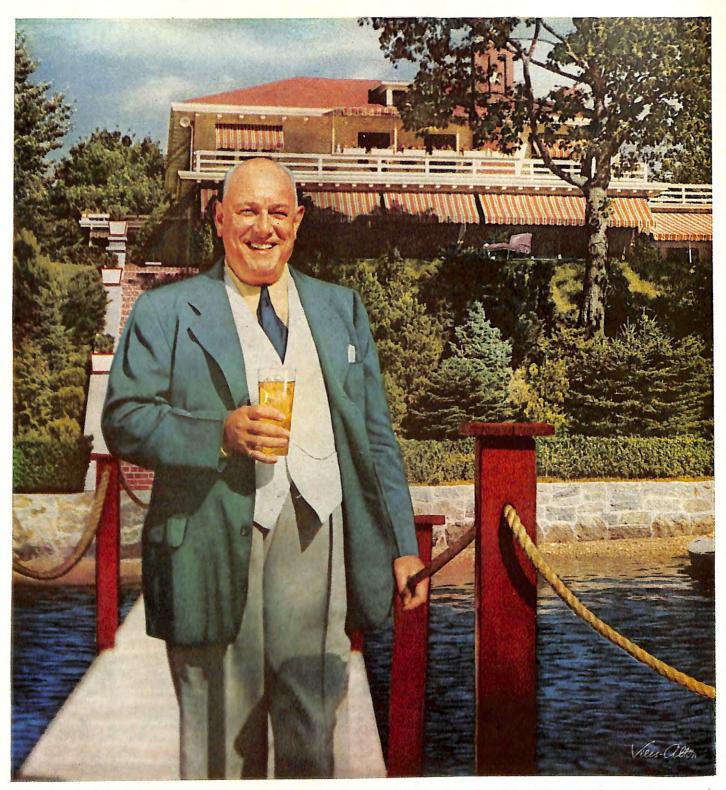
THE

JUNE 1953 ST. LOUIS — Convention City BY DICKSON HARTWELL

MUMMIN

MAGAZINE

IN COMPANY



Mr. Percy C. Magnus — distinguished president of Magnus, Mabee & Reynard, Inc. — started as a bank runner, then rose from office boy to top executive in an

essential-oil firm. President since 1917, he has made it one of the world's largest importing, exporting and manufacturing concerns of its kind. Now a recognized leader in the drug industry, and in civic affairs, he's shown at his Connecticut summer home. It is for men like Mr. Magnus that Lord Calvert is *Custom Distilled* and blended...to achieve rare taste plus distinctive, satin-smooth lightness. So jealously is

Lord Calvert's *Custom* quality guarded that each bottle is numbered and recorded at the distillery. Tonight discover how *Custom Distilled* Lord Calvert, the "whiskey of distinction" can make *your* next highball or cocktail a far, far *better* drink.

LORD CALVERT ... Custom Distilled for Men of Distinction

TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

ISITORS to Washington who take a VISITORS to washington and look at the Senate and House of Representatives in action may go back home with an idea their Congressmen just sit around having a wonderful time. The sightseers crowd into the galleries expecting to look down upon an exciting scene with the chambers crowded and members clashing in terrific debate. Instead they probably see only a few legislators most of whom, seemingly, are taking no interest in the proceedings. Some are reading newspapers or writing letters. Others are talking or wandering around. At a recent Senate session with the galleries packed, the proceedings lasted just seven minutes. It should be remembered, however, that most of the business on Capitol Hill is done in offices and at committee hearings. Members know what's on the calendar. They know when they should be in their seats to take part in debate and to vote. They know much of the talk and argument on the floor is simply for the record. So, according to the calendar of the day, they answer to their names at opening roll call promptly at noon, then go about their business if their presence is not required. On important measures there generally is agreement as to the time for the vote. That's when they are present. The visitor in the gallery sees only a small part of what a Senator or a Representative really does every day. Most of them work long hours, as any administrative assistant or secretary can tell you-appointments, conferences, committee hearings, dictation round the clock.

TROUBLE WITH MR. X

That mysterious somebody known as the "official spokesman" or "high official" has been taking quite a beating in newspaper circles. Reporters frankly say they are tired of being fed background information only to have it officially denied when it is published. Some are not attending private news conferences in which such information is passed out as "off the record." They want to be free to use whatever they pick up on their own. Background information plays a big part in covering the news in Washington. The official giving it out is not directly or indirectly quoted but the important news is labeled as from a "high authority", or something like that. It is awkward, however, when such information, through a change of policy or because of some back-fire, is later officially denied as not true. Secret news conferences for background purposes were first used by Secretary of State Henry Stimson many years ago when Japanese troops began invading Manchuria. Heads of news bureaus met at his home weekly and were told the inside facts. The technique has been used ever since.

UNITY IN WEATHER

Weather reporting is done in figures and the exchange of information every day includes Russia and the countries behind the Iron Curtain. A message from Moscow might read "27612 06407 97020 45505 00900 57300." Any weather forecaster could read it in less than 15 minutes. Weather stations all over the world make their observations four times a day and radio the reports. That, perhaps, is the only field in which we have complete unity and understanding.

APPEAL TO BAKERS

Since a ban on controversial chemicals used as bread softeners cannot be enforced at this time, the Food and Drug Administration has asked bakers to discontinue using them voluntarily until they are proved to be harmless.

LESSON IN AMERICANISM

A half million school boys and girls have come to Washington this Spring, most of them getting their first look at the capital city of their country. What do they see in the Capitol, the White House, the Lincoln Memorial, the Washington Monument? One of the kids said, "they seem to tell us that government of the people, by the people and for the people still lives."

NUMBER ONE HEADACHE

Toughest cabinet job is Secretary of Agriculture. Ezra Taft Benson of Salt Lake City, whose forebears nearly starved to death on the long trek to Utah, is plagued with mountains of surplus food. Millions of pounds of butter and other dairy products are only part of the headache. The government holds 1.5 billion bushels, or about half of last year's corn crop; 457 million bushels of oats: 2.4 million of rye; 7.4 million of flaxseed and 38.3 million of soybeans. On top of that is a ripening wheat crop with an estimated 875 million bushel surplus. Stored on the farms is a holdover surplus of 268 million bushels of wheat. Yet in some parts of the world people are starving.

LESSON IN ORNITHOLOGY

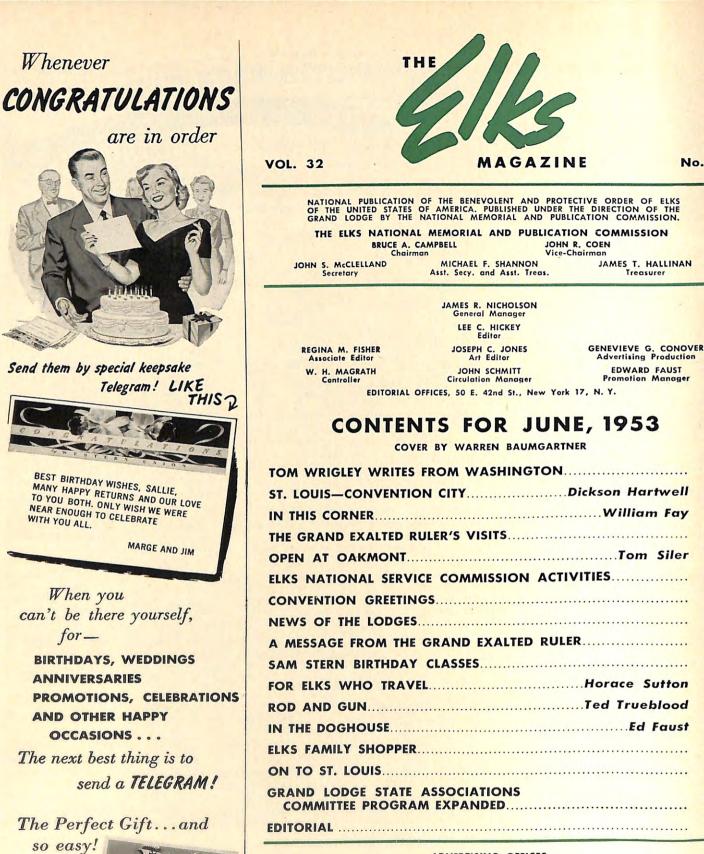
Anything can happen in Washington and usually does. A pigeon flew into a broken window of a school room and laid an egg on the desk of a 5th grade pupil. Smart teacher quickly turned the blessed event into a lesson about pigeons, birds, eggs and what goes with feathers.

TALKING BRIEF CASE

Life in this world center gets more tricky all the time. Now they're using a new kind of recording machine, installed inside an ordinary brief case, which can take down what you say at a distance of 30 feet. Picks up a whisper at five feet, works on a few flash light batteries and is noiseless. The marvelous thing costs over \$400, however, and is not for sale to everyone.

