment, dead giveaway on their ages. . . . It's against the law here to "set, be present at or cause to be set a bonfire." So eight men and a woman were fined \$2 each for standing around a fire in an alley. One other was fined \$5 for being a second offender; he just likes bonfires.



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THE ELKS

VOL. 31

MAGAZINE

No. 9

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

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What Our Readers



Have to Say

I have been a reader of your Elks Magazine for a number of years, along with many other periodicals, but never have I come across anything that thrilled me like the photographs of our Presidents on pages 22 and 23 of your January issue. A copy of this should be in every school room. Yes, in every home in these United States.

William R. Blackwood
Washington, N. J.

Your November issue especially delighted me for several reasons. Under the heading "For Elks Who Travel" on page 21 was a well-written paragraph about this lovely Southern City. We appreciate the Travel Editor's comments and hasten to offer our unstinting aid if ever we can supply material for an interesting feature on "The Hostess City of the South".

"The Elks Family Shopper" section is great. It is one of your most interesting (and to me, entertaining) sections. May it continue to flourish. Thanks, again, for the "plug" and for the Magazine which improves with each issue.

I. A. Metz, Jr.
Savannah Chamber of Commerce
Savannah, Ga.

I want to express my appreciation of The Elks Magazine. To my mind, it is the best fraternal magazine published and a credit to the Order. The editorials are the best ever.

William M. Simmerer
Utica, N. Y.

Your hunting issue in October Elks Magazine contained some of the best hunting stories I have read for some time. It's too bad stories like this can't be printed each month. However, I realize not all Elks are ardent hunters and gun lovers like myself.

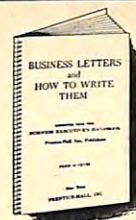
Being a gunsmith by hobby, I do want to make a small complaint, however. The picture drawn by Donald F. Moss showing a high-powered rifle being sighted in by clamping in a vise and firing the gun at a target nailed on a tree is quite improper. A high-powered rifle should never be fired while in a vise. It not only injures the stock, but the back thrust places a terrific strain on the action. Such guns should be sighted in from the shooter's shoulder, using a good rest.

J. L. McCoy
Napoleon, Ohio

Reader McCoy is correct, although there was no intention to suggest that the gun was being fired. It would have been better, since the gun in the picture is being boresighted, to have had the gun bolt on the bench.

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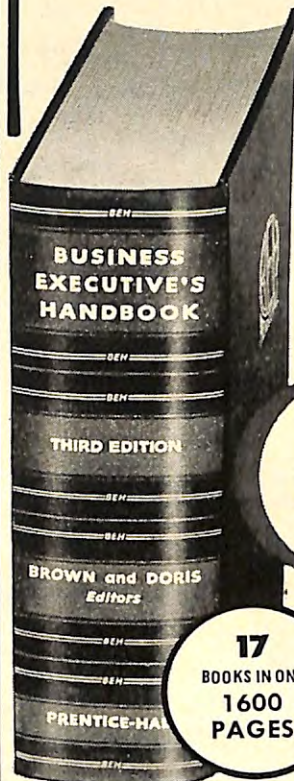
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**Unpredictable, but
nonetheless valuable
they found as the**

BIG MO

fights back

BY RONALD SCHILLER



WHEN the battleship *Missouri* showed up off the coast of Korea in September, 1950, UN commanders could not have been much more surprised, or embarrassed, than if they had been presented with one of Hannibal's war elephants. In an era of jet propulsion and atomic explosives she loomed out of the mist like a ponderous relic of a past age of military evolution. The very word "battleship" had become synonymous with all that was obsolete in military thinking.

The Navy in the Far East was not much happier. *Big Mo*, one of the most unpredictable ships in the Navy's history, was in disgrace. A few months earlier she

had gone aground in the best-charted waters in Chesapeake Bay and no one knew when she would take it into her head to pull another fool stunt. Besides, what were they to do with the monster? The principal function of battleships is to slug it out with other battleships, in the unlikely event that they could ever get close enough to each other to do it. But the Communists had no battleships in Korea, so she was assigned to the more prosaic role of bombarding shore points in support of ground troops.

The ROK Capital division was hard pressed by North Koreans attacking across a river the day *Mo* reported for duty off Pohang on the East Coast. She

was asked to lay down a barrage to stop them, but Captain Irving Duke on the bridge of the battlewagon did not like the way the order sounded. He picked up the radiophone connecting him with an Army liaison officer on the battlefield eleven miles inland and asked:

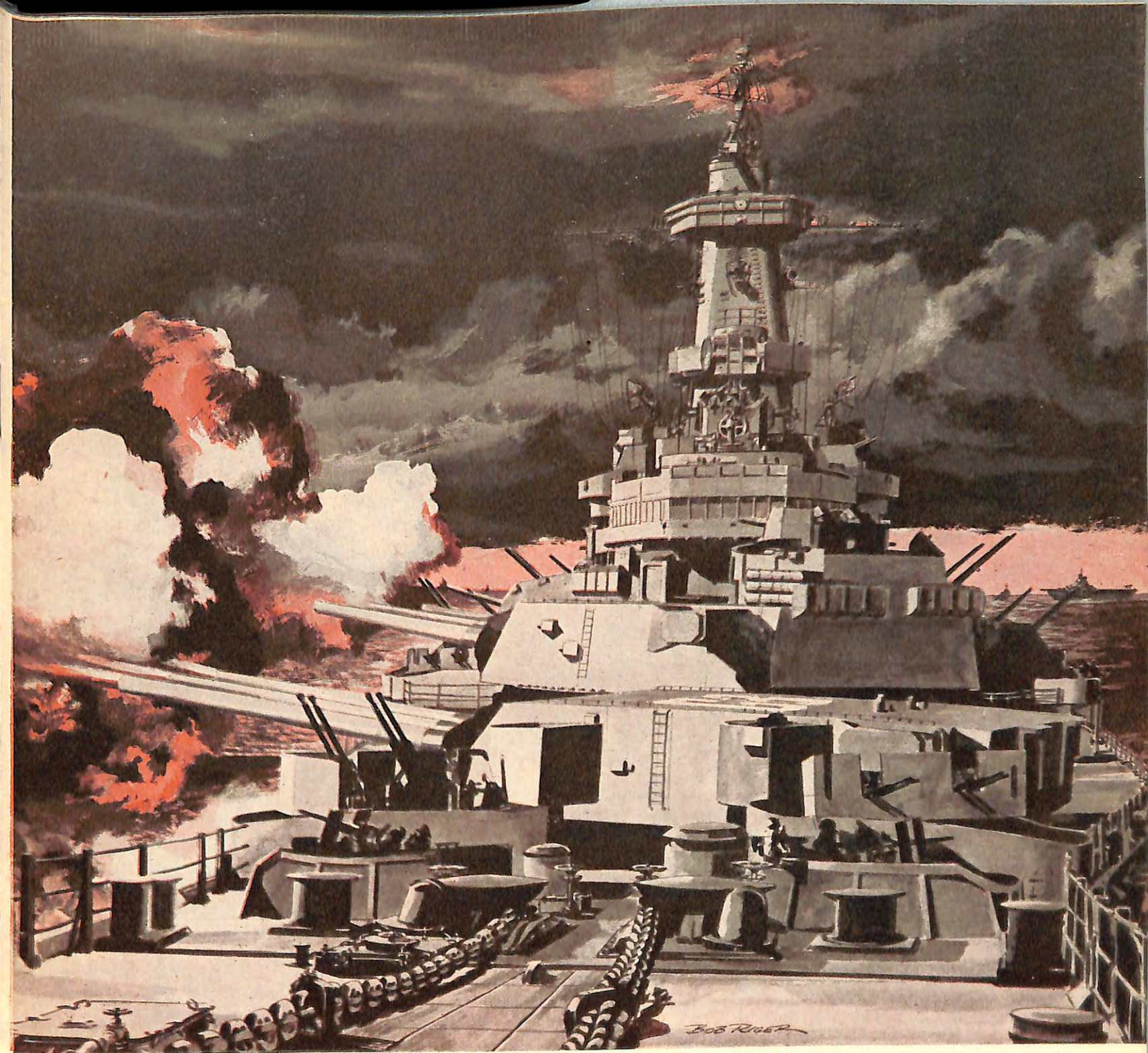
"Do I understand, lieutenant, that you want us to lay down a full salvo 200 yards ahead of your position?"

"Affirmative! Affirmative!" came the reply.

"You sure you know what you're doing?" asked the captain again.

"Yes, sir!"

The captain turned to his talker and said, "Give him just *one* turret, *five* hun-



ILLUSTRATED BY BOB RIGER

dred yards in front of his position.”

A gigantic 2,100-ton gray steel turret in the bow swung shoreward, three 67-foot long gun barrels pointed to the sky and let go in a holocaust of flame, smoke and noise that sounded like the slamming of the gates of Hell. The huge ship lurched sideways. The watchers in the bridge held their hands over their ears and their mouths open until the concussion hit them like a slap in the teeth. Then they looked at their watches, lit cigarettes, and waited.

A minute later, over the open circuit to the battlefield, they heard the shells land. The echoes from the blast had scarcely died away when the voice of the artillery

observer cut in again, shrill with panic.

LAY OFF! . . . LAY OFF, MISSOURI!
. . . NO MORE! . . . NO MORE!”

Captain Duke turned to his grinning officers and said, “I didn’t *think* that young man understood about 16-inch guns.”

A few minutes later *Big Mo* resumed her bombardment at a more discreet distance and pulverized the battlefield, cutting down attacking troops like a giant scythe, knocking out the bridge they expected to cross, landing on enemy tanks like a sledgehammer on eggs. “Not enough of them left even for souvenirs,” reported the awed observer.

With the attack stopped, *Mo* sailed

north to Chongjin, the invaders’ principal east coast supply base, 120 miles south of Vladivostok. In one afternoon’s shooting, she completely wrecked the waterfront, destroyed the docks, knocked over a marine railroad with a ship in it, burned all the warehouses for an area 600 yards back, set fire to the Mitsubishi iron works, and punched the airfield full of holes. Then turning her attention to the vital railroad that linked North Korea with the South, she collapsed a long tunnel with one salvo, sending huge slabs of concrete flying through the air (the 8-inch guns of heavy cruisers had previously popped at it without effect),

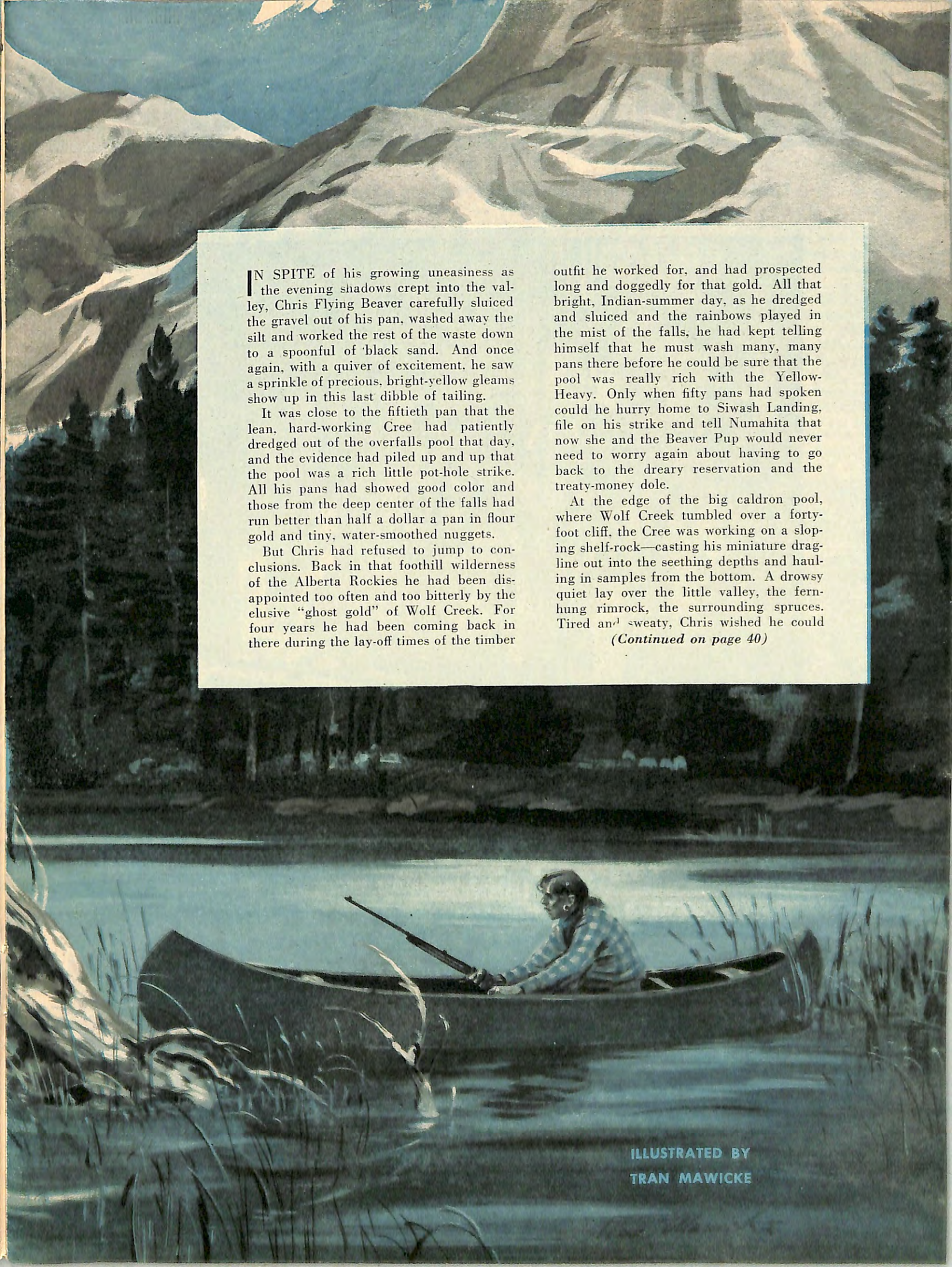
(Continued on page 50)



strike at the pool

BY WILLIAM BYRON MOWERY

The Cree's sense of danger warned of the lurking menace to him and the "ghost gold" of Wolf Creek.



IN SPITE of his growing uneasiness as the evening shadows crept into the valley, Chris Flying Beaver carefully sluiced the gravel out of his pan, washed away the silt and worked the rest of the waste down to a spoonful of black sand. And once again, with a quiver of excitement, he saw a sprinkle of precious, bright-yellow gleams show up in this last dibble of tailing.

It was close to the fiftieth pan that the lean, hard-working Cree had patiently dredged out of the overfalls pool that day, and the evidence had piled up and up that the pool was a rich little pot-hole strike. All his pans had showed good color and those from the deep center of the falls had run better than half a dollar a pan in flour gold and tiny, water-smoothed nuggets.

But Chris had refused to jump to conclusions. Back in that foothill wilderness of the Alberta Rockies he had been disappointed too often and too bitterly by the elusive "ghost gold" of Wolf Creek. For four years he had been coming back in there during the lay-off times of the timber

outfit he worked for, and had prospected long and doggedly for that gold. All that bright, Indian-summer day, as he dredged and sluiced and the rainbows played in the mist of the falls, he had kept telling himself that he must wash many, many pans there before he could be sure that the pool was really rich with the Yellow-Heavy. Only when fifty pans had spoken could he hurry home to Siwash Landing, file on his strike and tell Numahita that now she and the Beaver Pup would never need to worry again about having to go back to the dreary reservation and the treaty-money dole.

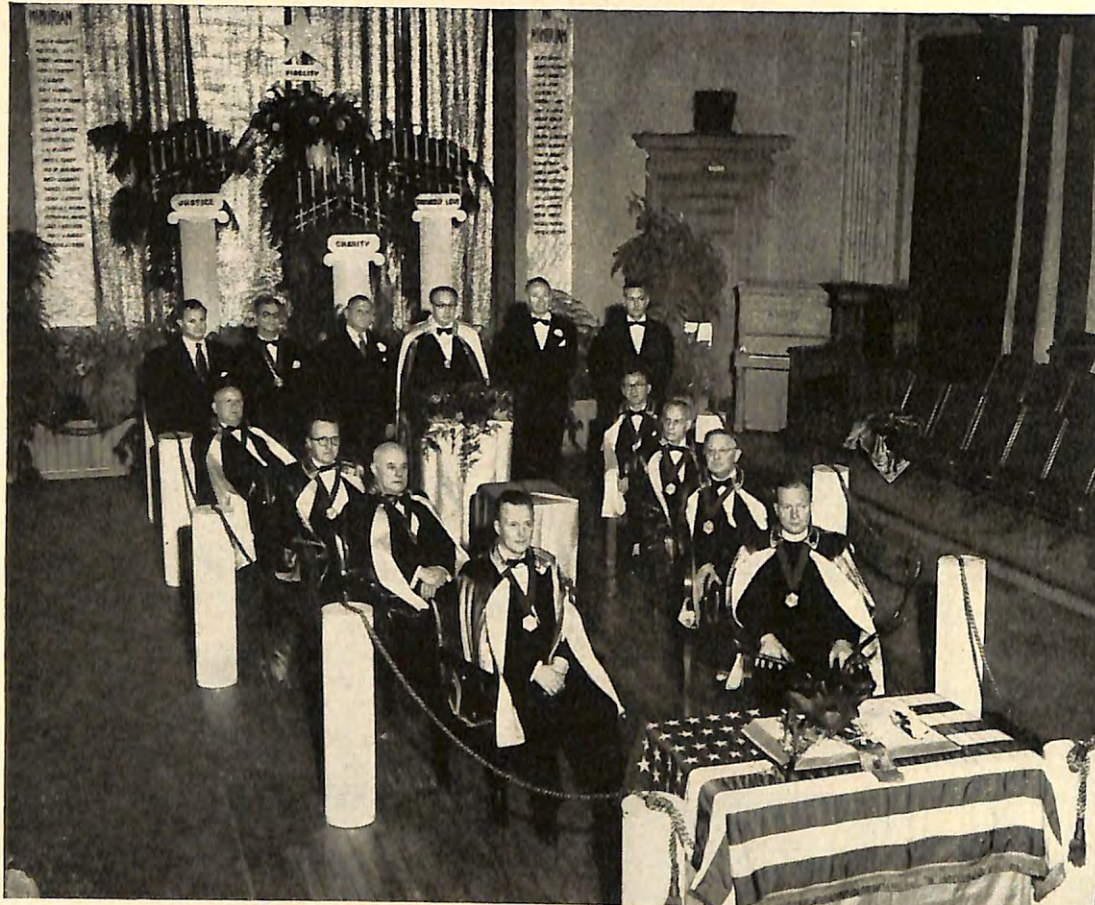
At the edge of the big caldron pool, where Wolf Creek tumbled over a forty-foot cliff, the Cree was working on a sloping shelf-rock—casting his miniature drag-line out into the seething depths and hauling in samples from the bottom. A drowsy quiet lay over the little valley, the fern-hung rimrock, the surrounding spruces. Tired and sweaty, Chris wished he could

(Continued on page 40)

ILLUSTRATED BY
TRAN MAWICKE

"TO OUR ABSENT BROTHERS"

Their virtues are written on the tablets of love and memory.



A view of the stage during the Philadelphia, Pa., Elks' Memorial Services.

THE Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge has judged the reports submitted by the subordinate lodges on their observances of Elk Memorial Sunday last December, and has announced that ten prizes will be awarded. The lodges whose Services won the first, second and third places will receive trophies, while the other seven will receive Certificates of Merit.

While ten events were selected, the Committee's decisions have brought honor to eleven lodges, one of the prize-winning ceremonies being a combined affair for two branches of the Order.

The first award was won by Philadelphia, Pa., Lodge whose observance, arranged, designed and executed by Past Grand Tiler John L. McIntyre, a P.E.R., was a departure from the usual. Based on the four cardinal principles of the Order, the production was entitled, "The Pillars of Elksdom for Remembrance". The ritual was handled capably by the lodge officers, with a narrator who, at

various intervals, explained in rhyme the meaning of the program, thereby eliminating the necessity for a special speaker. Over 300 persons, among them Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles H. Grakelow, attended these Services which took place in a setting of infinite taste and beauty. A gold curtain hung at the rear of the stage, with golden scrolls, inscribed with the names of the Departed Members, on either side. Below, were four white pillars, each carrying in purple lettering one of the principles of Elksdom. The Holy Ghost Chorus of 35 voices and the Brass Quartet, composed of members of the lodge's band, furnished a pleasing musical background.

The 55th Annual Memorial Services of Nashville, Tenn., Lodge, for which P.E.R. Earl F. Broden was General Chairman, were awarded second prize by the Committee. Held once again in the city's beautiful War Memorial Building, the ceremonies were well publicized by the local newspapers and the entire program

was broadcast by station WMAK. The stage was decorated appropriately, with a replica of the clock, hands set at eleven, as the backdrop. During the roll call of members who had passed away during the year, the hours on the clock were illuminated progressively, concluding with the hour of eleven. While this part of the program was conducted, a little girl carried a floral wreath from the altar and placed it in a vacant chair, standing near the clock. County Judge Beverly Briley, a member of Nashville Lodge, delivered a well-phrased address, and the musical numbers were rendered effectively by the East High Eagle Ensemble.