CAPITAL COOKIES

FBI Director Hoover at a Senate Appropriations Committee hearing frankly said he would not accept a lie detector as positive proof of guilt or innocence. FBI needs \$77,000.000 for next fiscal year . . . Embassy of India puts out press releases under the heading "Indiagrams" . . . As June payment on Federal Income Taxes approaches we are told that in the five days from March 16-20 the five and a half billion dollars collected was more than the government collected in the 83 vears from 1789 to 1872 . . . Your nation's capital still has 16,000 homes without hot water and 6,800 haven't even running water . . . During the spring rush, 34,134 people went through the White House in four days. At this rate the big house will have to have another renovation soon . . . Agricultural research in the last 30 years cost the government and states a billion dollars, but is estimated to add 2 billion a year to farm incomes. Latest gimmick is a new orange powder; makes orange juice by adding water . . . National Education Assn. says there is an acute shortage of teachers . . . Beer in cans here sells at bargain prices of \$2.91 a case, premium beer \$3.69 per case . . . There's a cab for every 89 residents.



CHICAGO 1

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PROGRAM FOR 89th GRAND LODGE

CONVENTION-ST. LOUIS, MO.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1953

RECEPTION: Arrival of Grand Exalted Ruler and Grand Lodge Officers, delegates, members and ladies.

- 9:00 A.M. REGISTRATION: All registration of Grand Lodge members, dele-10:00 P.M. gates, Brother Elks and their ladies will take place at the Kiel Auditorium. Will continue
- every day of Convention. 9:00 A.M. RITUALISTIC CONTEST: Kiel
- 5:00 P.M. Auditorium. (Continues every 5:00 P.M. day at same hour). STATE ASSOCIATION EXHIBITS:

A new Convention feature. See Elkdom in Action! Get some new ideas. Kiel Auditorium.

SIGHTSEEING TOURS: Every day of Convention, morning and afternoon. Arrangements have been made by the local St. Louis Committee for special reduced prices. Discount tickets will also be found in the registration envelope for many local attractions.

OPEN HOUSE: All Day and every day during the Convention. St. Louis Lodge No. 9. Special express busses outside of Auditorium to transport visitors directly to lodge.

9:00 P.M. "GET ACQUAINTED" DANCE. Convention social "warm-up" session at St. Louis lodge.

SUNDAY, JULY 5

8:00 P.M. OPENING CEREMONIES: To be held in the air conditioned Opera House of Kiel Auditorium. All Elks and their ladies are invited. Outstanding artists will entertain and welcomes will be extended by officials of City, State and Nation, with responses by the Grand Exalted Ruler.

MONDAY, JULY 6

9:30 A.M. Regular Grand Lodge Sessions commence in the Opera House of Kiel Auditorium. At this Session the election of officers will take place. A non-voting section has been reserved for members of the Order who desire to attend any of the Convention Sessions.

> SHOPPING TOURS: For ladies morning and afternoon—Information at Shopping Service Desk at Auditorium.

MISSISSIPPI STEAMER SIGHT-SEEING TRIP: Two trips-morning and afternoon. Elks and their ladies will be guests of Grand Lodge for a free Mississippi sightseeing trip on the luxury Steamship Admiral. In order to provide room for Convention delegates who are at the Business Sessions, Convention visitors are urged to take the morning trip to prevent overcrowding on afternoon trip.

12:45 P.M. LUNCHEON TO EXALTED RUL-ERS: Luncheon for Grand Exalted Ruler Elect and Exalted Rulers.

12:45	P.M.	GRAND EXALTED RULER'S LUNCHEON TO DISTRICT DEPU- TIES: Hotel Jefferson.	
2:30	P.M.	LEGAL CLINIC: Under directio of Grand Lodge Judiciary Com mittee—Opera House—Kiel Au ditorium.	

8:30 P.M. GALA MUSICAL: St. Louis Lodge famous minstrels, also singing groups and bands. Opera House—Municipal Auditorium— Admission free.

TUESDAY, JULY 7

- 9:30 A.M. Second Grand Lodge Session in the Opera House, Kiel Auditorium.
- 10:30 A.M. Memorial Services. All Elks and their ladies will be admitted.
- 1:00 ANHEUSER-BUSCH (SPECIAL PARTY): Open House at An-5:00 P.M. heuser-Busch Brewery for all Elks and their ladies. Free refreshments, music and entertainment. Special brewery tours. Special bus transportation. Also Wednesday afternoon.
- 2:30 P.M. FASHION SHOW: Fashion Show, courtesy Bro. Morton May, President of Famous-Barr Department Store, St. Louis. ALL LADIES INVITED. Special entertainment.
- 2:30 P.M. BAND AND DRILL TEAM CON-TESTS: On Plaza in front of Soldiers Memorial. "A Convention Highlight".
- 4:00 P.M. CHORUS AND QUARTET CON-TESTS: Opera House, Kiel Auditorium. The "tops" in musical entertainment. All invited.
- 8:30 P.M. "Elks Night at Busch Stadium". St. Louis Browns vs. Cleveland Indians. Special Elks ceremonies before game. Fireworks! Surprises! Order tickets in advance. See Convention story on page 41 in this issue of Elks Magazine for instructions.

WEDNESDAY, JULY 8

- 9:30 A.M. Third Grand Lodge Session in the Opera House of Kiel Auditorium. All Elks and their ladies invited to this Session, at which time the Elks National Service Commission, the Elks Foundation and the Youth Committee will present their program.
- 8:00 P.M. "Elks Night" at world famous St. Louis Municipal Opera: Broadway hit musical "Blossom Time." Order tickets in advance. See Convention story on page 41 in this issue of Elks Magazine for instructions.

GRAND BALL: Kiel Auditorium. Reception to newly elected Grand Exalted Ruler.

THURSDAY, JULY 9

- 9:30 A.M. Final Session of Grand Lodge Convention. Installation of Officers. All Elks admitted.
- 12:30 P.M. Adjournment.

HISTORY of the ORDER of ELKS is now coming off the press. * This History dates back to the inception of the Order. In this volume will

A new, authentic and complete

tion of the Order. In this volume will be found the story of how the Order was started and has become one of the greatest American fraternal organizations. Here one will read about the growth of the Order and about the men who have been very largely responsible for its growth and development.

This History discusses the reasons for the creation of the various Grand Lodge Committees, records their accomplishments and reports in detail on such humanitarian, educational and patriotic enterprises as have been sponsored by the Order.

It gives the story of the develop-ment of the Eleven O'clock Toast, of Mother's Day and of Memorial Sunday. It also tells about the action taken which made the Order of Elks the first organization to recognize Flag Day. It carries the thrilling and inspiring story of the creation and growth of the Order's great benevolent agency The Elks National Foundation. It tells in detail the story of the wonderful Elks National Home and the Elks National Memorial Building in Chicago which is regarded by experts as one of the most beautiful and impressive memorial buildings in the world. It records the patriotic services of the Order in World War I and World War II under the direction of the War Commissions of those years and the work now being done in the service of the Veterans by the Elks National Service Commission. It reports on the work of the Lodge Activities Committees and the Grand Lodge Committees on Youth Activities. It carries the story of the origin and development of State Associations. It deals with the outstanding charitable, patriotic and educational work of those State Associations.

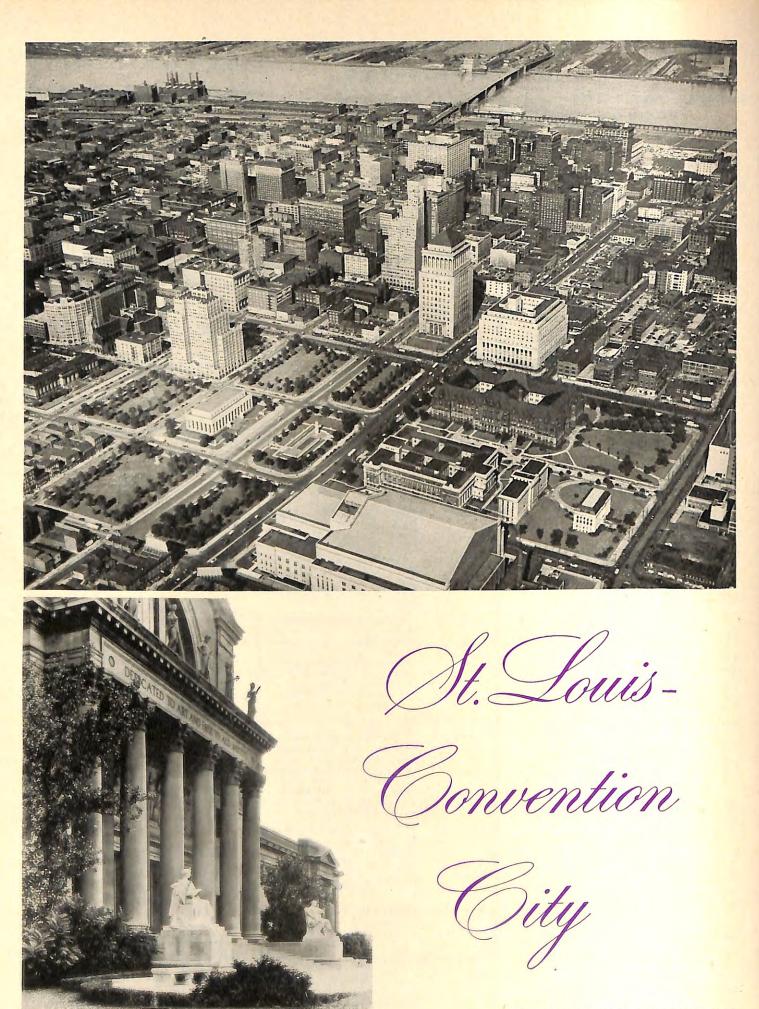
There have been periods of trial in the Order and the story of these trials and their solution are carefully set forth. This book will be found most interesting reading and it will be a very important book of reference for every man who is a member of the Elks or interested in this great Order.