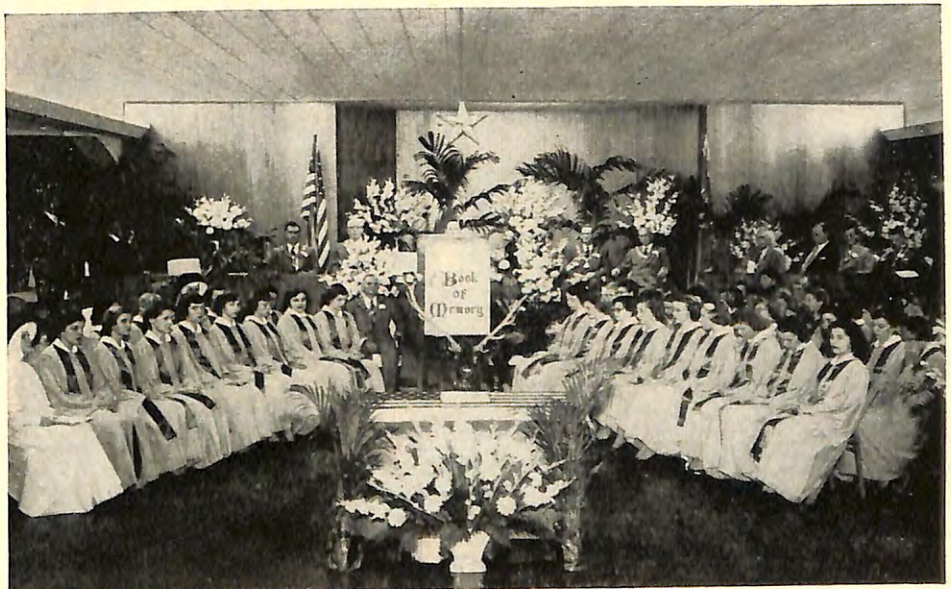
The combined efforts of the members of Miami Lodge, and of the Elks of Miami Springs-Hialeah, Fla., were rewarded by the Committee with third-place honors. The Earle Barr Hanson String Trio and the Tara Singers, 55 young ladies from the Barry College for Women, rendered several suitable compositions during the program in which



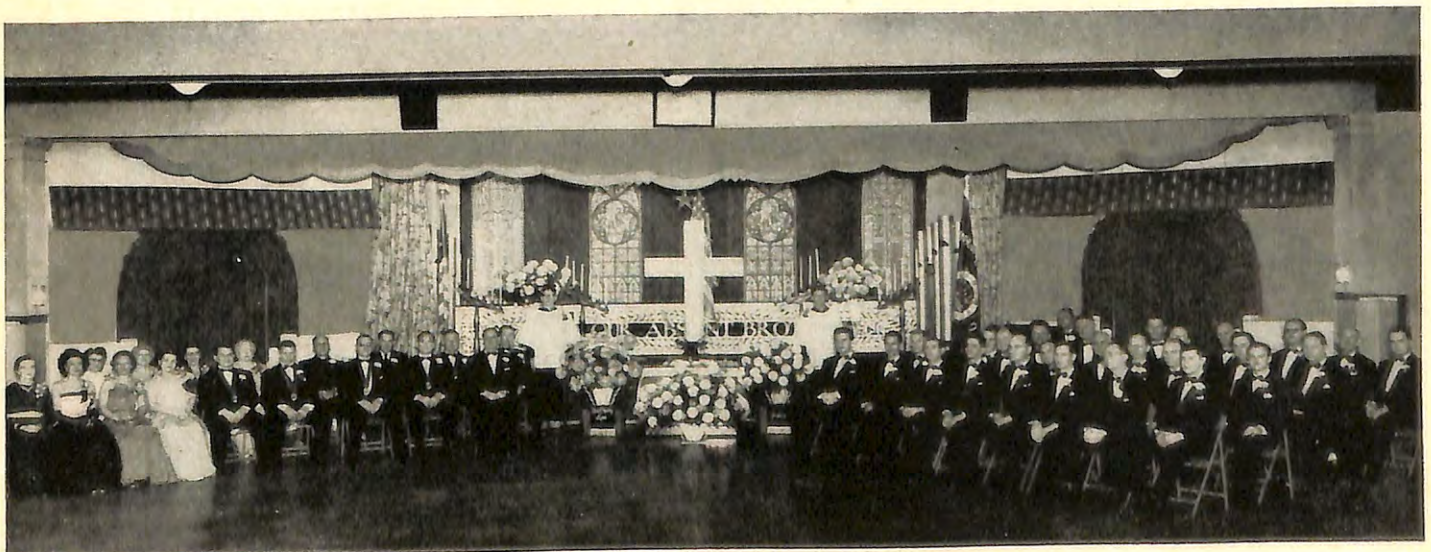
This little girl played an important role in Nashville, Tenn., Lodge's ceremonies.

officers of both lodges participated. The Book of Memory, 25 inches wide and 38 inches high, set on an easel standing two feet from the floor of the stage, was the focal point during the roll call. As each name was spoken two lodge officers turned the book's pages, on each of which was inscribed the name of one of their Absent Brothers. The Elks of these two Florida lodges secured the services of Rabbi Jacob H. Kaplan as their speaker, and his address was both inspiring and comforting.

D.D. Lewis S. Sober, who is a P.E.R. of Sunbury, Pa., Lodge, is largely responsible for the success of his lodge's Services to which the Committee gave fourth prize. This very complete and dignified program featured the voices of the Northumberland Moose Male Chorus. The local newspaper was generous in its cooperation with the Sunbury Elks who invited the public to attend the program and welcomed over 400 members of the



These young ladies are the Tara Singers whose lovely voices added much to the effectiveness of the observance held jointly by Miami and Miami Springs-Hialeah, Fla., Lodges.



This was the scene which opened the Sunbury, Pa., Elks' program.

community to the Services. The city's radio station arranged to have a tape recording made of the entire ceremony, which, with a running commentary, was broadcast later in the evening, thereby enabling those who could not be present, to hear the very fine program which included a special observance for members of the Order serving in Korea. This was another Service which utilized an unseen narrator, rather than a special speaker.

While only these programs were selected for inclusion in this brief sketch by the Grand Lodge Committee, its members were no less impressed with the effectiveness of the Services of the other six lodges which will receive Certificates of Merit. They are, in this order: Phoenix, Ariz., Martinsville, Va., Bound Brook, N. J., Detroit, Mich., San Benito, Tex., and Pottsville, Pa.

The careful planning, good taste and fine execution of all these events reflect the importance the Order places on this traditional tribute to its members whose memories will never be forgotten.



This photograph was taken when Grand Exalted Ruler Stern and D.D. Maurice Conn made their official visits to Chattanooga, Tenn., Lodge. Left to right, standing: Grand Lodge Committeeman John T. Menefee, E.R. George H. Farr, Mr. Stern, State Pres. Hugh W. Hicks and Mr. Conn. Seated are special guests Rev. Wm. G. West, Rabbi Abraham Feinstein and Rev. Father W. S. Bush, all members of the lodge.

The Grand

THE VISIT of Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern to the home of CHATTANOOGA, TENN., LODGE, NO. 91, on Nov. 18th coincided with the official call of his District Deputy, Maurice Conn. E.R. George H. Farr welcomed the dignitaries, as did Mayor P. R. Olgiati and John T. Menefee, Grand Lodge Auditing Committeeman. Hugh W. Hicks, Pres. of the Tenn. Elks Assn., and a large delegation of Dalton, Ga., Elks were on hand to hear Mr. Stern deliver an inspired address against intolerance, and to see 50 men initiated as No. 91's United America Class.

Mr. Stern participated in the three-day celebration of the 50th Anniversary of BLOOMINGTON, ILL., LODGE, NO. 281, when E.R. L. W. Crumbaker and his fellow members dedicated their fine four-story building, purchased in 1951 and recently remodeled. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, and State Assn. Pres. Don Patten, Secy. Albert W. Arnold and Treas. Ray Hinch also participated in the festivities climaxed by the Golden Jubilee Banquet and the Grand Exalted Ruler's Ball on the 22nd.

An outstanding event for PONTIAC, MICH., LODGE, NO. 810, was its Golden Jubilee Charter Banquet on Nov. 25th, at which Grand Exalted Ruler Stern was the principal speaker.

The Midwinter Conference of the MINN. STATE ELKS ASSN., to which ST. PAUL LODGE NO. 59 was host, took place Nov. 29th and 30th. The Grand Exalted Ruler was guest of honor and principal speaker at the dinner-dance on the 29th, and also addressed the conference the following day. Dr. M. H. Carlson, Pres. of the organization, presided. Minnesota Elkdom, which has more than doubled its membership in the past decade, is in splendid condition. Chairman Earle Froyd of the Welfare Committee, presented a resolution advocating that each lodge appoint a representative to a committee to draft plans for the purchase and operation of a boys' camp. The Grand Exalted Ruler strongly urged the adoption of such a project, stating that he has a \$1,000 check from an "anonymous" donor toward the establishment of the camp.

For the first time in many, many years, OGDEN, UTAH, LODGE, NO. 719, had the



At the Minnesota Elks Assn. Midwinter Conference at St. Paul were, seated left to right: Trustee John Meurer, Pres. Dr. M. H. Carlson, Sam Stern, 3rd Vice-Pres. E. M. Peacock; 1st Vice-Pres. Dr. J. D. Mitchell; standing: Chaplain V. F. Angerhofer; Secy. C. W. Wilkinson, Treas. O. C. Paulson, Tiler H. J. Erickson, Trustees V. L. Howerton and E. A. Cook and Sgt.-at-Arms, John Hafich.



District Deputy Dale B. Gerdeman and officers and members of Albuquerque, N. M., Lodge welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern, standing on plane stairs, at the airport on his arrival from Denver.

Exalted Ruler's Visits



The only Fargo, N. D., Elk to be elected Grand Exalted Ruler, left, is greeted by the only living Charter Member of Fargo Lodge, 86-year-old George R. Merritt who came from St. Paul, Minn., for Mr. Stern's official homecoming.

pleasure of welcoming a Grand Exalted Ruler to its home when Mr. Stern paid a visit there on Dec. 2nd, and was guest of honor at a dinner meeting conducted by E.R. Elmer H. Myers. Present on this occasion were Chairman D. E. Lambourne of the Board of Grand Trustees, D.D. Alexander Blight, Special Deputy Seth Billings, State Assn. Pres. Antoine Dupin and officials of all Utah lodges.

Grand Exalted Ruler Stern spoke highly of Elks Laradon Hall, the home for cerebral-palsied children founded and maintained by the Colorado Elks, at the dinner which climaxed his visit Dec. 4th to DENVER, COLO., LODGE, NO. 17. Past Grand Esq. Jacob L. Sherman introduced Past Grand Exalted Ruler John R. Coen who then presented Mr. Stern to the diners. Among them were Grand Est. Lect. Knight Arthur L. Allen, M. E. H. Smith of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, Hon. Henry S. Lindsley of the Grand Forum, State Pres. Campbell F. Rice and D.D.'s Nicholas C. Dazzo and James F. Gazzoli.

The following day, the Order's leader flew to ALBUQUERQUE, N. M., where he was welcomed by E.R. Dante Vaio, Past Grand Tiler Charles M. Barrett, Chair-

man Clyde Tingley of the City Commission and other members of Albuquerque Lodge No. 461. During his stay, Mr. Stern was the speaker at a banquet in the lodge home attended by 400 persons. Among the diners were State Assn. Pres. Robert E. Boney, a member of the Grand Lodge Auditing Committee, D.D.'s Dale B. Gerdeman and A. L. McKnight, State Secy. Glenn F. Panlener and officers and members of almost all the State's 15 lodges. During the evening, State Assn. Treas. James B. Thompson, Chairman of the Assn.'s Elks National Foundation Committee, announced that No. 461 had increased its subscriptions to the Foundation by \$8,000, bringing the total subscribed to about \$16,000. Joseph Feinsilver, a member who had already given \$2,000 to the Foundation, made another gift of \$3,000, and the lodge subscribed \$1,000, a contribution duplicated by Est. Lect. Knight G. R. Cornelius.

Over 600 local and visiting Elks turned out on Dec. 18th for the homecoming visit of Grand Exalted Ruler Stern to FARGO, N. D., LODGE, NO. 260. Welcomed by E.R. Dr. L. A. Marquisee and introduced by Secy. Frank V. Archibald, the distinguished Fargo Elk delivered one of

his finest addresses at the banquet held in his honor. Escorted into the packed dining room by the uniformed members of the lodge to the music of the Fargo Elks Band, the Order's leader was greeted by Chairman Everett E. Palmer of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, Mayor Murray A. Baldwin, State Assn. Pres. G. Angus Fraser and Hal S. Davies of Minot Lodge, publisher of the *Minot Daily News*. During the program, part of which was broadcast over station KVOX, Pres. Adrian McLellan of the Fargo Chamber of Commerce, presented a plaque to the Grand Exalted Ruler in appreciation of his many community activities. Delegations were on hand from Grand Forks, Devils Lake, Minot, Williston, Bismarck, Mandan, Valley City and Jamestown, N. D., Crookston, Thief River Falls and Fergus Falls, Minn., and Omaha, Neb. Present, too, were No. 260's only living Charter Member, George R. Merritt, and A. G. Arvold, Past Imperial Potentate of the Shrine.

Below: Mr. Stern, center, pictured at Bloomington, Ill., Lodge's Golden Jubilee with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, left, and host lodge Exalted Ruler Lester Crumbaker.



Right: At the Lewistown, Pa., Elks' banquet, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, seated right, and E.R. George H. Herbster, standing right, saw Past State Pres. Edward D. Smith present a silver platter to the Order's leader, standing center.



NEWS OF THE

Greeley Lodge's 20-Club Plan Spreads Throughout Colorado

The Colorado Elks Assn. has founded a 20-Club, made up of members who contribute \$20 to the Elks National Foundation. It was worked out last October by P.D.D. E. J. Haefeli, a P.E.R. of Greeley Lodge No. 809. Dr. Haefeli got the idea from a conversation he had two years ago with State Vice-Pres. R. F. Williams, another Greeley P.E.R., who remarked that if every member gave \$20 to the Foundation, its \$20,000,000 goal would be reached.

Greeley Lodge underwrote the expense of printing and mailing literature explaining the plan, and to date, approximately ten per cent of the lodge's membership has responded.

Broken Bow, Neb., Elks Welcome D. D. Danekas

D.D. Stan Danekas selected his home lodge, Broken Bow No. 1688, for his first official visit. A group of Elks from other lodges in Nebraska and Iowa were among the 140 guests at the dinner honoring Mr. Danekas and his wife, who heads

the broken Bow Elks ladies group.

At the regular business session, about 125 members saw E.R. Ivan D. Evans and his officers initiate a class and heard the Deputy's address. Later the men joined their wives for a pleasant social period.

Mendota, Ill., Elks Give \$10,000 to Hospital

A \$10,000 donation from Mendota Lodge No. 1212 has given dramatic impetus to the drive now in progress to raise \$50,000 for the completion and equipping of the Community Hospital. The announcement of the gift was made by P.D.D. Arthur Sauer at the lodge's four-way celebration during the official visit of D.D. Monte Hance. Previously the Mendota Elks had given \$53,500 to the institution, the completion of which was of the utmost interest to the late O. J. Ellingen, P.E.R., a P.D.D. and former Grand Lodge Committeeman and a P.E.R. It is as a memorial to him that No. 1212 made its most recent contribution and his son Robert Ellingen, also a P.E.R., spoke briefly at the dinner, expressing his own, and his family's, gratitude for

this tribute to his father's memory.

Over 400 Elks attended the affair which also marked the dedication of their remodeled home, the celebration of the lodge's 42nd Anniversary and the presentation of Life Memberships to its nine surviving Charter Members. Ceremonies were conducted by E.R. Frank Lenihan who also acted as Toastmaster at the banquet when D.D. Hance was the principal speaker.

Dr. C. L. Abbott, First E. R., Honored by Richmond, Calif., Elks

Charter Night was observed by Richmond Lodge No. 1251 in a most exemplary manner. Before a large crowd which included six of the lodge's eight living Charter Members, P.E.R. B. W. Richardson presented a \$5,000 check to the West District Contra Costa County Hospital. The money will furnish the Children's Ward with facilities and apparatus not made available by the hospital, as a tribute to No. 1251's first and fourth E.R., Dr. C. L. Abbott. The donation was accepted by Dr. L. H. Fraser, Pres. of the Hospital District and a P.E.R. of Richmond Lodge. Dr. Abbott, one of the lodge's founders 41 years ago, and a prominent physician and surgeon of the city, expressed his gratification at this splendid tribute. E.R. R. G. Boone introduced the other five original members who were on hand, P.E.R.'s Howard E. French and John A. Bell, and Dr. E. W. O'Brien, Dan Carpenter and N. R. Jackson, all of whom spoke briefly.

Memorial Building in Chicago Scene of Unique Elk Event

Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters welcomed a large group of Elks from the 16 lodges of the Ill. N.E. Dist. who gathered in the Elks National Memorial Building for the first lodge meeting ever held in that famous shrine. Est. Lead. Knight Samuel W. Hoffman of Chicago Lodge No. 4 was Chairman for this unusual event, and E.R. Mario H. Guidarelli presided at the business session held on the ground floor of the edifice. It was announced at this time that the very successful session was only the first of a series of similar affairs planned for the future.

During the lodge meeting, Supt. Hubert E. Allen provided guided tours for the ladies and other guests who joined the Elks later in the rotunda of the Building for the impressive public ceremony mourning the passing of Adolph J. Sa-



Charter Members and Elk dignitaries pictured on Mendota, Ill., Lodge's 42nd Anniversary. Seated, left to right: P.E.R. John Dubbs, E.R. Frank C. Lenihan, D.D. Monte Hance, P.D.D. Arthur Sauer, John Kehm. Standing: R. E. Hall, P.E.R. J. L. Zolper, Fred Mueller, August Schmidt, P.E.R. Ben Zolper.

LODGES

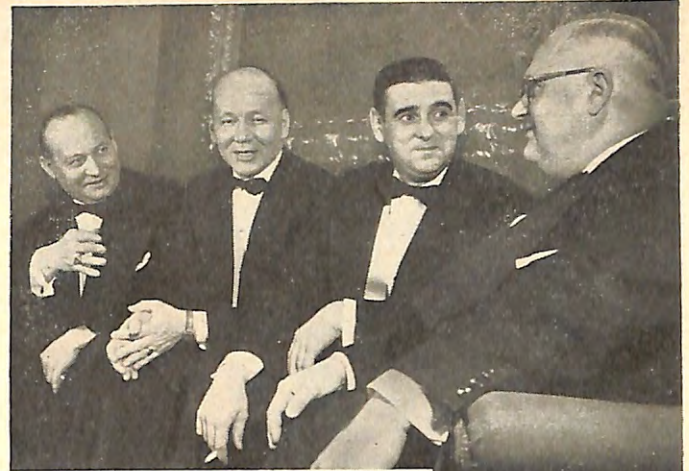
bath, Dean of the House of Representatives, a Congressman since 1907. Est. Loyal Knight William O. Krohn delivered the eulogy in honor of this revered member of Chicago Lodge, bringing the outstanding occasion to a close.

E.R. Ross of Mountain Brook, Ala., Lodge Injured Fatally

Irving Lee Ross, popular E.R. of Mountain Brook Lodge No. 1838, died not long ago in Tullahoma, Tenn., the result of injuries suffered in an automobile accident in November. Mr. Ross' car had gone out of control on a steep grade, and he was thrown from it and pinned to a bridge when the automobile toppled on his body. Conscious when rescuers reached him, he helped direct the men who lifted the car.

A World War II veteran and a resident of Birmingham for the past six years, Mr. Ross was born in Chicago, Ill., only thirty-two years ago. He is survived by his wife and son.

Below: Elmira, N. Y., Lodge's Annual Scholarship is presented to Patricia Ann Naylor by E.R. R. M. Carroll. At left is Elmira College Pres. Dr. Lewis Eldred; right, Elk Committee Chairman T. S. Craig.



Above: Milwaukee, Wis., Lead. Knight E. O. Bremer, Lead. Knight Carl Landgren and E.R. Wm. C. Schmitz of Kenosha and E.R. Arthur J. Chadek of Milwaukee, Wis., Lodge at Kenosha Night at Milwaukee Lodge when 40 candidates were initiated as the United America Class by the visiting officials. A stag dinner followed with the Elks Plugs, Chorus and 40-piece Military Band entertaining.



History was made recently when Elks of the N. E. Illinois Dist. were guests of Chicago No. 4 at the first lodge session ever held in the beautiful Elks National Memorial Building. Here is part of the crowd of Elks and their

families who attended the public services in the rotunda of the Building, honoring the memory of U. S. Congressman Adolph J. Sabath. Included are Grand Secretary J. Edgar Masters and Chicago E.R. M. H. Guidarelli.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES

at the VA HOSPITAL in DANVILLE, ILL.

Another of the fine VA Hospitals where our wounded servicemen are entertained regularly by the Order is located in Danville, Ill. The lower photograph on this page shows the beautiful Memorial Chapel and the theater building on the Hospital grounds. The upper picture is a close-up of the theater where the Elks of Illinois put on the fine show which is so well described and highly praised in the letter written by Special Services Chief J. Harold Owens, reproduced here. This particular show was handled by S. E. Dist. Elks Hospital Chairman Ray Belmont.



VETERANS ADMINISTRATION
HOSPITAL
DANVILLE, ILLINOIS

November 10, 1952

Mr. Ray Belmont, Chairman
Elks National Service Commission
1622 North Jackson Street
Danville, Illinois

YOUR FILE REFERENCE: 5131-6
IN REPLY REFER TO:

Dear Mr. Belmont:

Yesterday, Sunday, November 9, 1952, approximately 900 of our veteran patients were given the opportunity to witness the finest live entertainment ever brought to this hospital. We are, of course, referring to the two stage shows presented in our hospital theater through the sponsorship of the Elks National Service Commission.

The competitive singing, with prizes of cigars for the winners, was an inspired thought and definitely an "attention-getter", starting out the patient-audience with the warm feeling of inclusion through active participation.

The three main acts were superb—the performers displaying talent definitely above that of the average. The antics of "The Good Will Ambassador From Mexico" brought chuckles even from patients usually apathetic in reactions; Marie Manners, the beautiful contortionist, amazed the most blasé with her unusual act, the dexterity with which she performed the most difficult, arduous feats of contortion—feats which had never been seen before; and Lloyd and Gracie Conley, "The Musical Clefs", real troupers in every sense of the word, kept the patients amusingly entertained and engrossed right to the last second of their performance.

All of the above sounds as though we might almost be the press agents for the entire show. If the gratitude we feel to the Elks for making it possible for our patients to enjoy such fine entertainment and the appreciation we extend to the performers, musicians, master of ceremonies, and to the Elks' Rhythm Boys for giving these shows even more appeal and zest—why, if what we feel could be adequately described—we say with surety that we could do a "bang-up" job, enthusiastically and wholeheartedly as "press agents" for yesterday's Elks sponsored shows.

Very truly yours,

J. Harold Owens
J. HAROLD OWENS
Chief, Special Services



ROD AND GUN

Powerful and tricky, the Atlantic salmon is king of fresh-water game fish.