This History is the work of Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson and is being published by the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission.

It is a book of over 400 pages printed on heavy and excellent paper stock and has over one hundred interesting and historical illustrations. It is bound in Fabrikoid, semi-flexible material and stamped in gold. The price of this book is \$3.50 plus 12c postage.

Orders may be placed with

THE ELKS MAGAZINE 50 East 42nd Street New York 17, New York



BY DICKSON HARTWELL

St. Louis Museum of Fine Arts is one of the nation's big four.

The 1953 Grand Lodge Sessions will be held in a city of

outstanding interest.



Jefferson Memorial has many historic exhibits, including the Lindbergh trophies.

ERHAPS the most modest city in the United States for its size—it is eighth—and for the achievements of its citizens, which

are notable and occasionally unique, is St. Louis. Twenty-five years ago a young fellow flew an airplane from New York to Paris and added a boost. But except for this and the notable turn of the century World's Fair and the most famous blues composition of all time—a nostalgic ditty by W. C. Handy—St. Louis has enjoyed a comfortable obscurity that delights its people but is puzzling to outsiders.

In keeping his opinion to himself—and almost invariably he has the highest opinion of his city—the St. Louisan has become the despair of his Chamber of Commerce. An executive of that efficient body said recently, "Why, a \$26,000,000 magnesium extruding plant—the largest sheet, magnesium plant in the world—is building right here in St. Louis and nobody says anything about it. Nobody seems to care."

Lack of the booster spirit has certainly kept the St. Louis light under a bushel. It has among its assets, for example, three winners of the Nobel Prize, more than any other city, one of the outstanding art collections of the country, a zoo which has won world renown, the last of the Mississippi River Showboats and unique systems of crime detection and criminal identification in its police department. But lack of intensive boosting has also kept the civic ulcer under control. As a city St. Louis has one un-American characteristic. It is not hypertensive.

This unmistakable symptom of maturity is reflected in, and is perhaps an outgrowth of, the commercial development of the city. St. Louis, which is this year celebrating the Sesquicentennial of the Louisiana Purchase, grew out of the fur trade and out of the later development of the West which was sparked by the Lewis and Clark expedition, the discovery



Log cabin home of Ulysses S. Grant is just outside St. Louis on the Gravois Road.

of gold in California in 1849 and a similar discovery in Colorado ten years later. The mountain men who went after furs and the subsequent expeditions and wagon trains through which the West was gradually opened were largely outfitted in St. Louis. From earliest times the city had to provide a wide variety of goods to its principal customers. This tradition of diversification persisted and today 5.000 products are made in the city but no more than eight per cent of the workers are employed in any one industry.

This is a highly significant fact and the root of much of what makes St. Louis St. Louis. For if business falls off in its chemical plants, its furniture and hardware plants aren't hit. If a recession hits its aircraft factories, its refineries and rolling mills blaze along.

The peaceful atmosphere of commerce in St. Louis has developed a conservatism which alarms one of the city's two newspapers, the St. Louis "Post Dispatch," which preaches without much avail a doctrine of progress or perish. The business and financial community apparently prefers to worry less and make less. Compared with their St. Louis colleagues, for example, Boston and Philadelphia bankers, never noted for splurging on uncertainty, seem like speculators. At a time this spring when interest paid depositors by conservative New York savings banks was 21/2 per cent, banks in St. Louis were offering only 11/2 per cent.

While this community characteristic has inhibited speculation, and created some of the most exclusive clubs and social cliques in the country, it doesn't stop the town from having fun. Some of the more staid businessmen have been organized into the super-secret Order of the Veiled Prophet since 1878 and each October this group cuts loose with a 20float parade viewed by 500.000, and a grand ball into which only 10.000 of the more choice St. Louisans are permitted to squeeze.

Every year the chief of the order, the Veiled Prophet, introduces at the ball the Queen of Love and Beauty for the (Continued on page 51) good and

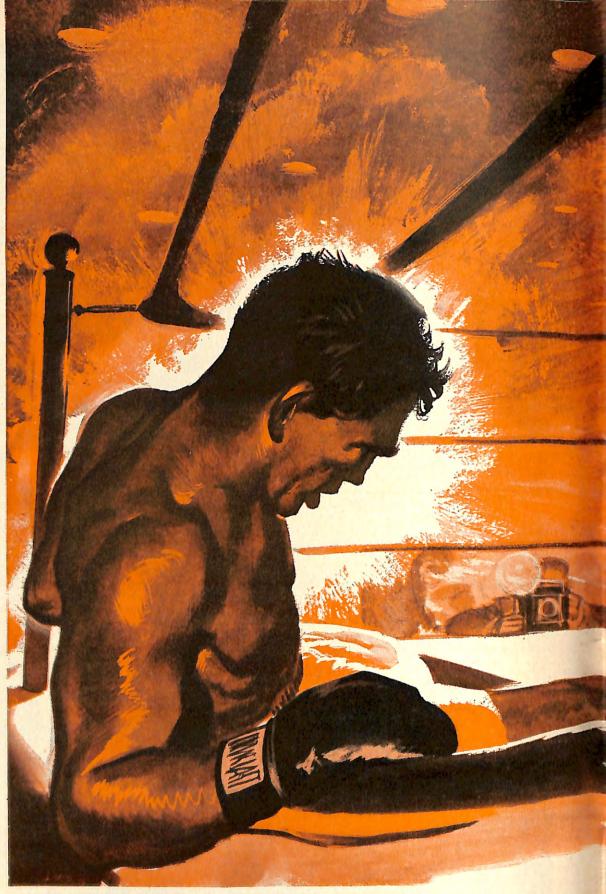
Pancho was

Billy

had run out

of steam.

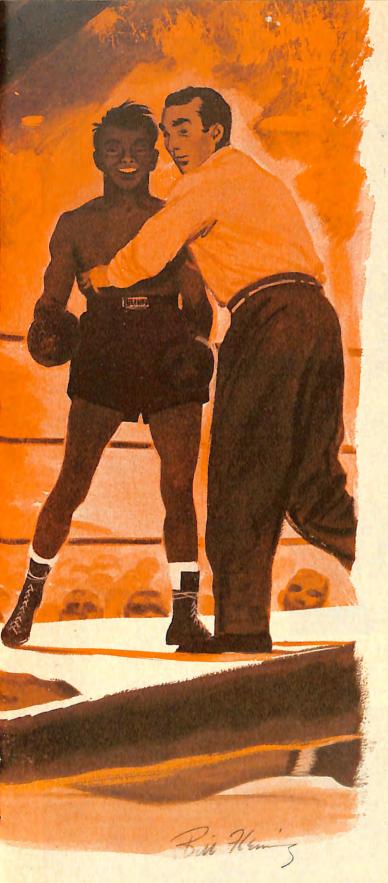
IN LHIN



I guess Billy never saw the bomb. When the count was "Three!" he was flat on his back.

CORNER

BY WILLIAM FAY ILLUSTRATED BY BILL FLEMING



HEN we came out of the dressing room and started for the ring, the corridor was full of Mexicans, and we could see Pancho Torero, shadow-boxing, heaving punches at the empty air to work a sweat alive. I said to Billy Murphy, "You're the champion. You don't have to look at the bum," but it wasn't a decent thing to say, because Torero is no bum. We could see him in a circle of his countrymen, all sleek-haired, bright-eyed little guys who loved him for his fierceness and his bravery. I guess they loved Pancho Torero like the Irish loved the champ.

"Beely," we heard Pancho call after us. "'Allo, Beely," in that funny voice of his.

I said, "Don't stop. Just keep going."

I knew that Billy liked Torero, and I didn't think, the way things looked, or promised to be, that this should be a night devoted to Pan-American sweetness. The Irish were at the Garden this night like a round-up for St. Patrick's Day. I often wondered why it was that Billy didn't go in for politics, the way his neighbors from the west side always followed him around. Somebody said it's because Murph is the last of their champions, but I wouldn't know. Fact is, to look at him, you wouldn't think that he could carry John L. Sullivan's mustache.

We went down to the ring from the 49th Street side of the Garden. There were cops at the head of the aisle to take us through the crowd. Standing there and looking lost among the ushers and the cops was Billy's wife. She looked pale and scared but very nice.

"You do it all right?" Billy said.

Rita nodded her head.

"Win, lose or draw," said Billy, "who's your meatball?" And Rita answered, "You're my meatball." It was a kind of ritual with them. I looked back at her once and she was standing alone before she turned and walked away. Her lips had seemed to be moving. She could have been praying.