BY DAN HOLLAND



ONCE UPON A TIME, according to some writers, the Delaware River provided Atlantic salmon, conveniently, for the table of George Washington. Whether this is fact or fairy tale, I don't know.

However, there's little doubt that some salmon were found as far south as the Hudson River in Colonial times, and there is ample evidence that the streams of upper New York State were well supplied with these fine fish which ran from the sea by way of the St. Lawrence and Lake Champlain. And the Connecticut River, we know, was one of the finest and most abundant of all salmon rivers wherever they might be. Also the Merrimack, the Saco, the Kennebec and the Penobscott plus many lesser New England rivers once supported large runs of this, the king of fresh-water game fish.

We also know that this is no longer true. In fact, it has not been true for a hundred years and more. The salmon run in the Connecticut—which, from all we can gather, was truly a fabulous affair—ended abruptly and conclusively 150 years ago when a 16-foot dam was strung across the river just above Greenfield, Massachusetts. A migratory creature is a sensitive and susceptible being. Cut one link in its chain of existence and the whole cycle is destroyed; so the construction of the Greenfield dam, of which its engineers were undoubtedly quite proud, destroyed in one simple stroke an enormous natural resource.

That was long ago, of course, and it is foolish to lament the absence of salmon in the rivers and streams of the Northeast at this late date. No one worries seriously about it any longer, but a fisherman is entitled to his dreams nevertheless. Occasionally when floating a fly along a New England stream where we hope at best to arise a 12-inch trout, we torment ourselves with the thought that the pool we fish was once overrun with salmon up to 20 pounds and larger. We may even let our imagination toy for a moment with the thought of reinstating salmon throughout the area, but we immediately shrug it off. It would be theoretically possible to build fish ladders over the dams,

remove noxious pollution and rehabilitate salmon to any given watershed, but it is inconceivable that anyone would bother to do so. We console ourselves with the thought that Maine has preserved at least a small degree of salmon fishing; and we can be even more thankful that our neighbor, Canada, not only had the foresight to preserve the salmon run in her mighty rivers, but that she is also aware today of the enormous economic value of this great fish and will continue to encourage it in every way possible.

SINCE the time of Izaak Walton, the Atlantic salmon has been acknowledged the king of fresh-water game fish. Considered from all viewpoints, his cunning, his speed, his endurance, his spectacular performance and his size, this is so. The only others which can rival him are the steelhead, the silver salmon and the king salmon of the Pacific. They rival him, but they don't surpass him. Sportsmen the world over know this, and as long as an Atlantic salmon runs in a stream, fishermen will be willing to pay for the privilege of laying a fly over him. And because the salmon has been con-

finied in its range and numbers, pay we must for this privilege. Atlantic-salmon fishing has come to be considered a luxury sport out of the reach and even the expectations of the average fisherman. In part this is true; yet we're in no position to complain. It's not only that we destroyed our own salmon—that happened long, long before any of us living had anything to say about it—but we are continuing to destroy an equally abundant resource and sport in the form of Pacific salmon and steelhead. So when we hear that we must pay the New Brunswick government 40 dollars a day for the opportunity to fish the Restigouche, for instance, or that we must not only have the invitation but the wealth to join a club in order to drop a fly on many other fine stretches of water, we can cry bitter tears, but we can't complain justly.

Fortunately, the supposition that this is always so, that a fisherman must be a man of wealth and leisure to be a salmon fisherman, is not so. Having done it a few times, I know that a salmon-fishing trip can be made at little more expense than any other fishing vacation. In the first

(Continued on page 48)

Photo by Dan Holland



Salmon fisherman with his guide, who is "tailing" the fish."

SKILL ON

Hockey is a bruising, split-second game of speed, violence and excitement.

BY AL LANEY

ON A RECENT VISIT to New York a middle-aged business man from Tulsa was asked what he would like by way of entertainment. He said he'd never seen a hockey game and would like to go to Madison Square Garden. Settled in his seat as the New York Rangers and the Montreal Canadiens warmed up, swinging about the rink in long sweeps and taking casual shots at the goal, he felt right at home. This was about the way he had always skated himself.

With the opening face-off, however, he suddenly sat up on the edge of his seat and was all astonished attention. The play moved toward the Montreal net. There, during a scramble, Elmer Lach, the Canadiens' veteran center, picks up the puck and begins to weave his way out of danger.

Instantly the whole place is in an uproar. With the swiftness of light, it seems,

the play turns and moves in the opposite direction. Maurice Richard, the famous Rocket, is flying down the right lane. Two Rangers, one skating backward, converge on him at center ice and a burly defenseman knocks Lach sprawling.

But Lach, with a perfectly timed pass diagonally across the ice just before he goes down, gets the puck to Richard an instant before the Rocket goes offside. One defender immediately throws a vicious body block. It jars Richard but it is a near miss and the Rocket is through into Ranger territory still with the puck on his stick.

Another Ranger tries to crash him into the boards but the Rocket, with a lightning-like move, swoops to the left as still another Ranger, charging in, bangs at his stick. The Rocket whirls and shoots.

As the puck slips past the goalie into the net Richard and his pursuer go

sprawling in a heap and slam into the side boards with a crashing tangle of sticks, skates, legs and arms that seems calculated to maim them both. The roar of the crowd reaches a deafening crescendo and then suddenly stops as though a switch had been shut off. Then comes handclapping all around the arena, reluctant tribute to a hated but great and spectacular performer.

All this furious action has taken only seconds—and very few of them. Our friend from Tulsa breathes again. He has witnessed one of the most exciting moments in a game which, for sustained excitement, hardly can be matched. But the excitement is not really what has got him. Turning to his companion he says:

"By George, what skaters! How skillful they are!"

He has hit upon the essential point
(Continued on page 44)

Photos by Jack Frank



Left: Tense moment near the cage as a Ranger backs up his goalie to prevent a Black Hawk from scoring. Center: Maurice Richard, great

star for the Canadiens, leaves the ice as he scores. Also in the air are two Rangers. Right: Gay Stewart, formerly of the Rangers, starts a

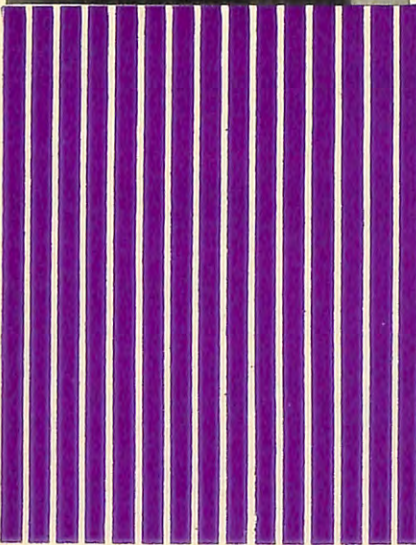
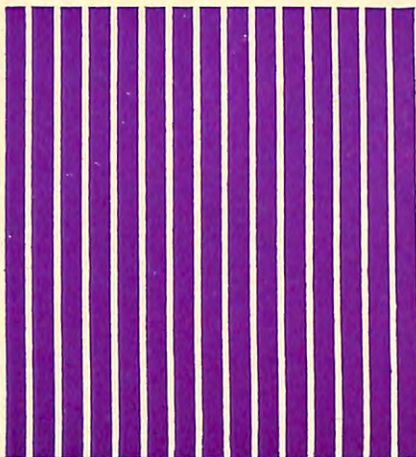


break up the ice, with the two opposing wings checking back, thus starting one of the dramatic plays as the skaters converge on the cage.

ICE



A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER



FEBRUARY—Another one of the twelve months on the calendar as we know it. A rather short month with the vagary of changing its number of allotted days every fourth year. February—A month when a great portion of our nation is enveloped in snow, cold and a great number of weather misfortunes.

One moment please—Is February noted only for the unpleasant things mentioned above? No, I think most Americans associate the month of February with the birthday anniversaries of two of the greatest Americans who ever lived: Washington and Lincoln.

The children think of February as the heart month. The month of the celebration of St. Valentine's Day, of which the heart is the symbol.

The heart is also the symbol of compassion, courage, truth and love. This heart, to me, seems to associate itself with the two great men mentioned before, George Washington and Abraham Lincoln. They were indeed men of great heart.

Let us take the heart as a symbol—in all of its symbolic meanings it can be associated with Washington and Lincoln.

Compassion—You have undoubtedly heard or read the "Report of Valley Forge." I know that you have read and heard the "Gettysburg Address."

Courage— The Courage to lead undisciplined, hungry and tattered men who were poorly-armed into battle against trained and well-fed armies in the name of independence and freedom. The courage to pit one American against another American in a battle to keep America unified.

Truth— The respect for the truth that led both men to dedicate themselves and all that they stood for, to the truth of a way of life in which they deeply believed.

Love— A love of country and principle great enough to inspire these men to fulfill the roles of leadership which they gained. A love which would allow no human, no matter how humble, to suffer indignities at the hands of other humans.

With such inspirational leadership in the history of our country, how can we fail to continue on as the leader of the free world. Let us keep the heart before us as a symbol of the nation in which we live. America—the heart of the free world, pumping out to other free nations the blood which keeps them free.

AS GRAND EXALTED RULER, I should like to make a plea to all lodges to take note of their community responsibilities. It is my feeling that the local Elks lodges should institute and sponsor a program of activities so that the lodges in their communities are held in great respect.

Your local lodge should endorse and participate actively in local charitable, welfare and civic programs within your communities, and your lodge should have at least one major project for the year.

I know that lodges will give all possible and practical cooperation to programs set forth by the Grand Lodge commissions and committees and by the several state associations.

Our Elks Lodges should be universally acknowledged as leaders in their communities.

Sincerely and fraternally,

SAM STERN

GRAND EXALTED RULER



Above: Officers of Atlanta, Ga., Lodge with the large United America Class they initiated.



Above: Omaha, Neb., Lodge paid tribute to Arthur Metz, its oldest living member with more than 50 years' affiliation, by initiating the six men, foreground, in his honor, during the official visitation of D.D. John M. Dierks.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



Above: Members of the United America Class of Price, Utah, Lodge are seated before the officers who initiated them, and D.D. Alexander Blight.



Above: Boulder City, Nev., Elk officers, pictured with the 14 men they initiated in honor of the visit of D.D. A. L. Crocker, claim they are the first Elk officials to conduct the initiation using the revised ritual with the initiates entering Elkdom without the blindfold. The lodge received the new rituals a little more than five hours earlier.



Above: When D.D. James Moore visited McAllen, Tex., Lodge, the mortgage on the lodge home was burned, and a class of 27 initiated. Left to right: P.E.R.'s O. I. Cox and A. M. Wier, D.D. Moore, Laredo E.R. E. C. Graf, host E.R. C. H. Kopetzke, San Benito E.R. H. C. Livingston, P.D.D. C. C. Bowie, State Assn. Vice-President Lloyd W. Burwick and P.E.R. B. P. McCoy.

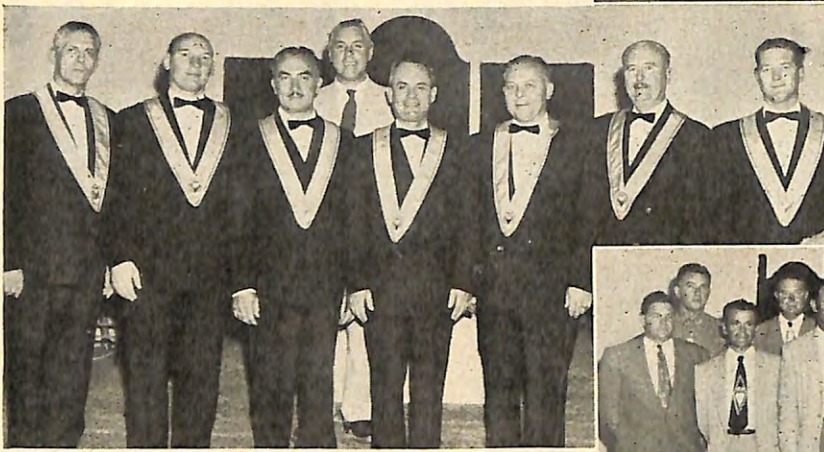


Left: At Mobile, Ala., Lodge, this fine class, standing, was initiated in honor of former leaders P.D.D.'s John P. Kunz and F. J. Gale, H. D. Wood, C. V. Evans, J. V. Kearns, C. G. Bahlman, L. A. DeOrnellas, V. B. McAleer, W. G. Seabury, and E. C. Perez, E.R., seated left to right.

Right: Est. Lead. Knight Lauren Seigfried and E.R. Andrew Dane, seated left and right respectively, pictured with other Elk and Hospital officials when Shamokin, Pa., Lodge presented a modern incubator to the local institution.



Below: This is the Riverside, Calif., Lodge Ritualistic Team which won the State Championship this year. Left to right: Est. Lead. Knight C. C. Cress, Inner Guard Elwood Rich, Chaplain Thomas Bucciarelli, Candidate Dominick Tavaglione, E.R. Arthur W. Swarner, Est. Loyal Knight Emerson Pann, Est. Lect. Knight Houston Smith and Esquire Dale Kilday.



Above: Grouped around Charter Member Jimmy Osborne, the lodge's first steward, are the men who were initiated into San Fernando, Calif., Lodge on his 75th birthday.



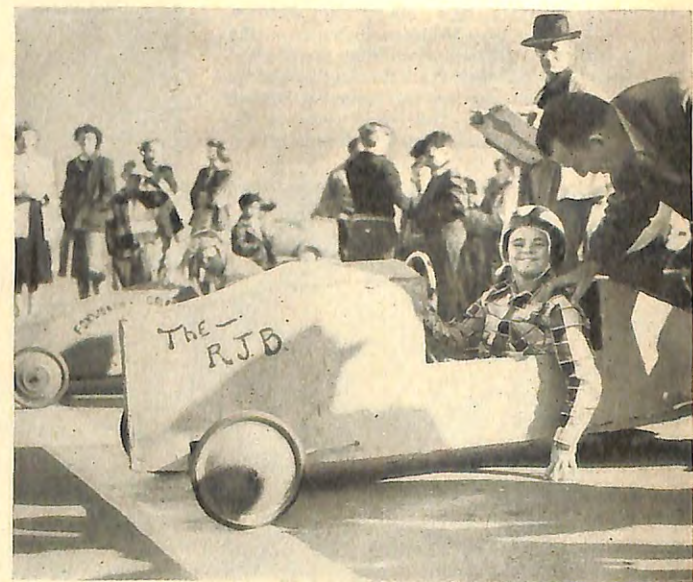
Above: At Annapolis, Md., Lodge's Old Timers' and Anniversary Night 225 in attendance included 41 Elks of more than 25 years' standing. Front row, left to right: C. O. Smith; Committee Chairman R. Edward Dove, Assn. Pres. E.R. V. W. Palmer; Chaplain Charles Wert; second row: P.E.R. Malcolm DeConway; Peter Macaluso; J. A. Hely, Sr.; P.E.R. Phillip Miller, Dean of Old Timers; E. M. Jackson, Jr.



Right: On Maryville, Mo., Lodge's 50th Anniversary, E.R. Roy Johnston, right, presented its \$600 gift of two asbestos suits and the latest resuscitator to Fire Chief Claude Stults.



Above: Thomas E. McGovern, Jr., receives a Leadership plaque from Milton, Mass., Lodge's E.R. John F. Lynch and a scholarship check from Chairman Walter Mullen at ceremonies in the high school auditorium.



Right: The city's Chief of Police Frank Bland, foreground, gives instructions to one of the contestants in Needles, Calif., Lodge's Soapbox Derby while Elk Secy. Berry McGill, standing background, checks the entry list.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



Left: A view of the large crowd present in Ensley for the Mid-Year Conference of the Alabama State Elks Assn.

Below: The officers of Belle Glade, Fla., Lodge are pictured, center row, with the class they initiated and, seated left to right: William A. Wall, former member of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, D.D. Pat LeMoynes, making his official visit, and P.D.D. J. Alex Arnette.



Below: "Uncle" Adam Martin, P.E.R. and long-time Secy. of Wheeling, W. Va., Lodge, presents gifts to a few of the children entertained at the lodge's 28th annual picnic and outing for orphans, each of whom receives a gift. Mr. Martin instigated the programs, has handled all of them.



NEW YORK STATE ELKS BOWLING TOURNEY

This year's N. Y. State Elks Bowling Tournament will take place in Albany on four consecutive weekends, beginning Apr. 11, with all competition at the Playdium, housing 28 alleys. The match will again be conducted on a handicap basis with prizes awarded according to the number of entries. Co-Chairmen Joseph A. Driscoll and Joseph Robelotto of Albany Lodge anticipate a total of more than 200 team participants, estimating that an average of one out of every three bowlers will receive an award. Singles, doubles and five-man competition will be conducted at \$5.00 for each event, with the champion for each class receiving an appropriate trophy.



Above: This is the Midget Baseball Team sponsored by Easton, Pa., Lodge which took second place in the ten-team league. Standing at right is their coach, Donald C. Jarrell, a member of Easton Lodge.



Left: Richard C. F. Lemke, Chairman of the Social and Community Welfare Committee, left, presents South Haven, Mich., Lodge's Basketball Trophy to John Drenth, sponsor of the team which won the championship of the city league. Exalted Ruler Robert Kettner, right, and members of the starring five, three of them Elks, witnessed the presentation.



For ELKS who TRAVEL

Having just returned from Hawaii, our travel writer extols this Paradise of the Pacific.

BY HORACE SUTTON

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Fine dining service for members, their ladies & OUT-OF-TOWN guests. Grill & dining room. Attractive menus and really good food. Reasonable prices. Noon lunch 11:45 AM to 2:00 PM. A La Carte every evening including Sunday. Sandwiches & short orders every night until midnight. Wines, liquors, beers.

HAVING just left Hawaii. I can't wait to wikiwiki back. I mean *hurry*.

Hawaii is a string of eight islands, and since the temperature wavers around 73 degrees the year around, there simply is no native word for weather. It is a mid-Pacific archipelago of warmth, sun, swimming, flowers, wild shirts, soft music, and infinite hospitality.

You get the feel of the islands, should you come by ship, even before you step foot on shore. Slipping in on the "President Wilson" of American President Lines one recent day, the music of the Royal Hawaiian Band and the sweet voices of the vocalists drifted across the gap of water long before we had cast a line. But whether you are lazing away five days by ship out of the West Coast ports, or zooming across the sea by air the greetings (and the goodbyes) are the same. Leaving on Pan American's double-deck Boeing Stratocruiser only the other day, for the nine hour flight to Los Angeles, we found ourselves bathed in orchid leis up to our ears, the excitement

welling up in the heart, the water welling up in the eyes. Hawaii has a way of doing that to you.

Leis are for arrivals and for departures, also for birthdays, marriages, and feasts, and they spell a feeling of love, affection, and good wishes. Some Polynesians had leis of shells, and there are leis of feathers, teeth, even of chewing gum and candy, but Hawaii's specialty is flowers—leis of orchids, carnations, yellow plumeria, which is also known as frangipani, ginger, gardenias, crown flowers, and pikake. And when you come and when you leave, your head swims in a dizzying fragrance.

However, you may come to Hawaii, you land first at Honolulu on the island of Oahu. Although there is commerce in downtown Honolulu, the pleasant life for the tourist is in the suburb of Waikiki, a few miles away. An aloha shirt, a pair of shorts or trousers and bare feet suffice for men, and ladies can either follow suit or go very native in a muumuu, which is an adaptation of the Mother Hubbards brought by the missionaries. The new Hawaiian generation wears aloha shirts, blue jeans and saddle shoes or no shoes at all.

Probably there breathes not a man with ear so deaf he has never heard of Waikiki Beach, a great sandy crescent anchored on one end by the massive bulk of Diamond Head Mountain. The great hotels of Honolulu border the beige sands of Waikiki, and on its surf ride massive catamarans, slender outrigger canoes paddled by chunky Hawaiians, and pale tourists. Surf-board riders come slipping

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 two 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.



in with fantastic speed, the wind whistling by their faces as it does past the cheeks of skiers. Almost anybody who can still hobble about on his own power seems to own a surf board, and the work day which begins at eight ends at four-thirty, with plenty of daylight left in which to ride the boards.

The Matson Line, which shuttles one cruise ship back and forth between California and Hawaii, also owns three of the largest hotels: the Royal Hawaiian, the Moana, and the Surf Rider, all on the edge of the Waikiki sands. The Moana gets about \$8 a day and up for a double room without meals, and the newer Surf Rider starts at \$12 for the same arrangement. The Royal is an immense and beautiful American plan resort hotel and ranks quite easily among the world's best. Daily it offers a magnificent buffet luncheon served on the lanai (terrace) at the very border of the beach with a view of the

canoes, surf boards. Diamond Head and the blue Pacific. When the sun sinks there are drinks by candlelight, dinner in the immense, glassed-in dining room, then dancing by torchlight on the lanai.

One of the pleasanter spots for families is the Halekulani, a cottage colony set amid a four-acre coconut grove on the beach at Waikiki. I think one of the pleasantest corners of the Halekulani is its coral-paved dining terrace shaded by an immense gnarled old *hau* tree, the surf rolling in not twenty yards away. The rates here are \$6 to \$12 a day, or \$14 with your own lanai for single rooms with bath but no meals. Whole family bungalows can be rented for \$28 to \$57 a day, and there are doubles as low as \$4 a day per person, with detached bath. All these tariffs are based on European plan, which means your eating is extra.

Eating in Hawaii can be pretty exotic
(Continued on page 43)

Pan American World Airways Photo



Waima Canyon on Kauai typifies the beauty in which the islands abound.



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Salt Lake City Lodge No. 85 is proud of its fine clubhouse and equally proud of the hospitality it accords to traveling Brothers.

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ELK FAMILY ALBUM



George V. Helmann, seated in the easy chair presented to him by his fellow members at the celebration of his 25th anniversary as Secretary of Hastings, Neb., Lodge, with his three Elk sons, left to right: George V. Helmann, Jr., Rt. Rev. Msgr. Maurice Helmann, Joseph Helmann.

**The latest installment proving
the Order's standing in the
Good Relations Department.**



When James H. McClain, center, was Exalted Ruler of Geneva, N. Y., Lodge last year, he had the pleasure and privilege of initiating his father, Harry T. McClain, Sr., left, as a member of Geneva Lodge, and his brother, Harry, Jr., as a member of Rochester, N. Y., Lodge.