Lucy Monroe sang the Star Spangled Banner. I guess she knows it pretty good by now. The Garden was packed like it isn't used to being packed for fights these days. The six thousand Mexicans helped. Arthur Farley, who is Billy's manager, sat at the ringside, looking sleek as a tiger and calm as a cow. Arthur, after all, has been managing fighters for twenty years and never been punched in the nose. He was where he belonged-outside the ropes. There was just myself, a guy named Morris to carry the junk, and a relative of Billy's by the name of Carl. Because it was a championship fight, we had to put the gloves on in the ring, and the lump in my stomach wasn't any bigger than a basketball, official size. The referee is Mortie Duluth, an honest fellow who's smart enough, but a little heavy on his feet for handling welterweights. I think that Ruby Goldstein would have been a better choice.

We were in the center of the ring for the referee's instructions and Mortie was trying to say, "I want a nice clean fight," in English and Spanish. I felt at the time he needed just a few more lessons. Billy was standing skinny and tall in that plain white robe he always wears, without any lettering or fancy business on the back of it. He's thirty years old and his years in the ring make him look every day of it. We went back to the corner and I took the robe off his back.

"Good luck," I said.

"Jab him out of his mind. Don't work too hard. Save your legs for later."

"I'll do what I can."

"Don't hit 'im on that rock of a head. Don't waste a lot of punches on his elbows, Billy."

The bell rang then.

This Pancho Torero wastes no time. He has a very simple, effective fighting style. He just (Continued on page 41)



Grand Exalted Ruler's

Visits



Dignitaries and their ladies who participated in Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge's tribute to Grand Exalted Ruler Stern, seated center. Among those pictured are Grand Lodge State Assns. Committeeman Robert L. DeHority, standing third from right, and State Secy. C. L. Shideler, standing at right.



The Grand Exalted Ruler pictured with a group of Chicago, III., Elks and four members of the Boy Scout Troop, composed entirely of crippied youngsters, sponsored by Chicago Lodge No. 4. Standing, left to right: Crippied Children's Committee Chairman Jack Shalin of Chicago No. 4 Lodge, Scoutmaster Carl Burkhardt, Mr. Stern, Troop Chairman Arthur Paddor, III. N.E. Dist. Vice-Pres. Frank Schollian, D.D. Willis Maltby and E.R. George Hickey of Chicago (No.) Lodge No. 1666.



The Order's leader, center, with Special Deputy T. E. George on his right and E.R. R. J. Greenwood on his left, at Jamestown, N. D., Lodge.

TWO March visits made by Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern were to WIL-MINGTON, N. C., LODGE, NO. 532, and LUM-BERTON, N. C., LODGE, NO. 1861. The Wilmington Elks were hosts to delegations from all through that area at a banquet for Mr. Stern which was also attended by Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson, Thad Eure of the Lodge Activities Committee of the Grand Lodge, State Assn. Pres. C. D. Thomas and D.D. Louis N. Howard. The Lumberton call was unscheduled, and the Order's leader was extremely pleased to see the progress this lodge has made since its institution last September.

In Georgia for an extended tour of Elk lodges. Mr. Stern was accompanied by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. Mc-Clelland, Grand Treas. Edward A. Dutton, State Pres. Homer C. Eberhardt and Secy. Roderick M. McDuffie, former Grand Chaplain Rev. Father James E. King, D.D. Robert Falligant and other high-ranking Ga. Elks.

E.R. James L. Cole headed a group of members of SAVANNAH LODGE NO. 183 who met with Grand Exalted Ruler Stern and Grand Treas. Dutton at a breakfast meeting Mar. 17th.

That evening, AUGUSTA LODGE NO. 205



A view of the well-attended banquet honoring Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern and marking Buffalo, N. Y., Lodge's installation of its new officers.



Above: Pictured during the presentation ceremonies of the "Most Valuable Student" Awards at Atlanta, Ga., Lodge are, left to right: Committee Chairman Bob Young, student Raymond W. Crowley, Grand Exalted Ruler Stern, student Marilyn J. Moulton and E.R. Lee Evans.

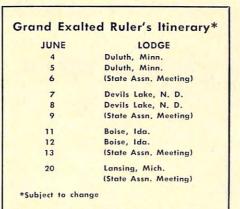
Below: At the Racine, Wis., Lodge reception, seated left, Mr. Stern, and, right, E.R. H. Norman Johnson; standing, left to right: D.D. A. E. LaFrance and State Assn. Pres. E. H. Lattimer and Treas. W. H. Otto.



welcomed the distinguished Fargo Elk to a banquet and dance. E.R. R. K. Lambeth was in charge of the program which was a combination Brotherhood Day and St. Patrick's Day celebration.

Luncheon the following day was enjoyed with E.R. Robert L. Drennan and a group of former leaders of **ELBERTON LODGE NO. 1100**, and in the evening E.R. W. Henry Hill and his fellow members of **ATHENS LODGE NO. 790** welcomed the Order's top official and Georgia's leading Elks to a gala reception and dinner honoring Mr. Stern who delivered one of his customarily fine talks.

(Continued on page 39)





Above: At Wilmington, N. C., Lodge's banquet honoring the distinguished Fargo Elk were, left to right: Secretary C. A. Jurgensen, Jr., Mr. Stern, Hon. John J. Burney, P.E.R., and D.D. Louis N. Howard.

Below: Mr. Stern, seated left, with Gov. William G. Stratton of Ill., a Springfield Elk, and, standing left to right: P.D.D. Charles Clabaugh, D.D. Willis Maltby, Secy. Earl R. Schryver of Springfield Lodge, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson and E.R. A. W. Gibson.





The Grand Exalted Ruler, right, pictured with Exalted Ruler Claude E. Blanchard of North Carolina's newest lodge, Lumberton No. 1861.



While in Denver, Mr. Stern, second from left, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, right, and Past Grand Esq. Jacob L. Sherman, second from right, visited the Colo. State Elks Assn.'s Laradon Hall. Pres. Joseph Calabrese, an Elk, at left, escorted the trio to the various classrooms where handicapped children, particularly cerebralpalsy victims, are being educated at the expense of the Association.



Below: Outgoing E.R. Bob Drennan, left, presents Elberton, Ga., Lodge's

OPEN at oakmont

Sam Parks, who in 1935 won the "big one" in the greatest upset big-time golf has ever known. Behind Parks is a view of Oakmont across the large 18th green.

This month the National Open again returns to the layout Sarazen calls "the heavyweight of American courses".

> BY TOM SILER Sportswriter for the Knoxville "News-Sentinel"

S AM PARKS, a cherubic youth three years out of college, sprang the greatest upset big-time golf has ever known.

He won the National Open—Golf's most elusive prize—in 1935, but not because he was the best golfer. Parks won because he wasn't afraid of Oakmont, famed old Pittsburgh course that stands recognized as par's most rugged stronghold in the realm of golf.

That a long shot captured the Open championship was only mildly surprising —it's happened a half a dozen times but the fact that Parks, the unknown, won at Oakmont, of all places, astounded all but the most blasé.

Parks went into the tournament a maiden, as they say at the race track. He had never won a tournament, nor was he ever to win another major title. But back in June, 1935, Parks and Oakmont dominated the headlines. It seemed, at the time, like a tight little conspiracy—the home town boy managed to break 300 for 72 holes—299, to be exact, while Oakmont threw back the challenge of the glamorous stars.

Oakmont has been the object of awesome praise, the target of profane epithets. Perhaps Gene Sarazen and Byron Nelson best express the attitude of the genuine standouts. Sarazen has called Oakmont "the heavyweight of American golf courses." To Nelson Oakmont is the "best competitive test" in America.

Oakmont is all of that, and more. Golfers fear and respect it; even curse it. There is heartbreak and maybe an occasional chuckle, in its ubiquitous bunkers, in a dozen ditches, and double misery on the treacherous greens. The finest shotmakers for 30 years have challenged Oakmont, but it's the same old story: Fire and fall back.

Walk down the lush fairways with the old-timers, and they will relive for you moments of agony and triumph. They point out where a youngster from Georgia, just 17, lost the National Amateur title. Then, they add, the young man came back six years later and captured the same championship. But not even this immortal—Bobby Jones—mastered Oakmont. Not once did Jones break par at Oakmont.

Too, the old-timers tell you proudly how Oakmont treated the stars in 1927; how Tommy Armour and Harry Cooper tied at 301, 13 over par; how Armour won the Open playoff with a modest 76. In a sort of aside, they also point out that Jones, the defending champion that year, used 309 strokes, an all-time high for him in the Open. And it was Oakmont, too, that convinced the superlative Walter Hagen that he was through.

But more of Hagen and Parks later. Oakmont, like a stern patriarch, is now preparing for a big reunion. Come June golf's great and near-great, creaky veterans and ambitious youngsters will gather at Oakmont—the first Open there since Parks' incredible victory. The new crop

(Continued on page 47)

In a typical National Open upset, Julius Boros won at Dallas last year with 281.

> 1947 Open winner Lew Worsham looks at Sam Snead's putter.



One of the big traps at Oakmont-the course without a let-up hole.