A father and four sons who are all members of Springfield, Ill., Lodge. Left to right they are sons John and George, George O. Erickson, Sr., the father, and Russell and Robert, who recently joined the Order.



Princeton, Ind., Lodge's two families of three-generation Elks are pictured here. Left to right: Walter Hollingsworth, W. E. Hollingsworth, M. P. Hollingsworth and Ronald Burton, Roy Burton and Jerry Burton.



At Dillon, Mont., Lodge, left to right, standing: Elvin, Melvin, Ralph Peterson, proposer Dan Pendergast. Seated: Past Grand Est. Lect. Knight F. R. Venable, Bob Peterson, P.E.R. E. R. Hilger, Alfred Peterson.



Three generations of Trovers, photographed when Cullen E. Trover, Jr., left, joined the Order. In the center is Cullen E. Trover, Sr., and on the right P.E.R. F. E. Trover, a Carlinville, Ill., Charter Member.



P.E.R. Herve Bernier welcomes his father, Albert, center, into Fall River, Mass., Lodge, as P.D.D. Michael J. McNamara, right, looks on.



Three generations of Elks who are all members of Peabody, Mass., Lodge, are left to right: John L. Southwick, III; John, II, and John, Sr.



Third-generation Elk, Richard M. Dolan, left, of Norwich, N. Y., Lodge, with P.E.R. LeRoy Coe, center, and his father, Henry S. Dolan, right.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle meets the Foreman Family of Waynesboro, Pa., Lodge. Left to right: Robert and Melbourn Foreman; their father, P.E.R. J. M. Foreman; Mr. Kyle, P.E.R. H. P. Bartholow; Mr. Foreman's son-in-law, Ralph Stoops, and his nephew, Carl F. Foreman.



P.D.D. Ernest L. Tinklepaugh, center, congratulates Joseph Cohen, member of Beacon, N. Y., Lodge, whose three sons, second and third from left, and second from right, were initiated at the same time. P.D.D. Sidney Slisser stands at extreme left and P.E.R. Simon Cahn, at right.



This outstanding Elk family holds membership in Lewiston, Idaho, Lodge, resides in Pomeroy, Wash. Standing, left to right, Dick, Merle, George, Troy and Joe Ledgerwood, with their father, Fred Ledgerwood, seated.



Three Plattsburg, N. Y., father-son Elks appear here. Left to right, standing: Perley Lucia, P.E.R. A. A. Lockart, Philip Dickson, Ralph Wells. Seated: James Lucia, William Dickson, Arthur Wells, Frank Giles.



New Kensington, Pa., Lodge proudly presents this splendid Elk family: Michael Nee, left, and his seven sons, left to right: Martin H., John J., Edward M., Thomas E., William F., James L. and Joseph F. Nee.



When Robert Snider was E.R. of Ontario, Calif., Lodge, he initiated his father, Herbert E. Snider, pictured here as he was congratulated by the officers of the lodge and Past State Pres. Ben W. Osterman.

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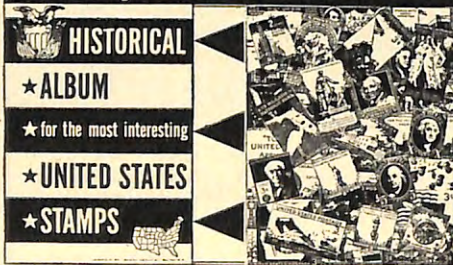


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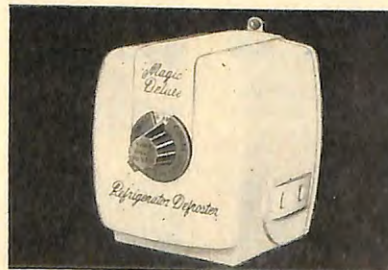
215 Frost Bldg. Hollywood 46, Calif.



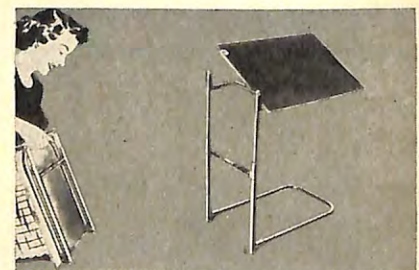
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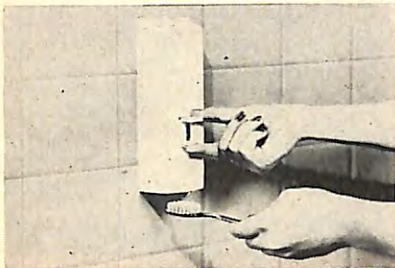
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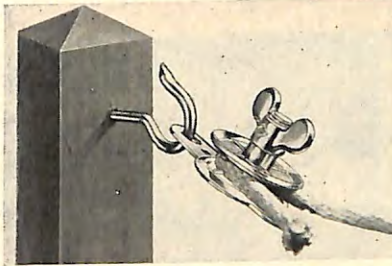
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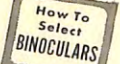
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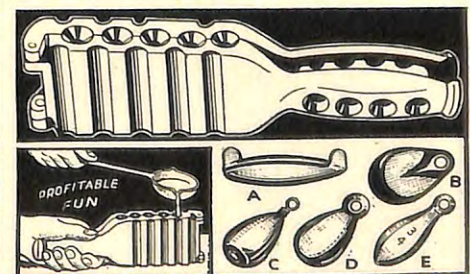
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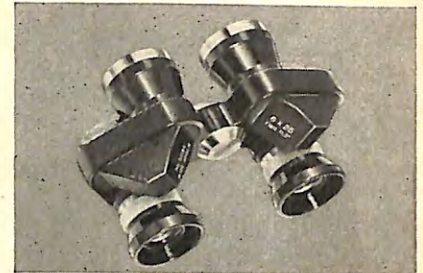
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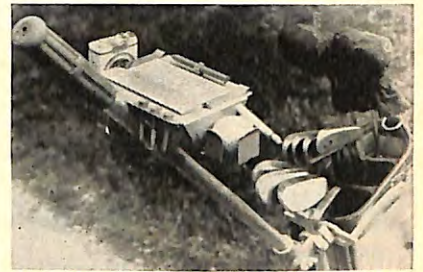
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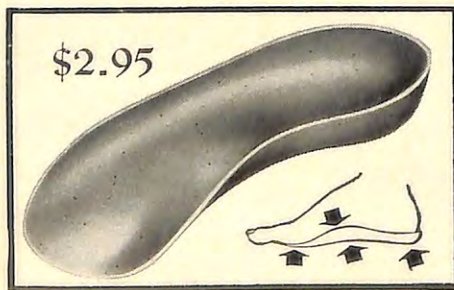
KADDY RAK. If you use a golf cart, you'll want this convenient attachment for holding score card, pencil, package of cigarettes, golf ball and six tees. And you can park your lighted cigarette in the holder while you take a swing. Aluminum, \$2.95 ppd. Kaddy Rak Company, EFS, 3214 N.E. Hancock, Portland 12, Oregon.

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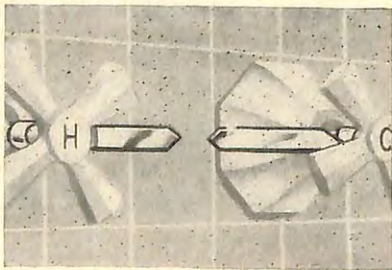
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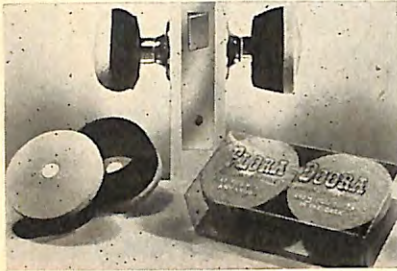
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Elks

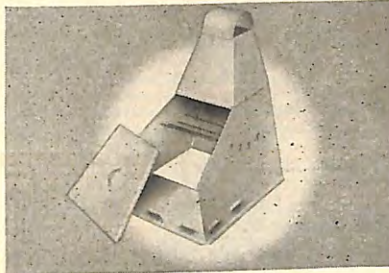
FAMILY SHOPPER



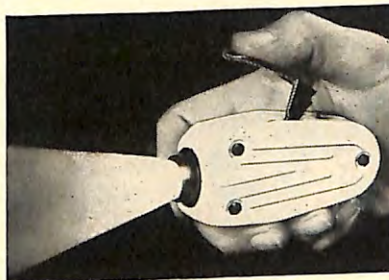
FLORA-DOORA. Door knob cover of foam latex has phosphorescent center that glows for 6 to 8 hours in the dark, a bright blue. The soft cushion saves walls and insulates against static electrical shock. In rose, salmon, aqua, chartreuse, green, blue, violet, yellow, brown and gray. \$1.00 per set of 2; 3 sets for \$2.85 ppd. Romart, 100 W. Chicago Ave., EFS, Chicago 10, Ill.



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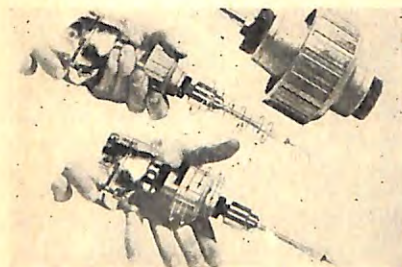


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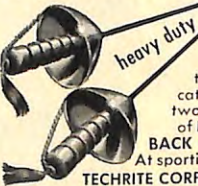
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with Ed Faust



In the Doghouse

Dogs do strange antics to make the headlines.

WHEN you write about dogs you become the recipient of all sorts of information about them. To add to this, when you save news and other clippings as I do, it isn't long before your file grows fat with an assortment of material. Some of it is amusing, but all of it, if you care for dogs, is likely to be interesting. Take for example:

The bird dog who shot his master—From the wires of the United Press, we learn that Steve Weldon Sr., of Starke, Florida, was hospitalized and in a serious condition from two bullet wounds inflicted by his dog. While exercising his dogs, one of them stepped on the trigger of his automatic, one bullet striking him in the stomach, another in the leg. The dispatch doesn't tell how come that the gun was within reach of the dog, but it's safe to assume that Mr. Weldon has the distinction of being the only individual who was shot by his own dog. In Chicago, Koko, a young sheepdog, has turned out to be just another old gossip. Every morning around eleven o'clock, friend Koko stands guard over the family telephone and in no uncertain way lets his mistress know that he wants to talk with the man of the house. He nudges the phone, whimpers and indulges in the usual dog talk that Fido employs when he wants attention. Should his antics be neglected, he's even been known to knock over the phone to get results. But this doesn't often happen; the lady knows what to do and telephones to her husband, who then talks to Koko, much to the latter's enjoyment. The little tete-a-tete is soon finished and Koko becomes a normal dog for the rest of the day. The news item as reported by a Chicago newspaper states that the boss enjoys those talks as much as Koko—that is until he gets his monthly telephone bill. It is reported that the nation's dog population has increased 200 per cent in the last 30 years. Right now it is estimated that there are 22,000,000 dogs in the United States. The estimate is based on a nationwide "sampling" survey made by the Gaines Dog Research Center. If you lived in my village you'd take oath that nearly all these dogs live there. I'll add that all of them are cursed with a hobo's wanderlust.

'Ware the rattler—that's what little

Linda Harris's dog Gus, a cocker spaniel of Colorado Springs, would have said could he have talked, but instead he wasted no time on conversation and went into action as soon as he saw the deadly snake. Linda and her mother and grandfather were on a hike with Gus. Suddenly the dog leaped in front of the youngster. The child fled, but the dog was bitten and later, almost without life, was turned over to a veterinarian. The dog recovered, but he was a mighty sick mighty mite before that happened. Jo Stafford, popular singer, owns the only dog, a piano-playing poodle no less, that is a member of the American Federation of Musicians. Dog authority Harry Miller vouches for this. Any youngsters around who neglect their piano lessons? Tell them about Jo Stafford's dog Beau.

ANOTHER canine workman is the German shepherd owned by Jules Washinsky of San Bernardino, California. The dog, Buttons, literally earns his bones and biscuits by helping his master on his newspaper delivery route. While Washinsky worked one side of the street, Buttons took care of the other side and the "Sun Telegram" of that city tells us that he singled out only the subscribers. Nobody got a newspaper from that pooch free for nix. Duke, dog with a bank balance. The dog Duke, owned by Bob Triplett, Tulsa, Oklahoma, businessman and owner of a dog food business, has an account with the Farmers and Merchants Bank of that city. Mr. Triplett, sightless due to a plane crash, thought so much of his dog that he astonished the Bank's Vice President by opening an account for his dog—starting with \$600. He assured the V. P. that it wasn't a gag and from there on he intended to pay Duke a monthly salary.

More boys than girls—that is, when the weather is cold. A consensus of

breeder opinion holds that more male pups are likely to be present in litters during winter months than when the days grow warmer. *Oldest dog book* in the world was written by Greek philosopher Flavius Arrianus 2,000 years ago. Believe it or—believe it, much of the advice given in it is still good today. *Fido saves five*. Johnny Miller, 12-year-old business man of Jackson, Mississippi, conducts a newspaper route. Came time for his weekly collection and he discovered that he'd lost five dollars. When you are twelve and in business that's a lot of money. After a sad search Johnny returned home minus his five—and tearful. Not long after, Johnny's dog, having helped our business man retrace his route in search of the money, scratched on the door and whined to come in. This was no time for Fido to air his whims thought Johnny's mother, but she opened the door and—surprise—the dog proudly walked in with the missing bill.

A dog with ideas is Tippie, pet of the McCormick family of Burlington, Iowa. (Continued on page 54)

Photo by Ylla



Head study of a Great Pyrenees

LODGE NOTES

An interesting bowling item concerns two **SANTA BARBARA, CALIF.**, Elks—Kenneth A. Brooks, owner of the Figueroa Bowl, and Melvin T. Shirley. Mr. Shirley bowled 300 at Mr. Brooks' alleys, not long ago, the first time the score had been made there since 1927. The accomplished kegler took the Calif. Elks "All Events" title in 1951, and was runner-up in the Class "B" Singles in the same tournament. His Figueroa Bowl feat brought him a \$50 prize from Mr. Brooks, \$200 in cash, offered by local merchants, approximately the same amount in merchandise, and a \$500 diamond ring from the American Bowling Congress . . . The members of **BILOXI, MISS.**, Lodge have a faithful Brother Elk in Wallace Whitwam. Officially a member of Buckhannon, W. Va., Lodge, Mr. Whitwam has visited Elk lodges in every State in the country, is on hand for more sessions of Biloxi Lodge than many of its own members. Not long ago, Mr. Whitwam gave evidence of his fondness for his adopted branch of the Order by presenting a handsome flag to Biloxi Elksdom . . . **TROY, N. Y.**, Lodge which suffered the loss of a good friend when Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight Dr. J. Edward Gallico passed away, also mourns two other faithful members whose deaths occurred within a very short space of time. One of them was Thomas H. Lodge, a 50-year member who for more than 20 years visited the home of every Troy Elk during a time of illness or death. The other was John H. Fernetto who spent his vacation period each year traveling thousands of miles to visit other Elk lodges and extend the greetings of his own branch of the Order . . . We apologize for omitting from last month's column the name of P.E.R. James J. McMahon as the **MONTCLAIR, N. J.**, Elk honored for youth work . . . A P.E.R. of **ROCHESTER, PA.**, Lodge, James W. Doncaster, informs us that his first Elks card, dated May 9, 1894, is displayed in the home of Rochester Lodge. This card is over three and one-half years older than the one Omaha, Neb., Lodge's Frank Epperson has, and a month less than four years older than that held by Dr. H. F. Stempel of Fort Madison, Ia., Lodge, both mentioned in previous **LODGE NOTES** columns.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Below: Riverton, Wyo., Lodge sponsored this soft ball team of young men who finished in second place in the City League, later won the Wyo. ASA Dist. No. 5 Championship. Of the 28 games the boys played, they lost only 8.



Above: At Kingston, N. Y., Lodge's dinner honoring P.E.R. Louis G. Bruhn on his retirement as District Attorney are, left to right, seated: Toastmaster V. G. Connelly, former Dist. Atty. N. L. Haver; E. T. Shultis; Hon. A. J. Cook, Jr., Hon. J. M. Cashin, Hon. Harry E. Schirick; standing: T. J. Plunket, Assemblyman J. F. Wadlin, Mr. Bruhn, Past State Pres. Wm. F. Edelmuth, Mayor O. F. Newkirk and E.R. F. J. McCardle.

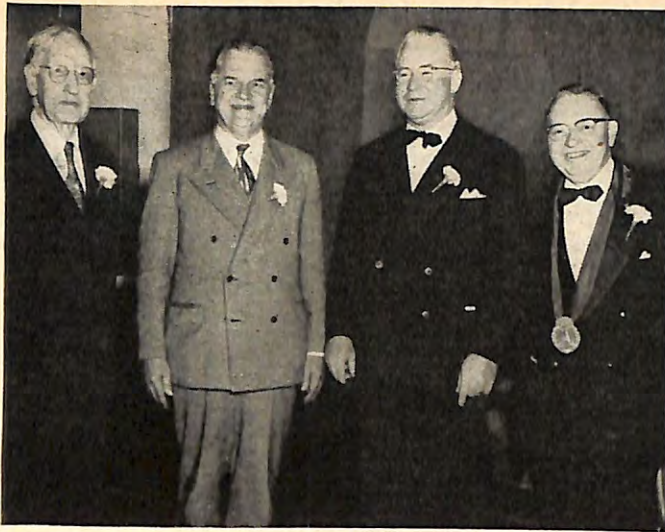


Officers of Panama Canal Zone (Balboa) Lodge with the United American Class initiated during the visit of D.D. H. J. Zierden, seated left of altar. Seated right of altar is E.R. H. E. Townsend.



This photograph was taken at the home of Port Jervis, N. Y., Lodge during the homecoming celebration for State Assn. Vice-Pres. John F. Schoonmaker. Others on hand included District Deputy Frank H. McBride and P.D.D. F. Vincent Hauber, former Vice-President of the Association.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



Above: On hand to see 108 men initiated into Waukegan, Ill., Lodge, were left to right: Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters and Floyd E. Thompson, D.D. Willis G. Maltby and E.R. Fred W. Graff, Jr.



Right: Richmond, Calif., Lodge's \$5,000 check is presented to Dr. L. H. Fraser, right, Pres. of the West Dist. Contra Costa County Hosp., for the establishment of a children's ward in honor of Dr. C. L. Abbott, by P.E.R. B. W. Richardson, left. E.R. Dan Boone, center, smiles approval.



When D.D. Harry L. Mitchell, seated third from right, visited Monrovia, Calif., Lodge, the officers of the lodge initiated a United America Class of 15 law enforcement officers who are also pictured.

Waukegan, Ill., Lodge Accepts 108 New Members

The State Championship Ritualistic Team from DeKalb Lodge had the honor of initiating a tremendous class of outstanding Americans into Waukegan Lodge No. 702 in the presence of a great many officials of the Order. Among the visitors were Past Grand Exalted Rulers J. Edgar Masters, the Grand Secretary, and Floyd E. Thompson, and D.D. Willis G. Maltby. E.R. Fred W. Graff, Jr., and his fellow members were cordial hosts to their guests who enjoyed a delicious dinner prior to the business session. P.E.R. Eric Carlson was General Chairman for this well-planned program which was thoroughly enjoyed by a crowd of several hundred.

When D.D. Maltby paid his official visit to this lodge, E.R. Graff presented to him seven Participating Certificates in the Elks National Foundation, and reported that No. 702 has contributed over 300 pints of blood to our Armed Forces.

Neb. Elks' Crippled Children's Work Dramatically Depicted

An impressive example of the rehabilitation of a crippled child was presented to Gov. Val Peterson of Nebraska by representatives of the Neb. Elks and the State Child Welfare Division. The Governor received a framed panel of photographs showing the year-by-year improvement in Dale Davis from a badly crippled boy of six to a 20-year-old school teacher who walks without crutch or brace.

The youth, born with knee sockets set at a 45-degree angle, was brought into the crippled children's rehabilitation program carried out by the State Child Welfare Division in cooperation with the



E.R. M. B. Adams hands a prize to one of the winners in Woodlawn (Aliquippa), Pa., Lodge's children's costume parade as other participants, and Burgess Arthur Tracy and Secy. H. F. Drake look on.



Nebraska's Gov. Val Peterson and Gov-elect Robert Crosby hold pictures of Dale Davis, crippled boy aided by the Neb. State Elks Assn. and the State Crippled Children's Services.



E.R. Alfred L. Bolduc and Committeemen present Lewiston, Me., Lodge's gift of two Isolettes, a new type of incubator, to the city's two hospitals at a cost of nearly \$1,600. The gifts were accepted by Sister Mathiew of St. Mary's Hospital, front row center, Miss Jeannette Morin, Registered Nurse of Central Maine General Hospital, second from right, front row, and Sister Berard, right.

Elks by P.E.R. Ed F. Petersen of McCook Lodge, a P.D.D. and a member of the Elks Benevolence Committee. He and E. C. Mudge, Co-Chairman of the Elks Committee, made the presentation in the Governor's office in the presence of State Assistance Director Neil C. Vandemoer who pointed out that without the Elks, the State's 26 annual crippled children's clinics could not be conducted. Others present were P.E.R. Ed Hoyt of McCook

and Board of Control Member Thomas Dredla.

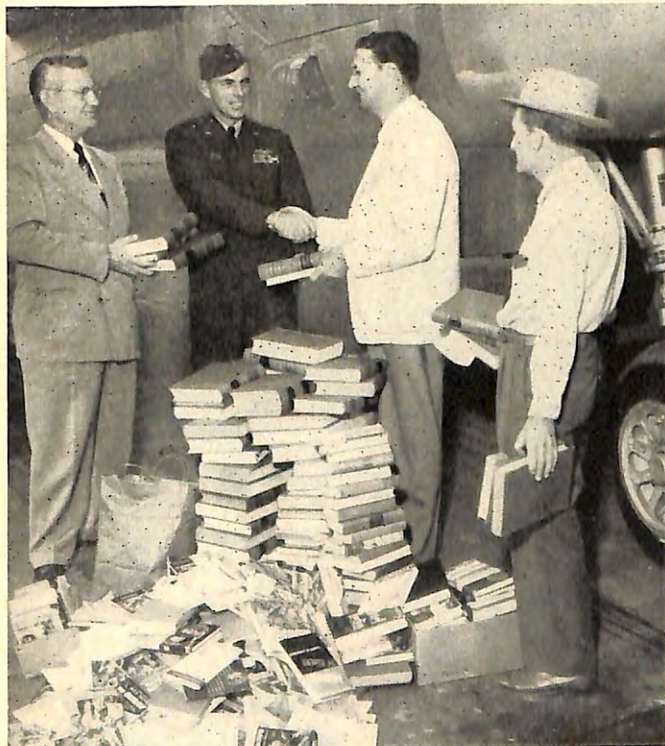
Another Carnival Report from San Antonio, Tex., Lodge

San Antonio Lodge No. 216 has just completed another of its annual six-day carnivals for the benefit of the Texas Elks Assn. Crippled Children's Hospital at Ottine. As usual, the public gave full support to the affair, and it was again a

financial success, making it possible for No. 216 to continue and to expand its aid to these little unfortunates.

The carnival included a floor show, dance, bathing beauty contest, games and the distribution of Government bonds for attendance prizes.

Now in its sixth year of operation, the Texas Elks Hospital has rehabilitated nearly 150 children at no expense to their families.



Above: When Air Force Capt. Le Roy Qualey, an Elk, second from left, visited Glendale, Calif., Lodge recently he remarked that the men at the Las Vegas, Nev., Air Base had nothing to read. In a short time Glendale Lodge had donated dozens of books shown here being loaded on an Army bomber by Capt. Qualey. At left, Est. Lead, Knight W. E. Hegi; third and fourth from left, respectively, E.R. C. W. Ericson and Herb Bruck.

Right: Lovely little one and one-half-year-old Phyllis Johnson, one of the youngsters being aided at the Texas Elks Assn.'s Crippled Children's Hospital at Ottine, pictured with C. E. Smeltz, Secy. of San Antonio Lodge, who was one of the pioneers in the establishment of the hospital.

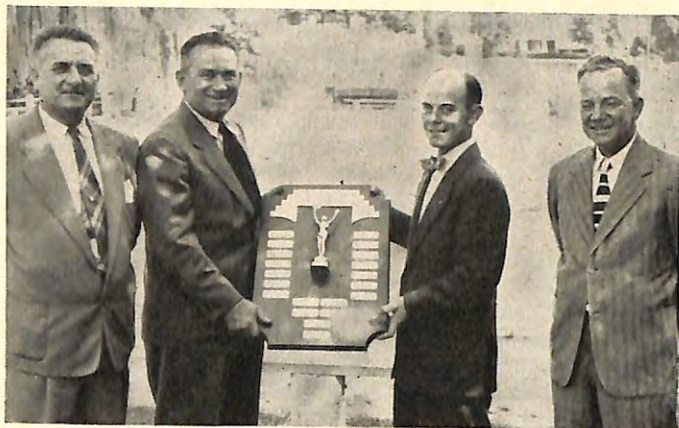




E.R. William Chenault, second from right, presents Decatur, Ala., Lodge's gift of a motion-picture projector to City School Librarian Mrs. W. T. Jordan, as Secy. Carter Dobbs, left, and Joseph Elliott, right, look on.



E.R. Jerry Hetfield, center, presents Harvey, Ill., Lodge's \$1,000 check in the Elks National Foundation to D.D. Willis G. Maltby, left, in the presence of P.E.R. Ray Stephen of Joliet, Secretary to D.D. Maltby.



Each year, Coatesville, Pa., Lodge holds a Junior Olympics for the 300 children using the city's four playgrounds. The trophy is being presented here to the supervisor of the winning playground, Chet Haupt, by E.R. W. J. McBride, second from right. At left is City Councilman Bob Althouse and right, City Playground Supervisor Leo Atkinson, both Elks.



Jersey City, N. J., Lodge presents its annual \$100 check to the A. Harry Moore Crippled Children's School Library, founded by the lodge. Left to right: Est. Lead, Knight V. P. Cahill, P.E.R. A. Harry Moore, Board of Education Pres. Benjamin Arlook and City Librarian Wm. J. Roehrenbaeck. This was the last picture taken of former Gov. Moore prior to his death.



When D.D. Fred D. Hilliard visited Idaho Falls, Ida., 17 men were initiated in his honor. Left to right are P.D.D. James Allen, Mr. Hilliard, Past State Pres. Dr. Andrew McCauley and P.D.D. Col. E. L. Shattuck.



Six of the twelve 50-year members of Wallace, Ida., Lodge who attended Old Timers Night recently. Left to right: A. E. Nugent, Andrew Anderson, P.E.R. C. Z. Seelig, Francis Gillice, Dan Murphy, and P.E.R. Harry McKinlay.

Quincy, Mass., Elks Go Places and Welcome New Members

While the members of Quincy Lodge No. 943 are very active at the many events held within the confines of their own home, they also frequently participate in interesting Elk affairs elsewhere. Quite a number of them attended the year's second regional meeting of the Mass. Elks Assn. which took place at the home of Pittsfield Lodge No. 272. Led by E.R. Joseph E. Brett, the delegation included State Assn. Treas. Fred

N. Krim and several lodge officers, among them Secy. Edward D. Larkin, a Past State Pres., and Treas. J. Russell Bradley, a P.D.D. Dr. Henry I. Yale, current Pres., presided at the meeting at which more than half the State's lodges were represented.

E.R. Brett led a group of his fellow members to the home of Hyannis Lodge No. 1549 when D.D. Walter E. Quinlan made his official visit to that lodge, and the following day another delegation traveled to Milton Lodge No. 1686 for the reception for Mr. Quinlan there.

At their own home, these busy Elks did justice to a fine Italian dinner prepared and served under the direction of P.E.R. Larry Antonelli on the evening of Armistice Day. A few weeks later, an outstanding class of 14 men became affiliated with the Order as Quincy Lodge's United America Class, and another fine group was initiated in December as its Freedom Week Class.

No. 943 recently presented an incubator to the local hospital, and gave \$500 to Nazareth, a \$4,000.000 settlement for homeless children.

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1953

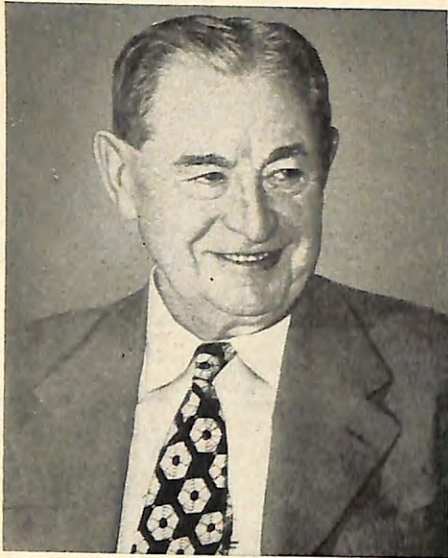


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COLORADO ELK LEADER MOURNED



MILTON L. ANFENGER

MILTON L. ANFENGER, a leading figure in Western Elk affairs for many years, passed away recently at General Rose Memorial Hospital in Denver, Colo., after a brief illness.

Born Sept. 3, 1874, the son of a pioneer Denver settler, Mr. Anfenger practiced law in his native city, following his graduation from Stanford University.

He was Dean of Past Exalted Rulers of Denver Lodge No. 17, and served as District Deputy in 1920 during the term of the late William M. Abbott as Grand Exalted Ruler. He was a former President of the Colorado State Elks Assn., and in 1937 acted as Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight of the Order.

President of the Denver Bears of the old Western Baseball League from 1923 until 1932 when the league disbanded, Mr. Anfenger was honored at the Bears Stadium last August in a tribute in which the Elks participated, taking recognition of his many services to local baseball and civic welfare.

Active in numerous Community Chest Campaigns and a prominent member of the Elks Charity Board, he devoted almost his entire time in the past several years to philanthropic work. A year ago he was reelected to his sixth term as President of the National Jewish Hospital, nationally famous medical institution. He was a former President of the Allied Jewish Council and of the Central Jewish Aid Society and a Vice Grand Noble of the Union Lodge Odd Fellows. He was also affiliated with the Denver Masonic Lodge, Rocky Mountain Consistory and El Jebel Shrine.

Milton Anfenger was an outstanding example of a real Elk, adhering religiously to the four cardinal principles of the Order, and to his wife, sisters and brothers who survive him, the Magazine staff extends its heartfelt sympathy.



Above: During the official visit of District Deputy R. B. Pergrem to Cynthiana, Ky., Lodge, P.E.R. William E. Boswell, right, presented gold lapel buttons to, left to right: 50-year Elk Clarence P. Lair, 51-year Elk William M. Terry and Ben H. Conner, who has been an Elk for 52 years.



Above: E.R. C. J. Mertz, center, sees Lafayette, Ind., Lodge's \$3,962.72 check presented to Ind. Elks Cancer Fund Chairman T. E. Burke, right, by local Fund Chairman N. O. Neiberger. The Ind. Elks have donated more than \$252,000 to Cancer Research at Purdue and Indiana Universities during the past five years.



Left: Pittsburg, Kans., Lodge officers, D.D. Ray Howard and State Pres. C. E. Klein, stand behind the 28-man United America Class, one of whom was initiated for Houston, Tex., Lodge.

Below: Battle Creek, Mich., Lodge's United America Class with the officers of the lodge.



IOWA ELKS BILLIARD TOURNAMENT

The Iowa Elks 4th Annual Billiard Tournament will be held Feb. 28-Mar. 1 with Des Moines Lodge No. 98 as host. Those interested may contact Chairman Fred Erickson at Des Moines Lodge.

ST. LOUIS CONVENTION WILL SPOTLIGHT MUSICAL GROUPS



At the home of St. Louis, Mo., Lodge, local Grand Lodge Convention Committeemen discuss plans for the 1953 Meeting. Left to right: Chairman G. E. Wunderlich, Associate Chairmen R. J. Connelly and R. J. Betlach, Convention Director B. J. McKeogh of New York and E.R. P. J. Weber.

ST. LOUIS, one of the nation's great centers of music appreciation, will be treated with the greatest array of Elk musical talent ever assembled when the 89th Grand Lodge Convention meets in that city July 5-9. Convention officials are making plans to arrange a program that will attract a record number of choruses, quartets, bands and drum and bugle corps, as well as drill teams, to add to the pageantry of Elksdom.

The local Convention Committee, headed by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell as Honorary Chairman, announced that every musical organization and each drill team participating in the Convention contests will have a role in a gigantic Minstrel Show staged by St. Louis Lodge No. 9 as one of the major Convention attractions. The Committee has decided to increase the prizes to be offered for these contests to encourage greater participation. Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, said that this reflects a recent trend toward greater recognition of the wealth of musical talent in the Elks. More and more emphasis has been placed on musical and precision drill competitions since the traditional parade was eliminated as a Convention highlight.

New Yorkers long will remember the colorful drill team and band and drum and bugle corps contests staged in Rockefeller Plaza at last year's Grand Lodge Convention in New York—events enjoyed not only by Elks and their ladies, but

also by the people of New York. This was the first time that these events that add so much to the Convention were given such an important place on the program. The participation of these musical groups in the Elks Day ceremonies at the Yankee Stadium, and the concert with which the musical organizations from near and distant points of the country entertained patients in Bellevue Hospital, helped to give New Yorkers a pleasant reminder that the Elks were in town. As we look forward to the Convention in St. Louis next July, the 1953 Grand Lodge Convention officials hope to do as well, or better, for the people of St. Louis that they, too, may be privileged to hear these great Elk organizations.

The schedule of prizes for the various contests will be announced shortly. Judges for the music contests will be drawn from leading musicians while the drill team competition will be judged by U. S. Army officers.

Copies of the rules governing Convention contests can be obtained by writing to Bryan J. McKeogh, Convention Director, Room 606, 292 Madison Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

More than one-third of the state delegations have been allocated hotel space. St. Louis hotels have blocked out every available room for the use of the Convention Committee, and under an agreement with it are accepting reservation requests from no individuals. These must be made to State Association, and in turn by them transmitted to Director McKeogh.

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Strike at the Pool

(Continued from page 7)

have a few minutes of swimming and otter-diving in the cool, green-foamy waters, but a strong sense of danger was warning him to finish his panning and start out of that lonely country before the dusk came on.

As he poured the dibble of gold-heavy sand into his leather poke, he flicked a glance around at the woods and rocky fastnesses near him. All day he had been troubled about the fresh footprints he had run onto that morning on the game trail below the pool. Why, he wondered, had that unknown party deliberately kept out of sight? Always a person meeting up with another man back in wild country stopped for a sociable talk and smoke. Any person, that is, of good will.

Another thing troubling Chris about those tracks was the fact that the unique pattern of the bar-and-diamond tread on the soles identified the boots as belonging to Dave Grayson, the Indian agent at Siwash Landing. He knew this positively; the pattern, size and even a patch on the left sole tallied exactly. But it didn't make sense to suppose that a close friend like Dave Grayson, the best white-man friend he'd ever had, would have avoided him like that. Besides, Grayson was so tied down at the reservation, trying to start a couple of projects and fighting off attempts to sabotage him, that he simply hadn't time for a fishing or hunting trip.

But *somebody*, Chris told himself, had made those tracks. And whoever had been around there that morning, silent and shadowy, might be around there still, spying on him.

The swirling caldron pool was no more than fifty feet across but it was deceptively deep—twenty-five to thirty feet directly under the falls—and Chris realized that this deepness explained the old riddle of the ghost gold on the Wolf. Why, men had asked, did the upper reaches of the stream show good color and the lower reaches no color at all? Now the answer was clear. The dust and pinhead nuggets washing down from the upper Wolf had settled in the deep basin worn by the plunging waters. The floods and ice of the spring break-ups had kept moving the sand and gravel out of the pool and down the spillway, but the heavy gold had been trapped, as by the riffle bar of a huge sluice, and there it had been accumulating for centuries.

As he tossed out his scoop for the pan that he meant to be his last, Chris noticed that a pair of whisky-jacks were hopping around excitedly in an old tamarack up on the rimrock. The beat and thrum of the falls drowned out their noise but by their actions he could tell they were quarreling at some intruder up there.

The low, slant sun was striking into the tangle, and as Chris studied the birds he saw they were centering their attention on an odd-looking boulder near the outer edge of the thicket. Then his sharp

eyes made out that this object, half screened by the feathery junipers, wasn't a boulder at all but *the head and shoulders of a man*.

Trying not to show he had noticed anything wrong, he started pulling his line back in. But for a moment he was a little stunned and couldn't think or plan; could only realize that the unknown party up yonder had been watching him all day; watching him dredge and sluice and pour the dibles into his poke, and so had caught on that the pool was a rich strike. Now that bush-sneak, coveting the find for himself, was looking at him over the barrel of a rifle.

With his first clear thought he saw that before anything else he had to get off that naked shelf-rock and into cover. Into the shelter of those spruces forty feet down along the water edge. Once in cover he'd stand a good chance of making it to his hidden canoe below the pool and getting his own rifle. And then this party might find out that Cree eyes and ears and the bushcraft of a Woods Cree were more than he'd bargained on.

Making out he was merely stepping away from his work for a minute, he set his pan on a rock, laid his poke of gold dust beside it, and started down along the edge of the shelf, hoping to reach the spruces before his enemy got suspicious. But the ruse failed. When he was hardly halfway to the trees he saw the fellow rise up in the junipers to get a clearer view and better shot. As he leaped for a boulder to his right, a bullet burned over his head, and the *cr-aa-ck* of a heavy rifle caromed around the amphitheater of the pool and rimrock.

Before he could dive behind the boulder, the rifle *cr-aa-cked* twice more. The first bullet missed him cleanly. But with the next shot something like a sharp, savage club-blow hit him solidly on the left leg, knocked his feet out from under him and sprawled him on the rock.

By a desperate scramble he managed to get behind the boulder, and for a few dazed seconds he lay quiet there, breathing hard. His leg felt suspiciously limp and useless, and with his belt knife he slit the trouser and looked. It jarred

He Wasn't Beaten...

Back in 1920, everything looked rosy to young Sam Stern. Just back from the Army, Stern was developing a promising business—a department store—with his father.

Waiting for him at home each night was his young wife, Helen, and a bouncing baby daughter, Patricia.

But, a year later, tragedy struck. Little Patricia died of what the Sterns now believe was polio.

Sam Stern went on building up his business and using up his extra energy in civic groups—the Elks Lodge—the Chamber of Commerce and the American Legion.

Then, in 1925, a son, Thomas Alexander, was born.

'Do You Wonder...'

Perhaps remembering Patricia as he watched his little son grow, Stern threw himself into his civic work. He was a leader in getting the Elks to start a crippled children's program in North Dakota.

● In 1937, tragedy struck again. Thomas fell ill with polio. For nine years, he fought bravely, only to die of a kidney disease at the age of 21.

● But Sam Stern wasn't beaten. He redoubled his efforts, and became North Dakota chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis.

● And now, as national Grand Exalted Ruler of the Elks, Sam Stern again is urging the Elks toward greater efforts to help stricken children.

"While I am walking about as a practical everyday sort of fellow," he says, "I'm contributing to the well-being, success and happiness of my fellow man. Do you wonder that this brings me contentment, as I watch the glow of each day's setting sun?"

The above inspiring editorial about Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern appeared in the January 11, 1953, issue of "Parade," the Sunday Picture Magazine.

him to see the big, gaping tear halfway between knee and hip, but the thing that drove fright all through him was the ominous gush of blood pulsing out.

For a black moment or two he felt crushed by the hopelessness of his situation. He was weaponless and couldn't defend himself; wounded and couldn't escape; pinned down and couldn't even move without drawing a blast from that murderous rifle. It was forty miles—down Wolf Creek and the Siwash River—to human help, and time was running out on him, with every pulse and throb of his bullet-torn leg.

But then the courage that was bedrock in Chris Flying Beaver, the same courage which had kept him hunting for the ghost gold and had led him to move off the reservation and go it alone, came flowing back into him; and he swore that after all his sweat, toil and lonely prospecting no vicious, idle claim-jumper was going to rob him of that little fortune of Yellow-Heavy.

Though he was safe for the moment, he knew he dared not lie there behind the boulder and let that bleeding go on. Lifting his head a few cautious inches, he studied the sloping shelf-rock he was lying on, the pool, the nearest spruces. The trees were only twenty feet away and for a moment he considered trying for them again. But he gave up this notion. Across the twenty feet of bare, wide-open rock that deadly gun would riddle him.

He glanced again at the pool and the swift, narrow spillway at the lower end, and an idea sprang into his mind. At first thought it looked like not much more than a quick way of suicide, but when he studied it closer he felt it did offer him a hope, slim but genuine, of escaping that pitiless rifle.

Stoically he made himself lie quiet, in spite of the pain and the pulsing trickle, till he had thought the plan out carefully, step by step.

IN THE back of his mind he was remembering the peculiar bark and flouncing echoes of the rifle, and he recognized it as a long-barreled .370. He knew of only one such gun in the country of the Siwash. Originally that gun had belonged to his cousin, Sam Kitikitimwah. A couple of years ago Mounted Corporal Raoul French had confiscated it for cause, and later it had been bought in by Dave Grayson.

But in spite of the boot tracks and gun, he flatly refused to believe that the agent had any connection whatever with this claim-jumping business. For years the white man had been his good friend. When he'd decided to move off the reservation so that his family could live in the dignity and independence of other folk, Grayson had backed him up and helped him get a job with the timber outfit at standard pay. Dozens of times Grayson had dropped in at the three-room Flying Beaver cabin in town, played with the Beaver Pup, eaten food of Nu-

mahita's cooking and talked about his troubles out on the reservation.

In a vague way he felt there was something mysterious about the boots and gun. Something sinister, which he couldn't yet see.

As the first step of the plan he had thought out, he reached for a stick of driftwood, put his hat on it and raised the hat till the crown showed above the boulder. As he expected, the move drew a ripple of bullets from the cliff top. With the echo of the shots Chris flung up his arms, tried drunkenly to get to his feet, but toppled backwards and collapsed. A convulsive thrashing of his arms and legs sent him rolling lifelessly down the shelf-rock, and he dropped with a splash into the green, foam-flecked pool.

The shock of the cool water was bracing, and he found his useless leg no great handicap. Keeping tight against the jut of the shelf-rock, where his enemy could not see him, he worked his way down along the pool to within a few yards of the lower end. Then, with a deep breath and a kick against the rock wall, he struck out under water for the spillway channel.

He was figuring that if he could keep out of gunsight he probably had enough of a head start to reach his canoe. It was possible, even, that the man would crouch up on the rimrock a considerable while, expecting to see the lifeless body of Chris Flying Beaver flung up by a swirl or boil.

The tug and pull of the swift spillway current took hold of him like invisible fingers and swept him along—into the narrowing chute and down through the white waters of a *skookum chuck*. He began feeling giddy for lack of breath, but the memory of that rifle kept him fighting on and on, refusing to come up till he was safely out of sight. The water turned very dark and he knew he was down to where the spruces overhung the creek, but still he kept under, battling for a few more yards, till lungs and brain rebelled and he had to come up, gasping and spluttering.

A strange tiredness came over him as the current carried him down stream. He knew that this was because of his wound, and he realized he was already too badly weakened to think about stalking his enemy and shooting it out. The utmost he could hope for was to keep ahead of the claim-jumper, get to the Landing first and get his precious discovery nailed down.

As he approached the creek widening where his canoe was cached, he watched and listened sharply for some sign of his enemy. But he heard no "alarm calls" of bird or animal and knew the man was nowhere around. Likely, he thought, the fellow was still up on the cliff, watching the pool. That little grotesquerie of getting shot and rolling into the water like a sack of pemmican had been more convincing than he'd dared hope.

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green wall of branches. he found his canoe undisturbed, dragged himself into it, got out his kit and set to work on his wound. With pads, tape and anti-hemorrhage powder he cut the bleeding down to a slow ooze. He believed it might stop entirely after a while but he felt lightheaded and fearfully weak and the pain was beginning to nauseate him.

By a punishing struggle he managed to launch his canoe and shove it out into the current. When he was headed down stream he freed his rifle and propped it against the gunwale. But he knew he was in no condition for a gun fight if the claim-jumper overtook him. He was entirely too weak, too shaky.