ELKS NATIONAL SERVICE COMMISSION ACTIVITIES



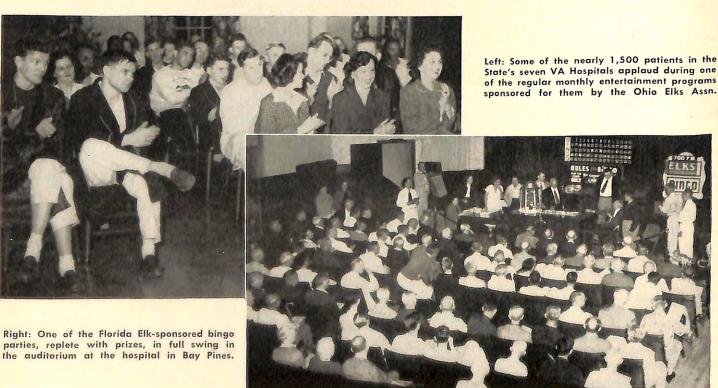
Omaha, Neb., Lodge's E.R.-elect James F. Sullivan, center, with Jimmie Thomas, left, and Philip Fourcloud, Miniature Chiefs from the St. Augustine Indian Mission, who thrilled patients at the VA Hospital with their authentic Indian dances, accompanied by an adult chanter and drummer.

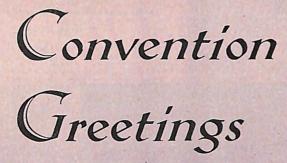


The leather presented to the VA Hospital in Excelsior Springs, Mo., by the local Elks is inspected by occupational therapists and, left to right: D.D. Dr. E. B. Kessler, Lodge Secy. Dr. W. B. Fitzpatrick, Veterans Service Committeeman Earl Lillard, and E.R. C. A. Blockberger.



At the Veterans Hospital in Albuquerque, N. M., left to right: E.R. Dante Vaio, local Veterans Committee Chairman Henry N. Davis and State Committee Chairman C. W. Eggert with one of the hospital's occupational therapists, when the Elks presented leather for therapy work.







OFFICE OF THE MAYOR CITY OF SAINT LOUIS MISSOURI

May 6, 1953

RAYMOND R. TUCKER MAYOR

> To the Members and Friends of the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks:

> > A hearty welcome to St. Louis!

We are highly honored that you have seen fit to select our city as the site of the 1953 Grand Lodge convention. Both personally and on behalf of my fellow St. Louisans, I extend this warm wish that your stay here will be highly enjoyable, and that the 1953 convention will prove to be the most successful in the history of your fine organization.

I should like to take this means of gratefully acknowledging the good work being done by the Elks both on a national and local level. Your many philanthropic and patriotic activities have done much for the betterment of the many communities you so ably serve, for which you merit the profound gratitude of your fellow citizens.

While you are in St. Louis I urge you to make full use of the many facilities which are provided for your convenience and pleasure. Among these are two major league baseball teams, an outstanding zoo, Shaw's Garden, The Jewel Box and many others. After you have sampled St. Louis hospitality, I hope you will want to return soon and often.

It is my earnest wish that the forthcoming convention will be productive of much good in the furtherance of the high ideals for which the Elks stand.

Cordially yours,



NEWS OF THE LODGES



This photograph includes some of the participants in Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge's 1953 Charity Program. Pictured directly in front of the Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn are, left to right: Rev. Wm. C. Bennett, Rev. F. J. Mugavero, Rabbi Max Meyer, Rt. Rev. Msgr.

J. Jerome Reddy, E.R. E. S. St. John, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, New York's Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri, E.R.-elect T. J. Mackell, Borough Pres. James A. Lundy, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and George I. Hall and Hon. Charles S. Colden.

Queens Borough, N.Y., Elks Distribute \$200,000 to Charity

No other branch of the Order better suits the action to the word "Charity", the first cardinal principle of Elkdom, than does Queens Borough Lodge No. 878.

Following its custom of nearly 20 years, this lodge conducted a Charity Bazaar last winter under its capable long-time Chairman P.E.R. Frank J. Rauch: the success of the event was evidenced in April, when an audience of over 1,000 saw Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Chairman of the lodge's Charity Distribution Committee, makes presentations ranging from \$2,500 to \$250 to nearly 100 organizations.

Mayor Vincent R. Impellitteri of New York City was again on hand to address the gathering, as was Borough Pres. James A. Lundy. E.R. Edward S. St. John delivered the welcoming address following the recital of the Pledge of Allegiance to the Flag, led by the Boy Scout Troop sponsored by the lodge, with John F. Scileppi, a member of the Grand Forum, and William Fitzgerald, Chairman of the lodge's Scout Committee.

The Brooklyn Catholic Diocesan Chor-

isters rendered several selections at intervals during the program which was attended by Hon. Maurice H. Matzkin, Deputy Commissioner of Hospitals of New York City; Dr. Jerome Schwartz, former Asst. Director of Creedmoor Hospital, and Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and George I. Hall, who saw the following distributions made:

\$2,500 each

St. John's Long Island City Hospital; Flushing Hos-pital, Jamaica Hospital, Mary Immaculate Hospital, St. Joseph's Hospital, Rockaway Beach Hospital, Wyckoff Heights Hospital, St. Anthony's Hospital, Queens Gen-eral Hospital, Triboro Hospital, Queensboro Pavilion for Communicable Diseases, Long Island Jewish Hospital, Neponsit Beach Hospital, the Police Athletic League, Boys' Club of Queens, Inc., Catholic Charities of Queens County, Protestant Charities of Queens County, Jewish Charities of Queens County

\$2,000 each

Committee of Queens Borough Lodge in Charge of Entertainment of Veterans, American Red Cross, Boy Scouts of Queens County, Queens County Bar Assn. for its legal aid program, The House of Calvary, Child Caring Institutions of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn for Children of Queens

\$1,750 each

Social and Welfare Program of Creedmoor Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases

\$1,500 each

The Particular Council of Queens of the Society of Vincent de Paul, Bowne House Historical Society St.

for publication of "The Bowne House—A National Shrine to Religious Freedom", Guide Dog Foundation for the Blind, Inc., Queens, Child Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.

\$1,250 each

Salvation Army, Ottilie Home of Queens, St. John's Home for the Orphan Boys of Queens County, Gustave Hartman Home for Children at Rockaway, St. Joseph's Home for Orphan Girls of Queens County, American Legion Welfare Fund, Dominican Sisters

\$1,000 each

\$1,000 each Community Service League of Queens Borough, Wyckoff Heights Hospital for equipment of room erected in memory of Herman E. Ringe, Industrial Home for the Bind, Florence Crittenton League, Inc., Queens Speech and Hearing Center, Rossry Hill Home for Incurable of teen-ege narcotic patients, Little Sisters of the Poor of queens County. the Queens County Cancer Commit-tee, St. Francis Sanatorium for Cardiac Children, the Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor of Jamaica, Social Service Auxiliary of Queens General Hospital, Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor of Jamaica, Social Service Auxiliary of Triboro Hospital, St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer, Youth Consultation Service of the Church Mission of Help of the Episcopalian Diocese of L. L., St. John's Hospital for Social Service, Visiting Nurse Service of New York for taking deserving children of the City of New York for taking deserving ch

\$750 each

St. Charles Crippled Children's Hospital, Queensboro Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Inc., Long Island City Branch of the Y.M.C.A. for use in youth program, Queensboro Council for Social Welfare

\$650 each

Queensboro Home for the Blind, Inc., Lutheran Charities, Inc., College Point Community Ambulance

Corps, Inc., Whitestone Community Ambulance Service, Merrick Community Center of the County of Queens, Inc., Community Council of South Jamaica, The Catholic Guild for the Blind, Ridgewood Y.M.C.A. Youth Program, Welfare Fund of the Veterans of Foreign Wars

\$500 each

Motor Corps of Queens General Hospital, Bellevue Hospital's program on behalf of retarded children, Cerebral Palsy Society of Queens, Chapel Fund of the U. S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings Point, Fort Totten Y.M.C.A.. Holy Name Center for Homeless Men, Research on Cancer, St. Mary's Episcopal Hospital for Children of Bayside

\$400 each

Western Queens Nursery School, Inc., Apostolate for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing, Big Brother Movement of Queens, St. Vincent's Home for Boys over 16, Flushing Y.M.C.A. Youth Program, Poppenhusen Institute

\$350 each

United Hospital Drive, Eye Surgery Drive

\$250 each

Catholic Day for the Blind, Protestant Day for the Blinc, Jewish Day for the Blind, the Anthonian Hall Residence for Blind Women, Queensboro Tuberculosis and Health Assn., Lavelle School for the Blind-Babor Scholarship Fund, Camp Fire Girls, Catholic Youth Organization Day Camps, South Queens Mental Health Clinic, Queens Council Lighthouse, Queens Borough Council for Social Welfare on Teen-Age Problems, Madonna House, Lake Play School, Adult Education Home of the Armenian Welfare Assn. of N. Y., Queens County Youth Athletic Center, Inc., Greater New York Fund, National Infantile Paralysis Foundation.