The sun was still golden on the high rocky hills but the first whippoorwill dusk was sifting through the spruces of the deep creek valley when he sighted the Siwash, through the lane of trees ahead. With a surge of renewed hope he told himself that now he'd have the strong young river to help him. But when he guided the canoe through the creek-mouth eddies and into mid-stream, it seemed to him that the Siwash was tormentingly slow and dawdling. And he found he no longer had strength enough to paddle. The most he could do was to make a drag stroke every few rods to keep his craft in the main current.

Battling the terrible numbing weakness, he kept fighting on and on, as the twilight deepened. It was a struggle merely to sit up but he made himself do that. He was afraid the paddle would slip out of his slack hands and he'd lose it, so he cut the babische lacing from his pack, tied one end of the raw-hide cord to the paddle and the other end to a thwart. To keep his courage up he kept muttering to himself, over and over, that the river was taking him home. But he knew better. His common sense told him that long before the river got him home to the Landing he would be dead. At its slow pace his canoe would be twice around the clock drifting down to the little town, and the Long Night would be on him before then.

He was several miles down river, in the gathering owl dusk, when he became aware of a thrumming noise back up-stream. It grew rapidly louder, clearer, till finally he recognized it as the *putt-putt* of a kicker-boat coming down the Siwash, and coming fast.

He knew it was his enemy. The man had cached his boat somewhere along the Siwash and now, after failing to find the body at the pool, he was streaking for the Landing, to file on that strike.

He was still clear-headed enough to realize the claim-jumper would pump him full of bullets on sight. Aroused by the danger, he reached out for a palm of water, laved his face, and got together enough strength to guide the canoe in against the dark river bank. Whether or not the man would see him there he didn't know.

In just a minute or two the kicker-

boat came skirling around a bend up-stream. With feeble hands Chris reached for his rifle. The gun felt heavy as a log and it slid out of his grasp onto the canoe slats. But he picked it up again, rested the muzzle on the gunwale, crouched down so that he was nearly hidden, and waited.

The one thought in his mind and heart as the boat headed down toward him was not the threat to his own life but the cruel consequences to his wife and child if he never got home. From that little fortune asleep in the overfalls pool they would never get one cent. What was worse, they'd have no husband and father, no breadwinner. Inevitably they'd have to go back to the reservation shack, the rations dole, the poverty-pinched "security" which he and Numahita had wanted no part of.

AGAINST the lighter background of the open river he could see the boat fairly well. Though equipped now with a kicker and a prow spotlight, it was the old green fifteen-footer which Dave Grayson kept in a slough near his home and used when he had an hour free for fishing or when his troubles on the reservation plunged him into discouragement and he needed a little while alone.

As the boat came on and on, the man in the stern, peering ahead for floating logs and gravel-bed shallows, looked increasingly familiar to Chris till finally, with a shock, he recognized the person. No bush-sneak white man, as he'd been thinking, but a fellow Cree, Sam Kitikitimwah—his own cousin and the son of Numahita's totem uncle, old Slow Bear.

Several times in the past hour he had wondered if the claim-jumper had run across him by pure accident or if the man had somehow known he was close to discovering the ghost gold of the Wolf. Now he saw how that was. Numahita had incautiously talked. On his last trip in for supplies he had told her that his hunt had narrowed down to the stretch of creek containing the falls. Some hint of this old Slow Bear had weaseled out of her, and the subchief had packed the news to Sam Who-Suns-Himself.

But still he couldn't see where Dave

Grayson fitted into the picture. The boots, rifle, boat and all looked like a mountain of evidence that Grayson had somehow been party to the shooting and claim-snatching, but this he could not believe, mountain or no.

Just when the boat was directly out from him, he saw Sam turn his head, spot the canoe and make a startled grab for his rifle. The *putt-putt* tailed off to idling and the boat swerved over toward him. With his rifle against his cheek and his finger on the trigger, Sam slowly rose up, peering at the dark canoe and ready to shoot at the first move or stir in it.

Chris waited, waited, knowing he would have one shot only. All his battle to save the little pot-hole fortune and his own life along with it seemed to have come down to that one shot from his rifle. If he could put Kitikitimwah out, could somehow drag himself into that swift kicker-boat . . . He was so weak he could hardly hold his head up, and the muzzle of his gun was weaving and wobbling, but with his last flicker of strength and will he kept his rifle as steady as he could on the dark-hazy figure of his enemy and hung on through the endless seconds.

When the boat was no more than fifty feet away, he tightened on the trigger and shot.

In the dusk and gray river-mist he did not see exactly what happened. But he did make out, with a stab of anguished disappointment, that he hadn't killed his enemy or even disabled the man. At the bark of the gun Kitikitimwah gave a terrified yelp, spun half around and seemed on the point of toppling out of the boat. The rifle jerked out of his hands and dropped with a splash into the river. But in just a moment or two Kitikitimwah got hold of himself, ducked down low in the boat, yanked the throttle open and grabbed the steering rope.

The craft swung wide of the bank, swung off in a tight semi-circle, straightened out and then lined away down stream.

With despairing eyes Chris watched it disappear. The fierce little crisis had drained his last strength and he slumped back against a thwart, listening to the dying *putt-putt*. He believed he had hit Kitikitimwah, wounded him, but that made little difference. All that mattered was that the bush-sneak was streaking home to the Landing and would file on that strike. As the dark of unconsciousness stole over him, he wished he had lain quietly behind the boulder up at the overfalls and let the Long Night come on him there. His battle to keep alive and save his discovery had been mockingly useless. And his rifle shot, the shot that could have delivered him, was the most useless and mocking of all.

It was the *putt-putt-putt* of the old green boat that Chris first became aware of. It sounded very loud, very near, and in a groping fashion he thought that Sam

A Word of Appreciation

The Elks Magazine very sincerely extends its appreciation for the response of the following Brothers to our request in the December issue for early copies of the "Constitution and Statutes": Frank A. Hogenauer, Bridgeport, Conn.; Harry Zellweger, Utica, N. Y.; Frederick V. Peterson, Windsor, Conn.; John Rademaker, Manistee, Mich. and L. M. Young, Washington, D. C.

Kitikitimwah must have recovered from his panic and come back up the river to finish him off.

But when he opened his eyes he found himself in the boat itself, on a rough pallet up front. The owl dusk of his last memory had changed into the morning sun, bright on the rocky hills cradling the Siwash, and the figure in the stern, peering ahead for logs and gravel shoals, wasn't his despicable cousin but quiet, gray-eyed Corporal French.

The officer, seeing he was conscious, cut the motor. "The hypo has brought him out of it for a minute, Dave."

A troubled and anxious Dave Grayson leaned over him. The one great worry in Chris's mind came to his lips.

"My strike—Sam got it?"

"I own that strike myself, Chris," Grayson told him. "Raoul and I didn't know if you were alive or dead, and we didn't want your discovery to go blowing around unclaimed, so I filed on it myself as the quickest, surest way to protect your family. When you're well enough to tend to business, I'll sell you your claim for one dollar, plus other goods and services."

"He's all puzzled, poor fellow," French said. "Chris, let me tell you what happened. Last night Kitikitimwah came thumping into the reservation hospital with a bullet wound. It was just a nasty flesh gouge up along his arm, but he was scared he was bleeding to death. When he wouldn't tell Nurse Fornier how he'd got shot, she called me over, and I pried

enough of the story out of him that I could guess the rest. So we patched him up and stuck him into the Police butter-tub, and then Dave and I hurried up here looking for you."

"That shot of yours, Chris," Grayson added, "surely saved me from the trouble of my life. We don't know the details yet, but Sam and old Slow Bear and some of my other enemies on the reservation had cooked up a scheme to make it look as though I was the person who ambushed and killed you. If you hadn't hung on, hadn't winged Sam, I'd be in a tub of mighty hot water. As it is, they're in the tub of hot water."

Chris swore a feeble oath of astonishment. So *there* was the sinister, unknown thing he'd felt all along, behind the boots, rifle, boat. A scheme to railroad Dave Grayson. He was wordlessly glad that all the mountain of evidence had failed to shake his faith in his white-man friend.

"So you quit worrying and we'll get you in to the hospital," Grayson said. With a grin he added: "By rights, fellow, you ought to be dead. Hours ago. But you'll make it. Just hang on."

Chris was slipping back into the queer dark of unconsciousness but he muttered doggedly, "I—I'll hang." As he thought of the ghost gold up the Wolf, and the Beaver Pup and the cottage home-of-their-own that Numahita had wanted for so long, he felt he had plenty, plenty to hang on for.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 23)

business, ranging from the usually excellent fare at the hotels to all manner of South Pacific and Oriental cuisine with atmosphere to match. For example, Don the Beachcomber has set his restaurant on Waikiki in a huge thatched hut with pools, gardens and tea houses set all over the grounds. He serves Chinese dishes, local fare such as grilled mahi-mahi or Hawaiian dolphin, and all manner of charcoal grilled meats. Trader Vic's is more of the same. The Willows has willows and a lily pool and there are a dozen Japanese tea houses with the waitresses in kimonos cooking sukiyaki all but in your lap. Civilization from the mainland has made its inroads and there is even a drive-in diner called the Kau Kau Korner, kau kau meaning "to eat."

Of the eight islands, you can fly from Oahu to Kauai, Molokai, Maui, and Hawaii, the Big Island. Hawaiian Airlines, soon to replace its DC-3s with swifter Convairs, whips you comfortably from Honolulu to Hilo on Hawaii, a matter of 216 miles, in an hour or so. Hawaii, besides being big, is also called The Orchid Island and The Volcano Island. There is indeed so much to see on the place, that you do best by contracting for a tour or hiring a car from Big Island U-Drive and go exploring on your own. There is a beach on The Big Island

where the sand is all black. Not far away there is a hot springs pool, fifty feet deep in spots, on which the natives throw orchids, which grow wild along the road down from Hilo where the plane lands. Hawaiian royalty used to vacation up at Kona on the west shore and the tourists have since taken up the idea as a pretty good one. There isn't enough I can say for the Kona Inn, a modern hotel that nestles as aptly as a Polynesian, into this corner of old Hawaii. It sits at the brink of Kailua Bay where the chieftains of old pushed out in war canoes to conquer the neighboring islands. There is a swimming pool hard by and a dining terrace that is sheltered, yet is open to the sea air and the sea view. The maitre d'hotel makes a point of saying *Aloha Kakaika*, or "good morning", to all hands who appear bright and early for *aina kakaika*, which is breakfast. Rates here are about \$28 for two, including three meals. Somewhat less expensive will be the Waiaka Lodge about a hundred yards off.

A drive from Kona down the west shore road will bring you through the weird lava fields left by the eruptions of giant Mauna Loa which towers 13,680 feet above the sea. It last blew up in 1950. The flows as far back as 1807 are all marked by the Hawaii Visitors Bureau



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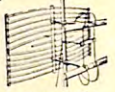
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and they make an eerie spectacle of sterile black rocky earth burned into the luxurious Hawaiian countryside. At Volcano House you can have lunch and a simultaneous view of Kilauea Volcano. There are trips by the National Park Service inside the crater.

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which went into effect the beginning of December. Standard first class fare is \$168 one way and \$303 round trip. The difference, since the airplanes are the same, is that there are twenty-five more passengers on tourist class, fewer cabin attendants, no liquor, and a small charge for meals. Pan Am also flies luxury sleepers which barely give you time for a drink in the cocktail lounge, dinner, and a fast night's sleep before Los Angeles or S.F. looms out of the clouds. The airline also provides bags for passengers' leis, which gives you a chance to carry some of the loveliness of Hawaii with you long after the last aloha has faded away over Waikiki.

Skill on Ice

(Continued from page 16)

about hockey—the immense skill required to play it on the highest level. His is a typical reaction. It happens over and over again. Every night that the Rangers play a National Hockey League game at the Garden there are present out-of-towners from many parts of the country who are seeing their first hockey game. Invariably they exclaim over the wonderful skating and speak of how exciting it is.

But hockey is, fundamentally, as simple as any of the games in which a stick is used to make an object go in a certain direction. What makes it different is that it is played on skates and it is violent. Far more than other games, it is a swift and savage spectacle that gives continuous opportunity for rapid movement of the utmost grace. That so much violence can be combined with so much skill and cleverness is, at first, hard to comprehend. People get hurt—and hurt badly sometimes—playing hockey and a man must depend on his cleverness as a skater if he is to keep out of the hospital for long.

For behind this movement that so pleases the eye lies an enormous technique that belongs to hockey alone, not to skating. The most graceful figure skater in the world or the world champion speed skater would be a helpless bungler in a professional hockey game unless he had mastered the technique of hockey skating.

EVERYONE KNOWS without having seen a game that skating is the most important thing in hockey, the foundation on which everything else is built. Few realize that hockey skating is something quite different from the ordinary kind, with endless hours of specialized practice required to perfect the technique, almost, one might say, from infancy onward. There is just no such thing as a "natural" hockey skater.

Among the special types of skating the hockey player must master are free skating with or without the puck, agility skating at top speed, backward skating and stops and turns at top speed that

almost take the breath away when seen during a game. There also are special techniques for special positions on the team and particular situations and certain tricks and skills for which every hockey player must strive and which, once mastered, make him stand out a little above his fellows in one respect or another.

At one moment of a game against the champion Detroit Red Wings this winter for instance, Edgar Laprade, the Rangers' clever stick-handling center, intercepted a shot by Gordie Howe, the game's greatest all-around player, at the mouth of the New York goal. With eleven of the twelve players on both teams concentrated in the Ranger zone, Laprade seemed hopelessly trapped.

Howe and Red Kelley, probably hockey's finest defenseman, flew at him to drive him into a corner and force him to give up the puck, but just as they were about to hit him Laprade stopped and bent over with his bottom up. They hit him almost together, but only glancingly, and it was they who crashed into the boards.

Laprade, finding now a few feet and a split second in which to maneuver, moved behind the cage and looked up for a Ranger who could receive a pass and start the long journey back up the ice. All were covered and Laprade, unwilling to give up the disk, was about to be pinned in the opposite corner by Ted Lindsay, the other great Detroit wing, who was closing in rapidly.

But Laprade, moving deliberately and carefully, swerved left, barely missing a terrific check. He had feinted Lindsay into throwing the blow an instant too soon and now set out for the Detroit blue line, sixty feet away, beyond which lay temporary safety. There he was caught, but again just before contact was made he whirled completely around, keeping the puck on his stick, and skated rapidly for the right sideline.

Now Kelly was back at him with a crashing body check but Laprade once more stopped suddenly at the last instant, flipped the puck against the side-

boards and, swerving, picked it up behind Kelly as it came off. Now in mid-ice, the situation suddenly changed. The Rangers, defending desperately a moment earlier, were attacking.

The attack formed quickly. Laprade cut for the center of the rink with the puck to give his two wings, Nick Mickoski and Ed Kullman, a chance to get on either side of him and make a play possible either way. Red Wing skaters flew to cover all three.

But Laprade, faking a pass to Kullman on the right, slid the puck across the ice to Mickoski at the Detroit blue line. Mickoski drew another defender to him as he dashed down the left lane but he did not take the puck with him. He left it dead for Laprade, trailing, to pick up again.

Mickoski, still guarded by a Detroit defender, moved rapidly behind the net and, turning at right angles, was in front of the cage just in time to take Laprade's pass between the legs of the now concentrated Detroit defense and pass it back. Laprade skated directly at Terry Sawchuck, cut right drawing the goalie that way and shot left into a corner of the net.

In this furious burst of activity covering only seconds every one of the specialized techniques of hockey skating had been demonstrated and every player on both sides had been involved. Laprade, because of his complete mastery of the techniques of skating, while juggling a puck on his stick had outmaneuvered one of the greatest hockey teams of all time when its greatest strength was on the ice. He had avoided being hit and kept control of the puck against the finest body checkers in the game. Only an artist at his trade, completely certain of himself, could have achieved it.

Following this game, incidentally, Laprade retired from hockey to return to Port Arthur, Ontario, and the thriving sporting goods business he had established out of the profits of many years in the National Hockey League.

Since this sort of furious attack and sudden counter-attack is more or less constant in a hockey game, the average player is required to skate nearly four miles during the three 20-minute periods of a game, most of it at top speed with many falls to the ice from body-checks, trips or crashes into the boards.

To the spectator, a hockey game seems to be conducted at break-neck speed and, confined within the limits of a 200-foot rink with ten men constantly whirling about and up and down, it does seem wonderfully rapid. It is, no doubt, the fastest of games, but there is, nevertheless, a misconception as to the actual

speed at which hockey players move. Analyses have shown that the average N.H.L. player, clocked while moving at top speed, travels only a little more than 20 miles an hour. The fastest, Max Bentley, of the Toronto Maple Leafs, and Milt Schmidt, of the Boston Bruins, hit 23 miles an hour. This means that they covered 100 yards in about 8.9 seconds.

Since the world speed skating mark for 100 yards, from a standing start, is 9.4 seconds, one tenth slower than the world track sprinting record, it is apparent that the hockey player does not move faster than the sprinter. However, if he were to skate 200 yards against a sprinter, he would be well out in front, and at 500 yards there would be nothing to it. But while going at this speed the hockey player can stop and turn and twist and whirl, and that the runner can never do.

The hockey player rarely skates more than twenty yards or so at a single burst before being checked and the instances when he cleverly eludes the defense, as Laprade did, and gets through for a shot or a scoring pass, provide great excitement for the spectator. Fifty times during a game there may be these short intense races involving half a dozen marvellous skaters and, in any event, they travel quite fast enough so that when body meets body the blow can be felt in the topmost gallery.

This violent contact led to some notable brawls on the ice in the past with heads laid open with sticks, bones broken and much blood spilled. Such affairs were frequent in the old days and the crowds loved them. Every team had a so-called "bad man" who could be counted on to start frequent battles that might involve every member of both teams before they were quieted.

The bloodiest and most famous of these old-time battles occurred during a Stanley Cup play-off between the Rangers and Montreal Canadiens at the Garden some years ago. Bill Cook, all-time hockey great and now the Ranger coach, had been harassed all evening by Nels Crutchfield, Montreal rookie just out of McGill University, and had not been able to get loose for a good shot on goal. The crowd, irked by the blanketing of the great star by the college kid, had been urging Cook, a noted fighter, on to violence.

Suddenly the puck shot to Cook and, getting the jump, he was off down the ice. Crutchfield, about to be outdistanced, came close behind and swept his stick across Cook's face and head, opening a deep gash. Cook dropped the puck and, whirling, struck Crutchfield across the face with the blade of his stick. The

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smack of stick on face could be heard above the roar of the crowd. With that, Nels brought his own stick around in a vicious arc of destruction but Cook, warned by the crowd's frantic yell, ducked and took the blow on his arm.

By this time the free-for-all was on. Players poured off both benches, led by Bun Cook, Bill's brother, who aimed a blow at Crutchfield that would have ended the rookie's career then and there. But Murray Murdoch, present Yale coach, tripped Bun, sending him to the ice.

Now a dozen separate fights were in progress all over the ice as players tried to settle individual differences. Cook and Crutchfield were covered with their own blood and others began to bleed too. Every player on both teams was involved and the battles lasted seven minutes, an interminable time for such an affair.

When things finally were quieted down with the aid of special Garden police, Crutchfield was banished from the game and Cook received major and minor penalties of seven minutes. During this time seventeen stitches were taken to close the cuts in his head and face. He returned to the game swathed in bandages and wearing a football helmet and a fresh shirt, his own having been saturated with blood. And, in this battered condition, Bill Cook scored the winning goal just before the end of the game.

This is the fight to which old-time hockey players and spectators point with greatest pride and, since the Ranger management happened to have a movie camera on hand, it has been preserved for posterity just as it happened.

IN LATE YEARS, however, this sort of thing has been legislated out with automatic fines and suspensions for deliberately injuring a player, or even for intent to injure. The most fiery player now tends to think twice before he swings a stick at an opponent's head. He is more inclined to bide his time until he can give it back without attracting official attention, for which he will have plenty of opportunity in so violent a game.

Many deplore this change but there are always those who hold that no game is as good as it used to be. The fact is that hockey has become a much faster game since the player limit was increased, thereby shortening the individual turns on the ice. These days a forward line remains on the ice an average of about two minutes, whereas formerly the average was five or six. So, with frequent rest periods, a player can go at top speed every second he is out there.

But tempers still do flare, for hardly a game goes by without a fight. However, these days hockey players usually drop their sticks, remove their gloves and swing at one another with fists. These bouts, once started, often spread as individual differences are settled all over the ice in private combat, with the crowd, of course, in an uproar. They are exciting but usually nothing much happens.

It is difficult for a man to handle his fists while he is on skates. Heads do get laid open now and then, noses are bloodied and sometimes bones are broken, for hockey still is a rough game and a dangerous one. But usually these occurrences are accidental. Mayhem has been reduced but the action undoubtedly is faster. People still love hockey for its violence, its cleverness and, if one may use the word, its beauty.

To get back now to our hypothetical friend from Tulsa, he has discovered during the first intermission that, although professional hockey at the highest level, and also on several lower levels, is played more extensively in the United States than in Canada, all the players, almost without exceptions, are Canadians. He learns that American boys never become skillful enough to play hockey with even the reasonably good professional teams. Since he looks, with considerable justice, on American athletes as the finest in the world, this puzzles him and he wants to know why.

It is by no means a matter of climate, as might be supposed, but of opportunity. Hockey is a Canadian game. Across the border these winter days, countless tens of thousands of small boys are on the ice far after dark practicing to acquire the special skating technique which is so admired in the National Hockey League. To all of these boys Maurice Richard is the national hero and they dream of one day becoming a Rocket themselves.

In Canada, hockey is so much the major interest that no boy, however remote his home and tiny his village, can possibly live beyond the reach of "organized" hockey. Every town is organized for hockey and almost all have indoor rinks on which to play regularly scheduled league games. If a boy has not the means to buy the rather expensive implements of the game, these are provided for him.

Picture a community of any size in which practically every individual is interested in hockey above all other sports

and supports the local game. Repeat this picture hundreds of times and you have the hockey set-up in Canada. Yet the strange thing is that big league hockey, all professional hockey in fact, depends for its existence largely on the United States.

Of the six teams in the N.H.L., only two, Montreal and Toronto, are in Canada. The others are New York, Detroit, Chicago and Boston. Besides the big league there are two other professional hockey leagues, the Western Canada League and the American Hockey League. These three leagues have teams in a total of twenty cities and thirteen of these cities are in the United States. Moreover, of the perhaps 400 men playing regularly on these teams this winter, and the countless others "owned" by them in amateur leagues in this country and Canada, no more than three or four are American boys.