A total of \$65,750 was allocated to the lodge itself for various purposes, including \$10,000 for its Youth Program, \$3,000 for the Elks National Foundation, \$1,000 to the lodge's Scholarship Fund, \$750 to the N. Y. Elks Veterans Service Program and \$500 each to the National Veterans Service Program and to the N. Y. Elks Scholarship Program; \$50,000 was appropriated for the lodge's use in its own work.

Cape Girardeau, Mo., Lodge Instituted

D. D. Lowell C. McCarty was in charge of the ceremonies marking the institution of Cape Girardeau Lodge No. 639. Over 300 Elks from Missouri and Illinois attended the affair in which the officers of three established Missouri lodges participated: the leaders of Chaffee Lodge handled the institution, Farmington dignitaries initiated the Charter Member Class of 72 new Elks and 18 on dimit, and Washington officers installed E.R. J. R. Mahan and his fellow officials.

Washington, D. C., Elks Conduct Second Congressional Night

In the interest of things American, and to pay tribute to the 204 Elks in the House of Representatives and the 62 in the Senate, Washington Lodge No. 15 held its Second Congressional Night not long ago. The meeting was preceded by a reception and buffet dinner for the honored guests who then witnessed the initiation of 39 men honoring P.E.R. Rosell T. Pickrel, former Md., Dela. and D. C. Elks Assn. Pres., Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committeman.

Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Robert S. Barrett, Md., Dela., and D. C. Elks Assn. Pres. R. Edward Dove and Special Deputy Ambrose A. Durkin participated in the ceremonies, during which Mr. Stern conferred an Honorary Life Membership on E.R. Norman S. Bowles, Jr.

P.D.D. Russell V. Mack, U. S. Congressman from the State of Washington, addressed the new Elks, and Senator Estes Kefauver, a Chattanooga, Tenn., Elk, responded to E.R. Bowles' welcome.



At the Second Congressional Night conducted by Washington, D. C., Lodge were, left to right: U. S. Sen. Estes Kefauver, E.R. Norman S. Bowles, Jr., Committee Chairman Joseph G. Motyka, P.E.R., and Rep. Russell V. Mack of Wash. State, former Grand Lodge State Assns. Committeeman.

Over 500 Elks attended this affair which received fine coverage in the newspapers and on television, largely through the promotion efforts of Sen. J. Glenn Beall, P.E.R. of Frostburg, Md., Lodge.

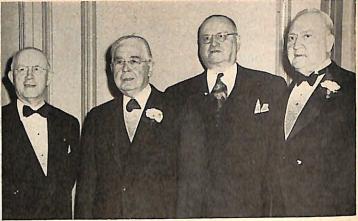
On hand were Senators Styles Bridges, New Hampshire; Warren G. Magnuson, Washington; Clinton P. Anderson, New Mexico, and Henry C. Dworshak, Idaho. Senators R. B. Russell of Georgia and Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois also cooperated in the event's success.

Other Congressmen participating included P.E.R. D. W. Nicholson, E. P. Boland and T. P. O'Neill, Jr., Mass.; P. A. Fino, P.E.R. F. J. Becker, H. C. Ostertag and C. E. Kilburn, N. Y.; B. F. Jensen, J. I. Dolliver, Paul Cunningham and H. R. Gross, Ia.; C. W. Bishop, P. F. Mack, Jr., C. W. Reed and Richard Hoffman. Ill.; H. B. Scudder, John Phillips. Carl Hinshaw and E. W. Hiestand. Calif.; P.E.R. W. N. Aspinall and W. S. Hill, Colo.; A. M. Bentley, E. A. Cederberg and George Meader, Mich.; H. C. Hagen, Minn.; Otto Krueger, N.D.; Phil M. Landrum and J. L. Pilcher, Ga.; W. A. D'Ewart, Mont.; H. A. Patten, Ariz.; C. E. Merrow, N. H.; C. M. Bailey, W. Va.; Clarence Cannon, Mo.; A. F. Weichel, Ohio, and Clifton Young, Nev. Rep. Brooks Hays of Ark., and Rep. P. J. Philbin, Mass., did much to promote interest in this affair.



When Westwood, N. J., Lodge honored State Pres. Jos. F. Bader, he, in turn, commended its \$10,000 gift to the Pascack Valley Hospital Bldg. Fund, \$5,000 to the Ridgewood Cerebral Palsy Center, and 100 per cent blood-donor program. Left to right: State Pres. J. A. Gunn and D.D. Frank McBride of N. Y., E.R. John Keereweer, D.D. John Byrne, Mr. Bader.





In the photographs above are the principal participants in Hartford, Conn., Lodge's 70th Anniversary celebration. Left to right across page they are: Hon. Joseph P. Cooney, Toastmaster, 68-year-Elk W. W. O'Brien, E.R. Michael F. Clancy, Grand Lodge Committeeman Arthur J. Roy, Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan, Grand Trustee Thomas J. Brady and Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson.



E.R. Glenn Staggs presents Pendleton, Oregon, Lodge's Scholarship Award to Dale Metcalf, brilliant high school student who also received the Grand Lodge Scholarship for Oregon, as well as several other non-Elk student contests.



E.R. Robert G. Robb, left, presents a diamond Elk ring to A. J. Chellew, recently chosen "Elk of the Year" by Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge in recognition of his fine committee work, interest in Elk affairs and community service.



Terry McMahon, left, local Chairman of the Conn. State Elks Cerebral Palsy Committee, presents Bridgeport, Conn., Lodge's \$1,059 check to State Committee Chairman E. J. Maley as E.R. Joseph Shalvoy, center, looks on.



E.R. G. H. Sonnichsen, right, presents to Chairman W. A. Lowry of the County March of Dimes and local Campaign Director W. E. Orr, Coeur D'Alene, Ida., Lodge's \$200 gift, and the \$540 set aside for Valentine Dinner-Dance corsages for the Elk ladies who decided to donate the money to this cause instead.



State Pres. R. E. Boney, center, Grand Lodge Committeeman, holds the Trophy won for Roswell Lodge for one year by Clyde Blackwell, left, who took the 1st Annual N. M. Elks Golf Tourney sponsored by Carlsbad Lodge. At right: Clovis Elk Zeb W. Watkins, runnerup. The fourday event included entertainment and a ball.



E.R. W. O. Kunter, right, gives Idaho Falls, Ida., Lodge's \$200 for the Polio Fund to Supt. R. C. Stephenson of the local L.D.S. Hospital, and a hot-pack machine the Elks gave the institution which has already received an iron lung, special laundry equipment and sewing machines from the lodge for its polio department.



P.E.R.'s of Wilmington, N. C., Lodge are pictured with, seated left to right: E.R. J. R. Johnson, D.D. Louis N. Howard and P.E.R. C A. Jurgensen, Sr., during Mr. Howard's official visit to that lodge.



This is the Midget Basketball Team which Easton, Pa., Lodge sponsors. Coached by Esteemed Lecturing Knight D. C. Jarrell, pictured at right, second row, the young hoop stars took second place this past season.

A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER

.... Looking Forward to St. Louis

MOST FITTINGLY, the 89th Grand Lodge Session of our great American fraternity opens this year in St. Louis the day after Independence Day. Thinking at this time of our forthcoming meetings in St. Louis, and at the same time of our Country to which the Order is so closely bound by oath and deeds, I see a comparison between the government founded in 1789 by our forefathers and the Grand Lodge instituted in 1871 by the founders of Elkdom.

Both Founding Fathers farsightedly realized that while a government —or a fraternity—basically must function at the local level, a coordinating, central body is required to provide unity and direction. Through this body the local communities—or the subordinate lodges—are welded into a democratic institution working for individual and country on the national plane. Therefore, each summer we meet in one of our great cities for five days to review Elkdom's course and shape its future. In attendance are the Grand Lodge Officers and Committeemen, the District Deputies and the Exalted Rulers or Alternates delegated to represent our more than sixteen hundred subordinate lodges—from Maine in the East to California and Hawaii in the West; from Alaska in the Far North to Canal Zone and Puerto Rico in the tropical South. Truly a great American representative gathering assembled for serious discussion.

It is my sincere wish that each of our subordinate lodges have delegates in attendance at the Sessions. Brother Elks from the great State of Missouri are sparing no effort to make our 1953 Convention our biggest and best. A great deal of benefit comes to the Order from our Annual Grand Lodge Sessions and the success of the many important programs depends, to a considerable extent, upon high attendance. During the Four Business Sessions the affairs of Elkdom will receive grave consideration and plans of action for the future will be made. I am sure that every representative in attendance at our meetings in St. Louis will return to his lodge with far greater knowledge of Elkdom and with information of interest and value to his fellow lodge members.

Sincerely and fraternally,

ban

SAM STERN GRAND EXALTED RULER



Sam Stern Birthday Classes

Further evidence of the esteem in which Grand Exalted Ruler Stern is held throughout the Order whose membership has increased measurably as a result of the initiation of numerous classes in his honor.



This group of 58 candidates initiated in honor of Sam Stern brought to 278 the total initiated by Freeport, N. Y., Lodge's E.R. B. J. Reiner, seated fourth from left, and his officers.



Annapolis, Md., Lodge officials pictured with the Stern Class which was initiated by a group of former leaders of the lodge on P.E.R.'s Night.



Salida, Colo., Lodge's officers with 17 of the 22-man Grand Exalted Ruler's Birthday Class, largest initiated there in several years.



Newton, Kans., Lodge's fine Stern Class, pictured with State Pres. C. E. Klein, seated fourth from left, with E.R. Chas. Bishop on his right.



E.R. L. B. Page, seated fifth from left, and other Baton Rouge, La., officers, pictured with their candidates honoring Sam Stern.

Right: San Mateo, Calif., Lodge proudly presents this photograph which gives a partial view of the 118 men and the officers who initiated them as a tribute to the Order's leader. This class is the largest in the lodge's history.



Above: The Astoria, Ore., Sam Stern Class of 20 men had the privilege of hearing an address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, pictured with the initiates, D.D. George Gray and E.R. G. A. Grimberg and his officers.

Right: With E.R. J. Gordon Mead, his officers and Flint, Mich., Lodge's Stern Class are Chairman Benjamin F. Watson of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, D.D.'s Lee J. Riede and L. A. Koepfgen, P.D.D. S. Glenn Converse and Past State Presidents G. C. Ackers and A. C. Lyon.



NEWS OF THE LODGES





Sheriff Eugene Biscailuz, Santa Monica P.E.R., March of Dimes Chairman, seated, holds San Fernando, Calif., Lodge's annual \$1,000 gift. Standing, left to right: Herb Cox, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, P.D.D. Frank Lorenzi, E.R. J. F. Nutsch, E.R.-elect George Fuller.

Johnsonburg, Pa., Elk Minstrel Show Succeeds

Johnsonburg Lodge No. 612 announces with pride that the goals of its Minstrel Show were achieved with ease. It was the purpose of the lodge to realize a substantial donation for the Elks National Foundation, in recognition of its Silver Anniversary, and also to bring in money for its own Youth Fund.

Recruiting both acting and directing talent from its own membership, No. 612 put the show on two successive evenings, both performances playing to packed houses. During intermission the work of the Foundation was explained to the responsive audience, and the lodge officials feel now that not only its own members, but the general public as well, have a better understanding of Elkdom.

Half-Century Passed by Pottstown, Pa., Lodge

More than 475 Elks attended the 50th Anniversary banquet of Pottstown Lodge No. 814 with some of the Order's most distinguished members participating.

Highlights of the evening were the

impressive principal address delivered by Joseph F. Bader, Pres. of the N. J. State Elks Assn., the fine talk made by the lodge's only surviving Charter Member, Dr. T. Edmund Wills, and the introduction of 21 of its 23 living P.E.R.'s by Toastmaster E.R. S. Paul Seeders.

Pottstown Elkdom has grown steadily since its institution with 27 Charter Members; there are now 1.087 members on its roster, which is nearly double its membership of ten years ago. Pottstown Lodge owns its own fine home, its Drill Team holds the National title, and it is active in widespread service programs; 168 members contributed \$100 each to the Elks National Foundation.

Oklahoma Welcomes Guymon Lodge

A class of 80 candidates, ten on dimit, was initiated by Woodward Lodge's Ritualistic Team as Charter Members of Guymon Lodge No. 1885. A banquet preceded the institution ceremonies which were opened by D.D. V. P. Cavanaugh, and State Pres. Arthur J. Hall installed the officers of the new lodge. Among the distinguished guests were former Chair-



Above: At West Palm Beach, Fla., Lodge's All-State Elks Night, held for the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children, are the principal personalities involved with its success. Left to right: M. C. Liana of Brooklyn, N. Y., Lodge, an annual visitor to the Fla. city; Florida P.D.D.'s W. E. Poland, Jr., and J. Alex Arnette; Nick Kenny, N. Y. Daily Mirror columnist, who emceed the show and dance; B. F. Grall, W. A. Wall, former Grand Lodge Committeeman and E.R. T. P. Riggs, Jr.

Left: These Casper, Wyo., Elks distributed and later collected 300 coin containers throughout the county for the Wyo. Society for Crippled Children and Adults. Left to right: Lloyd Blower, Bernie Lensmeyer, Al Sabine, Est. Lect. Knight Jim Parrish, Gene Hall, Matt Isaacson.



These Cocoa, Fla., Elks are on their way to New Smyrna Beach Lodge to make their 42nd interlodge visit on the inland waterway which extends from Key West to Maine. Cocoa members have covered 5,080 miles in this good-will work, with the help of Elk Gorham Bliss, yacht owner.

man Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Past Pres. John M. Collin, Chairman of the State Elks Rehabilitation Committee, D.D. Bert Wysor and many others. El Reno Lodge's officers closed the ceremonies which were attended by 25 guests from Texas lodges and 50 from other Oklahoma cities.

Nebraska Elks Hold Spring Conference

All officers, committeemen and District Deputies of the State were on hand Apr. 12th for the Spring Conference of the Nebraska Elks Assn. in Hastings. Delegates from 20 of the 21 lodges heard reports on the work of various committees, including the Elks National Foundation Most Valuable Student Contest for the State which was covered by Vice-Pres. Andrew D. Mapes. On this occasion the awards were made to the winners: \$400 to Susan C. Hill, Omaha; \$250 to Marvin G. McNeice, Scottsbluff; \$150 to Cynthia L. Adams, North Platte, and four \$100 district prizes to Denise Bell, Chadron; Jane A. Andersen, sponsored by Kearney Lodge; Mary J. Johnson by Norfolk, and Mary O. Olson by Lincoln.



For ELKS who TRAVEL



There's Comfort in Martinsville, Va.

Here is a lodge, accommodating Elks (rooms for Elks only) that offers real comfort for Elks who travel. Lodge building of home-like beauty—only 1 block from city center with plenty of parking space. Excellent snack rooms and good restaurants close by. Available double rooms—connecting baths—double room with private baths—both with twin beds —single room, double beds, private bath. Modest rates. Elks always welcome.



Lots of Southern Hospitality at

COCCOA, FLORIDA B.P.O. ELKS #1532 Cocca Elks welcome all traveling Elks and their Families to use our small, but friendly facilities while visiting in the Sunshine State.

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

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

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

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

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

BY HORACE SUTTON

For sun this summer, try the boardwalks and beaches along the Eastern shoreline.

BREATHES there a man who has not to his wife said, "Darling, leave us be off to the shore," while she has answered, "But, I prefer the mountains more."

I am not planning to take sides in any familial argument, and it is with utter objectivity and a hasty glance at all contestants that I say we have prepared for this month's seminar, a dissertation on the advantages of collapsing on a beach in the East. If the annual mountains versus the sea battle has been won this year by elements favoring the sea, this is for you. Or if no contest rages in your house and you are simply looking for a place to get sunburned by the breakers, read on.

It wouldn't be altogether possible to list all the Eastern shoreline that is paved in sand and scorched by the summer sun,

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.

Are you taking advantage of this service? More and more Elks and their families are. In the first three months of 1952, 297 inquiries were received and answered. This year, during the same period, our Travel Department received 921 requests for travel information of all kinds. but there follows a selection of places where you can toast and roast, fight the breakers, and fill your bellows with the clean air of the sea.

The season has already begun in North Carolina which measures the beginning of the swimming season from the first of May and the end sometime deep in September. What's more there are 320 miles of coastline around, all broken up by islands, inlets, and rivers which gives a front on the sea and a back view of a sheltered cove or sound.

You can have it busy or barren in North Carolina. Way down south on a peninsula near Wilmington is Carolina Beach which can accommodate 40,000 visitors at a time without someone catching another bather's foot in the middle of his new beach chair. Carolina Beach is bordered with a boardwalk and studded with a vacht basin, cassino and even an auditorium. You can fish from the pier and take inland sidetrips to the Colonial plantations along Cape Fear River. Morehead City, north of Wilmington, is the largest port for sports fishing in the state. Atlantic Beach and Kure Beach, near Morehead, have fishing piers that reach out part way to Spain, or to be specific, nearly 1.000 feet.

Now it is one thing to walk a boardwalk with a jaw full of salt water taffy, and I don't condemn it. But it is also something else being on a strip of sand that is a number of miles from no place at all with not a TV set, nor a neon sign in sight. Such an atmosphere can still be found at certain spots along the Outer Banks, which are a chain of islands and sandbars that shield much of the Carolina coast. Ocracoke Island, for instance, just 16 miles long and less than a mile wide, can only be reached by mail boat from Atlantic, by ferry from Hatteras or by a light airplane flying in from Manteo or Beaufort.