IN THE thirty or so years during which the National Hockey League has operated in New York and other American cities, you can count on your fingers the American players who made it—and probably only one, Frank Brimsek, a goalie from Elveth, Minn., will be remembered. The reason, as indicated, is lack of opportunity, not climate. Hockey is an indoor game. No boy is going to learn its intricate skills on outdoor ice. In Canada there is hardly a town so small it does not have its indoor rink.

Our Tulsa friend, pondering these facts, finally asks, "But is there no town in the United States where a boy has a chance to learn?" Yes, there is one. It is Clinton, a village of about 1,500 in Central New York State, where remarkable hockey things are going on these days almost unobserved.

Clinton is without doubt the No. 1 hockey town of this country, if it is not actually the only one properly organized in the Canadian way. Its equipment is unsurpassed by any comparable town in



Split-second action, and timing, that makes hockey great. Don Raleigh, of the New York Rangers, watches puck after he fell shooting for Chicago Black Hawks net. Nick Mickoski (left) intercepts shot and in turn fires the puck at the Black Hawks cage.

Canada, and if its citizens take great pride in what has been achieved no one need be surprised. They should be proud.

For this achievement represents an outpouring of community spirit, an effort in which almost every member of the community took part.

The history of hockey in Clinton goes back twenty-five years, since the Town Team celebrated its 25th anniversary on Jan. 18, but actually it is only beginning now. Boys played hockey in Clinton during all those years but they never did have a proper place to play until Thanksgiving day, 1949, when the Clinton rink was opened.

I WAS the community effort that went into the building of this rink at a cost of \$250,000 that is remarkable. Following a particularly disappointing winter after many years of hardship and discouragement, a citizens' meeting was held on April 26, 1948. The people attending were determined to have the proper kind of hockey no matter how impossible it seemed for so small a village. They went to work and nineteen months from that first meeting their dream became reality.

They sold nearly 500 shares of non-profit stock at \$100 a share and issued \$100 4 per cent twenty-year bonds. With this inadequate capital they started construction while men, women and children went right on raising money. They conducted benefits, held auctions, solicited small gifts in and out of town. The town's electricians, plumbers, carpenters, painters and all manner of skilled workmen contributed evening and week-end labor on the building. Small boys, and even girls, swarmed around the place to fetch and carry, or do anything they could to help, as the whole town endeavored to keep coming, even in small dribbles, the money that would be needed.

When the rink finally was opened that Thanksgiving Day the entire town was present, for it was the culmination of a community effort seldom equaled. Clinton had shown what a town can do when the will is there.

What has this meant for hockey and for Clinton in the few short years since? It has meant that the Clinton Town Team is able to hold its own with the cream of the Canadian amateur teams and is at least the equal of the teams in the so-called commercial amateur leagues in the United States, which are not amateur at all in the proper sense and are all manned by Canadians.

The Clinton Town team, although the only American team in the Toronto-New York league, is the strongest. Clinton also has a Midget League of four teams of boys from six years to nine; a Pewee League of four teams of boys from ten to fourteen; a High School team and a junior High School League of four vicinities schools.

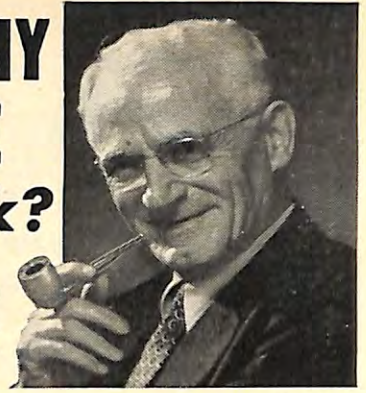
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The Elks Magazine April issue, once again, features a Spring Fishing Section. This is our Fifth such Section. Here's a brief preview of some of the interesting articles that will appear in it:

Even if you haven't had the opportunity to surf fish, you'll enjoy reading an article by Vlad Evanoff, salt water authority and author of an excellent book on this sport. Mr. Evanoff points up the action that surf fishing provides and at the same time offers some practical suggestions as to how best results can be obtained.

Ted Trueblood, who has written so many splendid hunting and fishing articles for The Elks Magazine, has prepared a down-to-earth discussion of spinning. To back up the article, Ted prepared a series of photographs illustrating the technique he employs.

Dan Holland, our other Rod and Gun writer, is working on an article for this issue and, of course, Dan always has something interesting to say, particularly since he is an expert on trout fishing.

"Tackle Tips" the department that has proved so popular in past issues will once again illustrate and describe the newest and best in fishing equipment.

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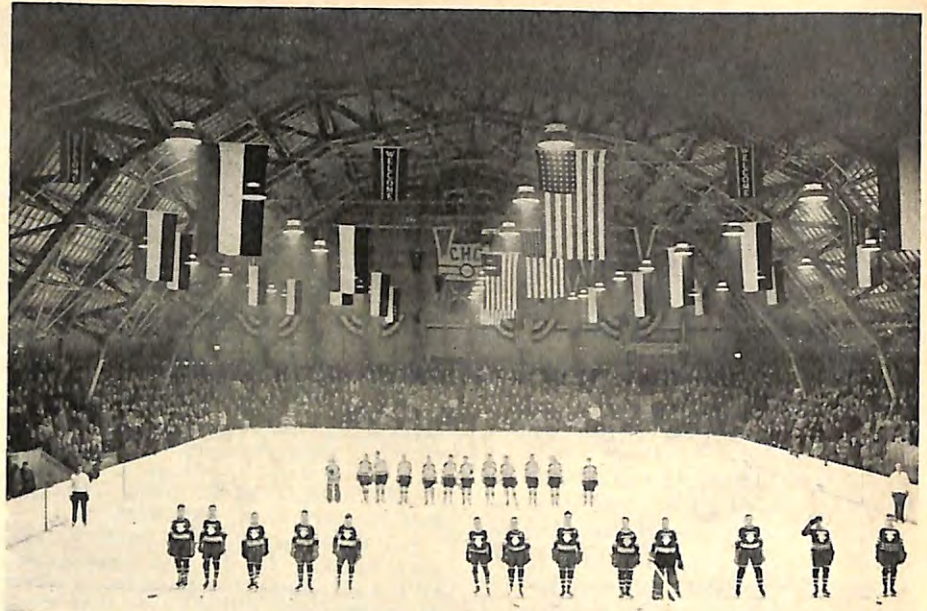
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The United States' great spot for hockey—the rink at Clinton, New York. Toronto University team, with the Clinton Comets in background, stands at attention for the National Anthem before start of the game. Two thousand spectators are seated.

Canada, nor matched anywhere in the United States. More than 300 boys in this small town play regular, properly organized and properly coached hockey and the town itself is rapidly becoming the most important center for winter sports activities in its section of the country.

There never is a day through the winter when the new building is dark. Some days there are two or three hockey games and not many are played to less than capacity. The place seats 2,000 and has room for 500 standees. People drive in from Utica and Syracuse and other nearby cities.

The rink showed a 10 per cent profit its first winter. The people who bought stock are beginning to get their money back and already there is talk of retiring

the bonds before maturity. Clintonians continue to contribute their services as ticket takers, concessions operators, cleaners and all manner of odd jobs that need to be done.

A significant point is that Clinton hockey has improved so much in the three years that already it is attracting Canadian boys. Several came down this year to find jobs in the town or nearby and play on the Town Team. The little fellows on the Midgets and the Pee Wees look forward to graduating to the varsity. Some of them will make it in the years ahead and it may be that Clinton one day will furnish an American Rocket to excite the fans around the National Hockey League circuit, as our Tulsa friend was thrilled by Richard at his first hockey game at Madison Square Garden.

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

place—and this is something not commonly appreciated—there is as much open salmon water for you and me in Canada as there is privately-controlled water. Here is the way the public-water situation stacks up in general:

In Newfoundland and Nova Scotia, all waters are open. A man can go where he wants and fish wherever he pleases, and there's no end of fine water from which to choose. In Quebec and New Brunswick, much of the finest water is controlled, it is true; however, there are very good public waters in both these Provinces, too. The Quebec government maintains fishing rights for the public on the Matane, the Little Cascapedia and the Port Daniel. In New Brunswick, such rivers as the St. Johns and the world-famous Miramichi are public waters. The Miramichi is one of such places where I have personally taken salmon, and while fishing there, was in-

vited by a stranger—although both being fishermen, we were not really complete strangers—to join him on a stretch of his own private water on a nearby river. At any rate, without any such fortunate invitation, there is ample room for the visiting sportsman in either New Brunswick or Quebec.

What, then, is the cost of a salmon-fishing trip? The basic expense is travel, which is something the individual must figure for himself, depending on the distance he must go. The next expense is the non-resident license fee. According to my latest information these are, for salmon, as follows: Newfoundland, \$5.00 for one day, \$20.00 for two weeks, \$30.00 for season; Nova Scotia, \$5.00 for season; Quebec, \$5.25 for three days, \$15.50 for season; New Brunswick, \$7.50 for seven days, \$20.50 for season.

Room and board is another item. This will vary with the type establishment

one chooses. On my last trip, in New Brunswick, a friend and I lived at a neat and ample farmhouse, the home of one of the guides. We had comfortable sleeping quarters and far more than enough good food. The cost was \$10.00 a day apiece. Of course it would be easy to pay more than this, but generally speaking I have found Canadian rates for sporting accommodations reasonable.

The final expense, other than tackle, is the guide. At times and places a guide is required of a non-resident by law; but even where use of a guide isn't required it is strongly advisable. In fact, his services are essential to a man who doesn't know salmon. Only the accumulated experience of many fishermen on any given river, as passed on to the beginner through his guide, can assure the newcomer of any kind of success with these uncanny fish.

The Atlantic salmon is a fish of mystery. He was a strange and unaccountable fish three centuries ago when fishermen began to discuss him in print, and he is today. Many of the mysteries which surrounded us not so many years back are simple fact today, but not so with the salmon. After years of study by sportsmen and scientists, we know a lot about this great game fish, but we don't understand all we know. This may sound contradictory, but by now we have learned much of his habits, his inclinations and even his whims under various circumstances, but we can't explain them. We don't understand and can't explain such a basic and obvious thing as the migration of salmon, let alone anything as subtle as his fly-taking tendencies. We know that he may go almost a year without food, much of which time is spent waging a relentless uphill fight against current and almost insurmountable obstacles, topped by the rigors of spawning and fertilizing thousands of eggs; yet at the end of this incredible fast we know, too, that he is capable of putting up a powerful and vigorous battle on the end of a line. We can't explain the reason salmon use certain "lies," or resting places, in a stream. If salmon are discovered lying in a certain spot in a certain pool, then it is a sure bet that other

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salmon will continue to use this same spot; yet this particular one won't necessarily show any physical relation to any other "lies" on that same river. The scientific mind won't admit that there are things we are incapable of understanding, but for a long time to come we will be forced to group much of our knowledge of this mysterious fish under the convenient and perplexing heading of instinct.

A good guide has these instincts pretty well tabulated. Most important, he knows these "lies." As a trout fisherman you may rebel at fishing some of the unlikely-looking water he suggests in preference to holes that look good to you, but he knows from experience where the salmon are. He also knows what flies they will take, if any. He knows, for instance, that under certain circumstances on his river they will rise to a No. 8 Silver Wilkenson, not a No. 10 or a No. 6 Silver Wilkenson. Or he may know that they will come to a certain pattern with a touch of golden pheasant feather on it, but they won't touch the same fly without the golden pheasant. Don't ask him why. You will either make him say he doesn't know or force him into giving you some fanciful home-spun theory.

Aside from such essential reasons, the guide poles you about in his canoe, holds you at such a position that your fly will float to the waiting salmon, assists you in landing your fish, cooks lunch, and in general earns a good day's wages. These guide fees, vary, but last summer I paid mine eight dollars a day.

THE ONLY OTHER expense is tackle. If a man is already a fly fisherman, this may be nothing. By law, flies only can be used for Atlantic salmon; so spinning gear and other dredging tackle are out. My own choice in a fly rod is something around 9 feet in length and 6 to 6½ ounces in weight. Lots of salmon fishermen who know more about it than I do prefer longer, heavier rods, but since there is a lot of casting to be done, I'll stick to a light one. Also, although I don't use one, a detachable butt for such a rod is undoubtedly a great help. It can be very restful to a weary casting arm both in handling the fly and in playing the fish.

To go with such a rod—any good bass fly rod will do, actually—a reel with a lot of line capacity is essential. Even with your guide trying to keep up with him, a salmon can put a surprising distance between himself and the canoe in short order. Your reel should hold at least a hundred yards of backing behind the fly line. Braided nylon bait-casting line makes satisfactory backing and doesn't take up much room on the reel. As for leaders, they are no problem with today's nylon. Take along several coils of monofilament nylon ranging from 12-pound to 4-pound test and you can make up any type leader you need for any circumstance right on the spot. If you don't

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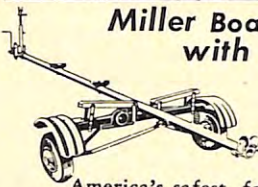
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tie your own leaders, this is something else a guide is good for.

Flies are important, and it is nice to have a big box full of all varieties, sizes and shapes. However, salmon flies are expensive. Usually the most killing patterns of flies on any particular river are available on the spot, but this is something to check ahead of time by letter. At least it is wise to get a local man's advice before indulging too heavily.

From the above few facts and figures anyone can soon determine whether or not salmon fishing would be a feasible venture for him. If it is, the most impor-

tant knowledge he can gain from this is that salmon fishing is not the closed deal that many fishermen assume it is. Such an assumption is a pity because for a fly-rod fisherman and a stream fisherman there is no thrill like the surging strike and rushing, leaping fight of a sea-run salmon. It's something far too good to be missed. The dam builders may have beat us to our own backyard salmon fishing and killed off the fish, but they failed to kill off the fishermen. The urge is still there, and I hope that a few at least who read this can see their way clear to satisfying that urge. It still can be done.

Big Mo

(Continued from page 5)

destroyed a long concrete abutment along which the tracks ran. Then, firing point blank into the 2,000-foot cliff behind, she brought the whole mountainside down across tracks and tunnel alike. It was several months before the railroad was operational again.

These feats suddenly reminded UN commanders that the modern battleship is still one of the most devastating engines of destruction ever designed. One swipe of its nine 16-inch guns can, depending on the type of ammunition used, level an entire city block of houses, dig a crater 360 feet wide and 20 feet deep through railroad yards, crossroads, or enemy positions, penetrate 16 inches of armor plate or 32 feet of reinforced concrete at a distance of more than 20 miles. And, unless driven off, she can continue this destruction at the steady rate of two salvos a minute for hours, days or weeks, if necessary. She is not put out of action, as are bombers, by foul weather, fog or darkness and her radar-directed "bullets"—as battleship men like to refer to the 6-foot tall, 2,250-pound shells—hit harder and are more accurate than aerial bombs. "Just give us your street address," say the *Missouri* gunners, "and we'll put a shell through your front door with the third salvo."

Big Mo suddenly found herself in great demand. She was rushed around to the west coast of Korea to participate in MacArthur's surprise landing at Inchon far behind enemy lines. Her mission was to isolate the beachhead by preventing the Communists from bringing reinforcement down the Seoul road, 20 miles away, for she had the only guns that could reach it. For two weeks she not only clobbered the road so that nothing could move on it, but also protected 18 square miles along the right flank of the UN forces. Then she whipped back to the east coast again to bust up bridges, harbors and military concentrations while the victorious UN forces marched to the Yalu. Only once during that time did the big girl succumb to one of her notorious fits of kittenishness—that was when her radar picked up what was interpreted to be a squadron of enemy torpedo boats coming down from the North at 45 knots.

The ship raced out to sea to meet them while her crew stood at battle stations for two and a half hours. Then they all went sheepishly back to work when the "attackers" turned out to be a flock of low-flying wild geese.

In December, the *Missouri* headed back to Japan for a much-needed rest after having been in continuous operation for 50 days. Like the troops in the field, her crew thought they might be home by Christmas, when suddenly the ship reversed direction and raced back to Korea at flank speed. The UN armies had walked into one of the biggest ambushes in history and were running for their lives. Far in the northeast of the peninsula the 1st Marine Division, totally cut off, began its bloody march in the bitter cold, through hostile mountains and hordes of Communist attackers, from Chongjin to the sea. It was the greatest fighting retreat in the Corps' history and the Nation waited tensely to see if they could make it. On December 23, the exhausted Leathernecks, carrying their sick and wounded, stumbled out onto the beach at Hungnam and found *Big Mo* and a force of cruisers and destroyers waiting to enfold them in protecting arms of fire. For one day, one night and half the next day, while the Marines poured out of the hills into the transports, the ships' guns roared continuously, laying a curtain of steel around the beachhead through which the enemy could not penetrate. The crews ate in relays, slept in their turrets, paused in their shooting only long enough to allow the helicopters to land wounded Marines in the broad fantail. In the *Missouri's* radio room, 40 men and six officers remained at their posts for 36 hours, staying awake on black coffee, listening to the sounds of battle interspersed with comments like "How would you gold bricks like to be where we are?" Then would come another request to fire at a target and the thundering response from the ship's turrets would jolt her 56,000 tons several feet to port or starboard and unseat all the headsets.

What had promised to be another disastrous Dunkirk turned into an orderly evacuation. When the Marines were all

embarked, together with their weapons, vehicles and all the civilian refugees who wanted to go, the guns began shortening their barrage to allow the "expedible" last-ditch troops guarding the perimeter to make a run for it. At 1600 on Christmas Eve, with the last man safely aboard, the flotilla steamed out of the harbor still pumping shells into the fiercely burning city. When the news reached the White House, President Truman called it the best Christmas present he'd ever received—and a grateful Nation echoed "Amen!"

In the weeks that followed, the victorious Communists charged ahead without hindrance on all fronts, but on the East Coast *Big Mo* and her task force stopped them cold. She trumpeted up and down like a berserk elephant, demolishing bridges, trains, tanks and troops, making any vicinity she happened to be in absolutely untenable to the enemy. Generals began calling her "the best infantry weapon the Army ever had." The Navy hurriedly pulled her three sisters—the *New Jersey*, *Wisconsin* and *Iowa*—out of mothballs and made them ready for Korea. Only then did they reluctantly consent to let the *Mighty Mo* go home. In six months in Korean waters she had sailed 40,000 miles, fired 3,000 sixteen-inch shells, 8,000 five-inchers and was in serious need of overhaul. On the day she left, Korea's President Syngman Rhee and a host of notables came aboard to bid her godspeed. But this was asking too much of the temperamental *Mo*. A sailor fell over the side and the elaborate farewell ceremonies ended in pandemonium as the crew stampeded to its "man overboard" stations. Then she sailed home to receive the acclaim of the nation. School was let out in Long Beach and 80,000 people gathered at the pier there to greet her.

THE MOST impressive fact about one of the most highly publicized ships in U.S. naval history is her size. From stem to stern she stretches 887 feet or, as a country editor put it, "about the distance from the public library to the county courthouse." From keel to conning tower she is 18 stories high—without elevators—making sore legs one of the occupational maladies of her crew. There is enough steel in her 57,600-ton hide to make 40,000 automobiles or, if converted into razor blades, to keep all the males on earth beardless for centuries. She has ten acres of deck space, 16 miles of ventilating ducts, sufficient electric generating capacity for a city of 30,000. And she is expensive to operate. Each salvo sends the equivalent in weight and expense of nine Cadillacs winging off at a thousand miles an hour. With all her main, secondary and anti-aircraft batteries firing at maximum speed, she shoots away 100,000 dollars' worth of ammunition every minute.

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2,500 officers and men, together with some fairly elaborate facilities to keep them efficient and happy. These include a bakery and creamery capable of turning out 1,200 pies and 1,000 quarts of ice cream every day; a complete dial phone system throughout the ship; more typewriters and "messy bessies" (mimeograph machines) than there are guns aboard; three nightly movies; two chaplains; a ladies powder room; a sail locker that can turn out nice draperies and slipcovers for the admiral's cabin; a broadcast studio (disc-jockey show from 1800 to 1930 daily); a post office that sells \$350,000 worth of stamps and money orders yearly; two barber shops; a hobby shop; an athletic locker where men can borrow golf clubs, fishing tackle or make-up kits for amateur theatricals; a ship's service store that sells \$400,000 worth of goods yearly, including ladies kid gloves, handbags and perfume; a 22-piece band that serenades the crew every noon hour; 60 officially sanctioned coffee messes and many more bootleg "Joe pots." Supply officers estimate that the ship uses one pound of coffee for every mile she travels.

To the X-ray eyes of naval architects, however, the *Missouri* presents a somewhat different appearance. To them she consists of an oblong armored box, buried three decks below the main deck, housing gun plotting rooms, combat information center, engines, propeller shafts, magazines and other vitals. Out of the armored box rise two fire control towers, covered with 18 inches of armor plate, and three armored barbettes, topped by the main battery turrets faced with steel 21 inches thick. Theoretically, everything else on the vessel could be blasted away without destroying her fighting power, although with the loss of her

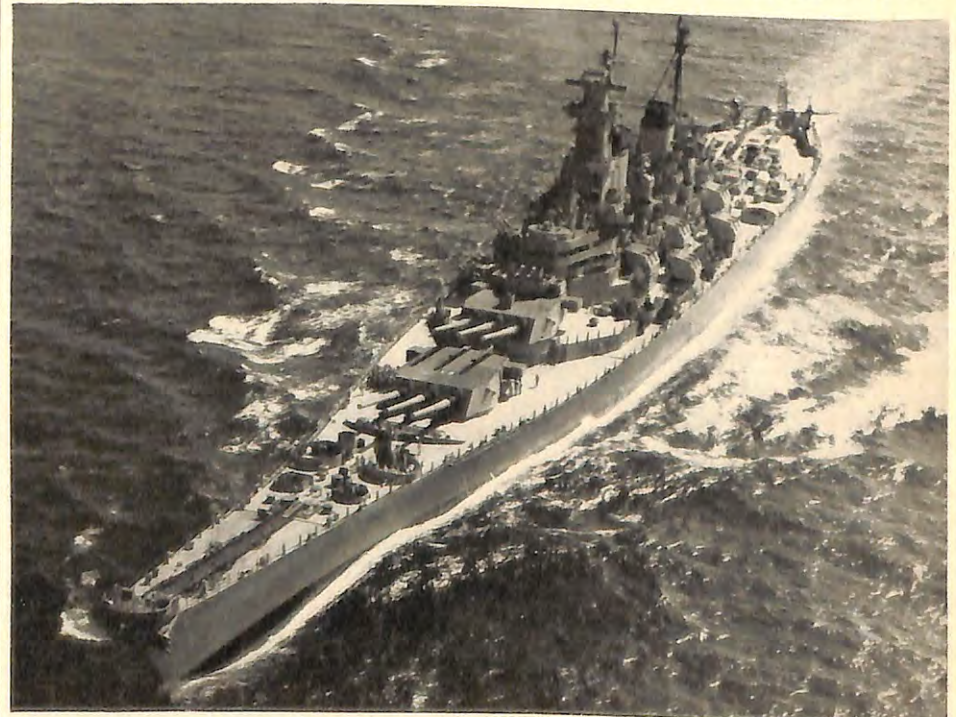
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electronic eyes she would have to fight blind. After the experiences of World War II no one claims the *Missouri* could not be sunk, but her officers believe it would take six well-placed torpedoes to do it. Her watertight compartmentation is such that a man may have to climb up and down six decks to end up a foot away from where he started. Below the water line the ship is completely encased in several layers of "voids", tiny compartments designed to cushion the effect of a torpedo or bomb hit. They are so small that they can be entered only by small men on hands and knees.

It is a literal fact that no man in her crew is familiar with all parts of the immense vessel. An officer selected to show this writer around because he had been aboard three years did not know where the photo lab was. A helmsman in the after emergency steering compartment had not, in his two years of duty, even seen the main steering cabin on the bridge, two city blocks and eight decks away. When parties of civilian sight-seers are taken around, a few of the crew usually tag along to learn more about the ship themselves.

Despite her size and power, *Mo* has a definitely split personality, as might be expected of a vessel whose birth was considered unnecessary by many. She has never made up her mind whether she is supposed to be the queen or the clown of the fleet. She is forever arousing admiration or derision, exultant in glory or wallowing in shame. Only the love of her crew for her remains constant. "I swear at her every day," an engineering chief told me, "but I wouldn't trade her for any other ship in the Navy."

Mo's ancestry is completely undistinguished. The first *Missouri*, a side-



Three-quarter port bow view of the Mighty *Mo* under way.

wheeled steam frigate, was built in 1842, burned up at anchor a year later. The second, a Confederate iron-clad, was so poorly constructed that she spent her entire career just trying to keep herself afloat, while the *Merrimac* made history. The third *Missouri*, launched too late for the Spanish-American War, was obsolete by the time of the first World War. She never saw action. The present *Missouri* almost suffered the same fate. She was launched, according to her log, in June 1944 by a "Miss Mary M. Truman, daughter of the Senator from Missouri." She did not join the Pacific battle fleet until February, 1945, arriving just in time to participate in the invasions of Iwo Jima and Okinawa, shoot down 11 planes, and receive a battle wound when a kamikaze pilot crashed into her side, inflicting superficial damage, but there were no casualties. But her fame was assured on the day Admiral "Bull" Halsey, Commander of the Third Fleet, moved aboard her with his flag.

It was from *Big Mo's* bridge that the sirens sounded on August 15, 1945, announcing the end of hostilities with Japan. Not all Japanese pilots were reconciled to defeat, however, and some of them persisted in shadowing the fleet. When asked by his commanders what to do about the snoopers, now that they were no longer enemies, Halsey issued his celebrated order to shoot them down "not vindictively, but in a friendly sort of fashion." In the next ten days the Navy shot down 38 of them in the politest manner imaginable.

With his strong sense of the dramatic, General MacArthur was determined to make the surrender ceremony aboard the *Missouri* one that would be long remembered. It was rehearsed again and again as carefully as a Broadway production. On the day before the real ceremony, a final dress rehearsal was held. At a signal, a working party of sailors was brought over by launch from a nearby destroyer, and a somewhat mystified young seaman in dungarees was told to climb up the ladder. He did not know that he was supposed to be General MacArthur. As the youngster reached the quarterdeck, Admiral Halsey and the *Missouri's* Captain stepped forward to greet him, guns boomed in salute, a bugle blared forth ruffles and flourishes, a double row of sideboys snapped to salute, a 90-man Marine guard of honor presented arms, a five-star flag burst out at a yardarm and the band struck up the national anthem. The sailor took one horrified look, clutched his head in terror and screamed.

It was felt that the table on which the surrender document was to be signed ought to have some historic significance. The British battleship *King George V* had aboard a table that had been in the Royal Navy since the days of Drake. At considerable trouble it was brought across the bay, but when it reached the *Missouri* it was found to be too small.

At the last moment an ordinary mess table was substituted and covered with a green baize cloth on which the *Mo's* officers had been playing poker the night before.

Despite the careful rehearsals some hitches developed at the actual ceremony. The Russian delegation, headed by Lt. General Kuzma Derevyanko, persisted in wandering around the ship until Admiral Nimitz told them to stay put or get off. A Japanese signatory turned out to have a wooden leg and had to be hoisted aboard. One of the allied representatives inevitably signed on the wrong line. But the most feared eventuality did not occur. It was rumored that some hard-core kamikaze pilots intended to crash the ship in a last suicidal protest. Throughout the ceremony every anti-aircraft gun on the *Missouri* was trained skyward, fully manned.

Movies of the ceremony were distributed to all the allied powers. The Russians soon edited theirs down to show only their own and the Japanese representatives signing the document, and have been showing it in all the countries behind the Iron Curtain ever since. There are probably millions of peasants in Europe and Asia today who are convinced that the Japanese surrendered exclusively to the Russians, on a Soviet battleship.

AFTER the war *Mighty Mo* remained the only U.S. capital ship on active duty; the rest were put in mothballs. Carriers were the new queens of the fleet. Battleships had distinguished themselves mainly by getting sunk. Only one of them was ever destroyed by another battleship, when the German *Bismarck* blew up the British *Hood* in the North Atlantic with one salvo. The rest were sunk by airplanes, submarines, frogmen and other smaller species of Naval life. While the *Missouri* was still considered the choicest command in the "black shoe", non-aviation Navy, assignment to her usually being a quick step to promotion to flag rank, few officers cared to jeopardize their careers by voicing much enthusiasm for her.

For five years the proud ship gaddled around from one port to another, manned by only half a crew, reduced to the status of a glorified showboat. She raised money for the March of Dimes, Red Cross and other worthy causes. She entertained more notables, movie starlets and school children than probably any other vessel in history. President Truman, his family and advisers, took her on a goodwill cruise to South America. At ceremonies marking the crossing of the equator Margaret Truman was required to sing and the President to deliver a Republican campaign speech—those who heard it say it was a good one—but the rest of the party, including General Vaughan, got the full treatment, including shillelegh, "operating table" and other traditional "tortures." Later

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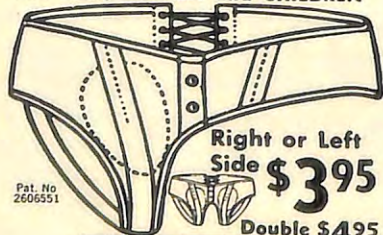


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the government employed her to transport the body of a deceased Turkish ambassador back to Istanbul, to train reserves and to carry midshipmen on a cruise to Europe. This prompted one economy-minded Congressman to protest, quite accurately, that it would have been cheaper to send the middies across in de luxe accommodations on the *Queen Mary*. When *Mo* made the mistake of anchoring in the Hudson she suffered worse damage than in any of her battles. Predatory visitors swarmed all over her, stripped her of everything that wasn't bolted down, smashed what was, and even tried to pry up the brass plaque in her deck that commemorated the Japanese surrender.

Crowning blow came in January, 1950, when *Mo* ran aground in the most familiar channel in Chesapeake Bay, practically in sight of the Norfolk Navy Yard. This is equivalent to a Manhattan cop getting lost at the corner of Fifth Avenue and 42nd Street. The navigator had mistaken some fishing buoys for those marking an acoustical range. There were, as official inquiry later revealed, a good many men both on the bridge and at the radar scopes who knew the ship was far off course, but deeply imbued with the old military axiom of "not sticking your neck out", none of them had informed the captain or navigator. No military organization in history has yet been able to work out a practicable way for a junior to correct the mistake of his superior, without danger to himself. Ships, battles, and entire wars have been, and will continue to be, lost because of it.

For two weeks, while she sat in the mud, the Nation was entertained by the sight of the *Mo*'s crew running from one side to the other trying to rock or "sally" the ship, of destroyers zooming by at high speed trying to create a wake that would wash her off, of depth charges being exploded underneath her hull. The Air Force offered to pull the ship off with bombers, an army colonel sent a consignment of paddles, a fisherman

radioed the Captain to "Kindly get your vessel out of my oyster beds." Congressmen seriously proposed that she be left where she was as a monument or light-house, or dismantled for scrap where she stood. Another wondered why she could not fire her gun forward and blow herself off. The Navy was not much kinder. The skipper of the old battleship *Mississippi*, now used as a training vessel, ordered his men to line the rail in clean uniform-of-the-day as they passed the *Mo*, forcing her weary crew to drop their work and salute her as she sailed by with pennants flying.

Actually, it was no laughing-matter. The ship is longer than New York's RCA building and weighs almost as much. Freeing her was a job somewhat equivalent to moving that skyscraper a mile and a half. An Army dredge dug out a trench 40 feet deep on both sides of the vessel and a channel a mile and a half long. The crew, working around the clock in bitter weather, with no power, heat or light, off-loaded everything that could be pried loose—ammunition, anchors, guns, stores and surplus personnel. Finally, at high tide on February 2, with 17 tugs sawing her alternately back and forth, she came adrift and was pulled back into deep water while her band played "Anchors Aweigh." And as it developed, the only injury to the ship was a gash on the starboard side that was quickly healed.

Battleships have come back from the dead. The *Missouri*'s brilliant record in Korea proved their immense usefulness in their new roles as powerful, mobile artillery platforms in support of ground operations on the continental edges of the world. There are four of them on active duty with the Navy at present, and in the event of a major war there is little doubt that the other 12 would be speedily put back into service. No one, of course, can predict where or when fighting may break out next, but wherever, or whenever it may come next, you can be sure that the *Big Mo* and her sisters will be in the thick of it.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 32)

It happened one night following a sudden violent and particularly noisy thunder storm that broke a heat wave. When the storm passed the McCormicks were astonished to hear what they thought was the squeaking of a horn at the rear of their home. They were further astonished to discover that Tippie, taking a cue from the elements, was conducting a small riot on his own. The means was a bicycle horn which the dog in some way had detached from its rightful place and was giving a work out by honking it with his mouth as hard and often as he could. This was an amusing anti-climax, but not so amusing to the McCormicks when they tried to detach Tippie from the horn. It is reported by the "Hawkeye Gazette" of

that city that Mr. Tippie became a one dog noisemaker for the balance of the night.

Dogs share Democratic legacy. When Otis Arbuckle, retired mail carrier of Paris, Illinois, died he left his \$40,000 estate in trust for his dogs. He had quite a passel of purps—22 of them, in fact. Ten he disinherited outright for reasons best known to him. The remaining 12 became owners and lifetime occupants of his home. The Edgar County National Bank, executor of Arbuckle's estate, was directed by his will to admit a tenant to the house rent free, the only specification being that the tenant must be fond of dogs (to live with twelve of them how fond can you get?). In return, the tenant

is obliged to shelter and feed the dogs and provide veterinary service. Other than this the tenant has the use of the house, or what is left of it, all household effects as well as Arbuckle's automobile, the latter to be used only to take the dogs for a ride. After the last of the dogs has gone to wherever dogs go when they die, the estate is to be liquidated and turned over for the uses of the Democratic National Committee. The news item tells us that one of the dogs is only six months old and, given reasonable care, it looks as though the Democrats are going to have a long wait until they collect.

Dogs as deities. Nothing new in this. Ancient Egypt knew the custom, as did the Aztecs of old Mexico, but we learn that Ethiopia at one time actually had as a monarch, a hound whose growl or other evidence of displeasure was sufficient to condemn an accused person. *Dog sheared, sheared owner happy.* It all began when Mrs. Mole of Bronx, New York, decided that she needed a new kitchen range. For this she had in her apron pocket a roll of bills sufficient to buy the range, and then some. Came supper time and dishwashing afterward: Mrs. Mole put down the bankroll, bound with a rubber band, on the kitchen table. Leaving the room for a short time, she returned and the money was gone—\$670 taking wings. Twelve year old Jimmy, who had been in the kitchen, was questioned and in a vague way gave Mrs. Mole to understand that he saw the money roll off the table and down the cellar stairs. He didn't realize that it was money. The cellar was searched but no roll was found and Jimmy's mother resolved to repay the money since it was borrowed cash. It wasn't long after that Mrs. Mole decided to have her cocker spaniel, Yankee, sheared; but before doing this she did a thorough

housecleaning in Yankee's headquarters. You guessed it. Yankee had the money stashed away. Result. Yankee was sheared, Jimmy exonerated and Mrs. Mole again became the happy custodian of a small bale of folding money.

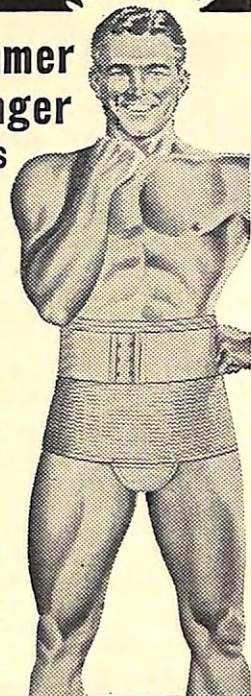
Mrs. E. O. Roelker please notice— Every so often, readers of this department forward news clippings and anecdotes about dogs. Here's one from Mrs. Roelker of Lakewood, New Jersey. The clipping is from a United Press news item dated from Morris, Minnesota. It tells about the bulldog Skippy, owned by Mr. and Mrs. Roger Fossen of Morris, who gave the dog to a former neighbor where they had lived in Seattle, Washington, some 1,800 miles from Morris. Skippy decided that he wasn't going to be left in Seattle and thus eight months after the Fossens arrived in Morris, Skippy showed up. How he managed to find his way those many miles nobody will ever know, and of course Skippy isn't telling. *Mr. Allen Green* of Oakville, Iowa, contributes this. He tells about Ted—his combination bird, retrieving, fishing dog. Ted is an English setter. Ted goes for upland game, squirrels, ducks and—fish. Mr. Green, all around sportsman, at one time did a lot of spearing for carp. In a news clipping he sent to me from the "Register-Mail" of Galesburg, Illinois, Mr. Green relates that Ted, his constant companion, one day tired of watching his boss spear carp and decided he'd do some fishing himself. Mr. Green says that it wasn't long before Ted had landed more fish than he had.

P. S. If you have any interesting items about dogs, send them along and at some future time I'll try to run another such article of odd facts. All items should be verified, or at least have been published in a newspaper.

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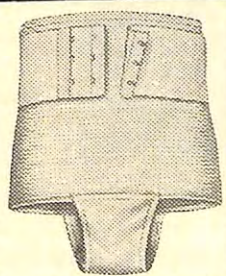
Say, is a bulging belly making you look and feel "all-in" like an "old-timer"? Forget it, friend! Just put on a "Chevalier" Health-Supporter Belt and presto! That "bay-window" looks smooth and sleek... like a real Beau Brummel figure! You'll say, "Boy, I look and feel great!"



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THE ELKS MAGAZINE, 50 EAST 42nd ST., N. Y. 17



EDITORIAL

VALENTINE DAY



Although the shortest month of the year, February has more important anniversaries than any of the other eleven. As Elks, we observe the birthday of our Order on February 16. As patriotic Americans, we pay tribute on February 22 to Washington, the Father of our

Country, and on the 12th to Lincoln, the preserver of the Union. Then, at mid-month, comes Valentine Day, dedicated, by ancient custom, to lovers everywhere.

February 14 may be just another day to those who have never succumbed to love's sweet charms, but to all sweethearts it is a very special day indeed. They undoubtedly wonder at times, and think it strange, that the makers of calendars, poor people, so often forget to mark this date, not as a reminder, but as a joyous expression of the love which makes the world such a wonderful place.

Should observance of Valentine Day be left to young sweethearts alone? May not the members of the great Order of Elks properly and beneficially accept this day as a reminder of their dedication to the principle of Brotherly Love, and as an occasion on which to give particular expression to that ennobling sentiment?

ANOTHER FEBRUARY



In this short month, so crowded with notable birthdays, our Order takes pleasure in looking backward eighty-five years to another February, on the 16th day of which, in 1863, it came into existence.

Just as one regards the record of a great man with wonder because of his humble birth, so do we marvel today at the many outstanding accomplishments of our Fraternity when viewed against its sponsorship by such a small group of men in a modest room in New York City. Only fifteen men were present in the rented room on Delancey Street when a committee report, recommending that the Jolly Corks be merged into the Benevolent and Protective Orders of Elks, was adopted by the slim majority of 8 to 7.

The eight voting in the affirmative were led by George F. McDonald, who has been described as a fine actor, a man of deep sentiment and possessed of literary ability. They voted to use the name of the American elk for the new organization because of their admiration for the qualities ascribed to this fine animal.

The seven in the minority, led by Charles A. Vivian, who also favored conversion of the Corks into a fraternal benevolent society, sought to have the Order named the Buffalos, after an English organization, The Royal Antediluvian Order of Buffalos.

It would appear that the February 16th meeting ended in harmony, for out of it grew the first constitution of our Order, signed by the fifteen founders. Yet, within a few

months factionalism developed and caused a rupture which resulted in the dropping from membership of eight of the founders, a number of whom were later restored.

In the months following that schism, our Order enjoyed a steady growth in membership, reaching 820 in the first decade. In succeeding years, it multiplied that total until it achieved on February 8th, 1950, one of Brother McDonald's predictions, membership of a million.

Despite that enthusiastic prediction, it is doubtful whether George F. McDonald, Charles A. Vivian, Richard Steirly, or any of the founders who signed the first Constitution, as they were gathered in that humble meeting place, visualized the enormous contributions which their organization would make in future years to the social life of the membership, to the welfare of the citizens of many communities, and to the interests of America.

THEY GAVE TO US



"Liberty and self-government are finally staked and the experiment entrusted to the hands of the American people."—George Washington.

"The American Revolution was the germ which has vegetated and still is to grow into the universal liberty of mankind."—Abraham Lincoln.

The knowing English historian, Philip Guedalla, once said to the effect that this country is singularly fortunate to have in George Washington the ideal symbolic representations of its basic concept of government—and that, of course, applies equally to Abraham Lincoln. Guedalla observed that their lives gave to this country not only a fundamental direction toward the preservation of individual freedom, but also a moral sense—for these men were, above all, moral men.

Never unmindful of these great men, in gratitude we have carved their figures in gigantic proportions on Mt. Rushmore, erected monumental structures in Washington to their memory, preserved their writings in lasting form—and have set aside February 12th and 22nd for reflection on the inspiration of their lives.

That, in a tangible way, is no more than we should have done, and doubtless future generations will pay their tribute in ways far surpassing ours. But what did Washington and Lincoln want from us? Clearly, from the quotations above, in their thoughts there was—not an element of doubt—but certainly a sense of presenting the generations of Americans they saw to come with the responsibility of preserving—and forwarding—liberty as a dynamic American force.

To the great honor of our Order, from the day of its founding less than four years after Lincoln's death and less than seventy after Washington's, the idea that the primary obligation of an Elk is to be a good American in thought and deed always has been paramount. As we look back to our accomplishments as an American fraternity on the birthdates of Washington and Lincoln, may we think of them as but steps in fulfilling our dedicated resolution to make our contribution to American freedom. And then, looking forward, let us resolve to strengthen, by active participation, the means and institutions that our Order has developed to further and extend American freedom.

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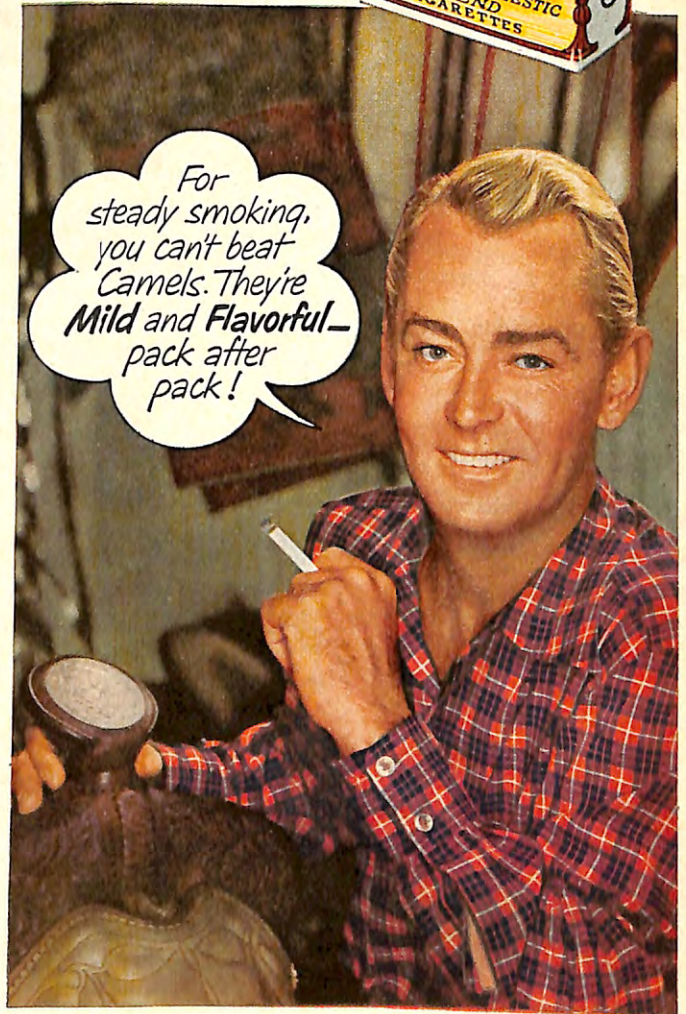
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