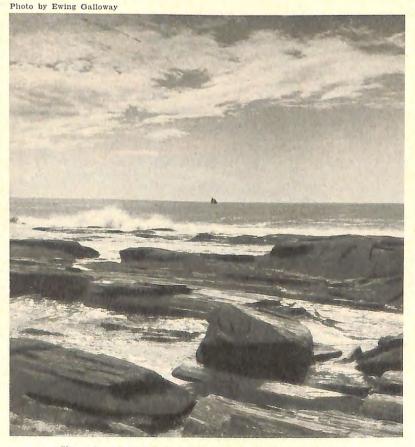
Blackbeard the pirate used to take refuge at Ocracoke and they will show you Teach's Hole-his real name was Edward Teach-where the renegade put in his ship, "Queen Anne's Avenger." for repairs. The governor of Carolina is supposed to have given him protection, but the governor of Virginia sent a sloop of war after him back in 1718, and soon the warship was back with Teach's head tied to its bow and thirteen prisoners in the hold. One of Teach's crewmen staved behind at Ocracoke and soon he was joined by an Arab sailor, the sole survivor from the wreck of another ship. They found wives on the mainland, brought them back and eventually the crewman's son and the Arab's daughter were married and formed a sort of shipwrecked dynasty there on the Carolina banks. Wild ponies run the sands at Ocracoke, and there is an annual roundup on July 4th to brand the new crop. Fresh water lies 18 inches below the surface and ponies scratch for it with their hoofs. There is an all-year hotel and some lodges at Ocracoke, but if you want built-up facilities, better make for Nag's Head which has motor courts.

Probably the most famous beach in these parts is Atlantic City which has eight miles of sand, weather that runs

about six degrees cooler than Washington, Philadelphia and New York, and water that is 64 in June, 71 in August and 69 in September. All this was discovered a long time ago. Back in 1869 there were four hotels in town and 500 people came every year to enjoy the water, the weather and the sand. Atlantic City's post office will be 100 years old on June 27th and is busy remembering that it used to do an annual business of a little over \$10 in 1854. Now it does \$1.000.000 a year. There are now about 1,200 hotels around the place which are visited by about 12,-000.000 people a year. That would seem to be enough room for everyone but now they've taken to building motels too, with the price running about \$10 a day or slightly higher. Prices in American plan hotels start at \$6 a day but they range a good deal higher than that.

The boardwalk at Atlantic City has been immortalized with a song shouted far and wide by Judy Garland. It is lined with nearly 600 stores and booths and it is not true that 475 of them sell salt water taffy, which is the town's stock in trade. An effort has been made to bring in exotic goods from all over the world to the boardwalk's bazaars, even candies from Asia and the Near East to compete with the local taffy. Aside from walking and spending, Atlantic City offers horseback riding along the sands (October through May), theaters and amusements on its piers, and to be sure, swimming.

Things are similar but on a smaller scale up the line at Asbury Park, N. J., (Continued on page 40)



The rocky coast of Maine-inspiration for tourists and artists.



HERE'S YOUR HOME AWAY FROM HOME WHEN IN MILWAUKEE

MILLWAUKEEE Milwaukee, Wisc., Elks Lodge gives you all the conreniences of a fine hotel plus a warmth and friendliness while not obtrusive is here and your's for the asking. There are features too, that you won't find in the average hotel, swimming pool, gymnasium, lockers, steam room, massage and light treatments available. Ladies rest room, private dining and meeting rooms and a spacious Marine dining room. Rooms for cards, billiards and general recreation and a well stocked library. Bowling, of course and the alleys are good. All open to Elks and their guests. Hotel rooms are shage courts. To enjoy a good time in Milwaukee, to live comfortably and pleasantly stay at the No. 2 Lodge, second oldest in the Order of Elks.





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ROD AND GUN

You don't have to be uncomfortable just because you're camping.

BY TED TRUEBLOOD



F CAMPING is becoming a lost art as I sometimes suspect it is—one of the chief reasons is that, to many folks, the very word is synonymous with misery. Dripping woods,

smoking fire, damp bedding, half-cooked food, biting insects and needless fear all contribute to discomfort—internal, external and spiritual.

It is the nature of woods to drip when rain falls on them. Suffering need not result from this fact, however, nor from any other condition that is likely to be encountered by the summer camper anywhere in the United States or Canada. A little know-how and proper equipment are all that is required to make a camping trip one of the most enjoyable and least expensive of vacations. It is one, too, that is perfectly adapted to active participation by all members of the family.

First, about this matter of fear. I was surprised to discover several years ago that it is a very real thing to many people who are unfamiliar with the out of doors. When my wife and I moved to New York, we continued fishing, hunting and camping just as we had done at home in the West. One day a neighbor said to me, "Where were you this last weekend?"

I named a certain stream that we had fished. "Where did you stay," he asked. "Oh," I said, "we camped in some

woods beside it."

"Weren't you afraid?"

"Afraid! What would we be afraid of?"

"Why," he said, "I should think you'd be afraid of wild animals and snakes and poisonous insects."

He was dead serious and I didn't want to offend him, but it was hard to keep a straight face. I had camped out and slept out with nothing but a blanket hundreds of times. This was the first time it had occurred to me that anyone might consider such a pastime dangerous.

I said, "No, the only dangerous animal, the only one that isn't deathly afraid of man, is a domestic bull. Farmers keep them in pens. In this part of the country poisonous snakes are so scarce you don't even need to think about them. Even where there are lots of snakes, a few simple precautions eliminate all danger. "I don't know of a single insect that is capable of inflicting anything worse than a few minutes discomfort. If you mean such things as scorpions and tarantulas, they're nothing more than a nuisance, even where they're thick. A tick carrying Rocky Mountain spotted fever is really dangerous, of course. It could kill a man. But even if there were any here, the serum provides complete protection."

"Maybe so," he said, "but suppose somebody came along to rob you while you were asleep?"

I said, "Well, I'll admit that human beings are far more dangerous than animals, snakes or bugs. But the bad ones, fortunately, never get far from the big cities and through highways. I'd say that we were about 100 times safer sleeping beside a trout stream upstate than you are walking down to the corner drugstore for a package of cigarettes."

My neighbor shook his head. "Maybe you're right," he said, "but I still think you were taking an awful chance."

We continued camping and we have somehow managed to survive to date. The last I heard of him, through a mutual friend, he was in a hospital with a brain concussion. It seems he was hit by a car.

The first essential for an enjoyable camping trip is shelter, and this means a tent. There is a great variety and each kind is best suited to some particular use, but for the average summer outing an umbrella tent probably is first choice. It is easy to erect, provides good headroom and can be obtained in a wide range of styles, sizes and prices.

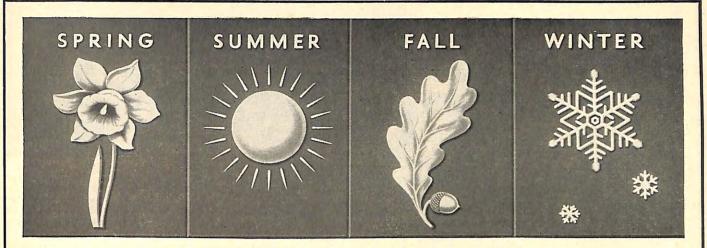
The most common error made in buying tents is to get one that is too small, although with a large family two tents are usually a better solution than one extremely large one. Two people can sleep, cook and eat in an 8x8 or 7x9, but there is no room to spare. Four can sleep in one this size, but it is the absolute minimum. The only way they can spend a rainy day in it without going crazy is to shoot themselves as they fall in over the threshold.

A 9x11 is, in my opinion, the smallest that should be considered for a party of four, and a larger group will be more comfortable in two tents. Then one would be the bedroom. The other would provide a place to cook, eat and play cards or read on a rainy day.

Except for places in the arid West where there are no bothersome insects such as black flies, mosquitoes or chiggers, the tent should have screened windows and door and a sewn-in floor. This is particularly important in a tent that is to be used for sleeping. Then, when you go to bed at night you can eliminate (Continued on page 46)



An umbrella tent with a fly for shade and protection from rain is best for summer camping.



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NEWS OF THE LODGES

Right: Present at the institution of Guymon, Okla., Lodge were, left to right: Chaplain Dave Agnew, former Chairman Earl E. James of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Trustee Harold Dondlinger, D.D. V. P. Cavanaugh, Past State Pres. J. M. Collin, E.R. Bill Sercomb, State Pres. Arthur Hall, D.D. Bert Wysor, Vice-Presidents C. R. Horton, John Coons.



Right: Dignitaries attending the Homecoming of State Vice-President Joseph Wallock to Cohoes, N. Y., Lodge included, left to right: D.D. Leo J. Fairbanks, Hudson E.R. Lloyd J. Boice, Grand Lodge Committeeman T. Emmett Ryan, Mayor R. Roulier, State Pres. James A. Gunn, E.R. Wallace H. Rudebush, the guest of honor and Past State Pres. J. J. Sweeney.



Left: Admiring fellow bowlers see Harry Vetter, sixth from left, receive a check from President Maurie Fredericks of the Muskegon, Mich., Elks' Bowling Assn. for rolling the first 300 score in the history of the lodge's bowling alleys. Exalted Ruler Thurlow E. King is pictured third from right.





Left: Baseball greats who instructed 2,000 boys at the Baton Rouge, La., Elks' Kids Baseball Clinic, left to right, front row: George Digby of the Red Sox; Doc Wendler, Dodgers Trainer; Dizzy Dean and Mel Ott of Baseball's Hall of Fame; Matt Batts, Detroit; Mel Parnell, Red Sox; Bill Lee, former Cubs star; second row: Dick Thompson, now in the country's service; Joe Adcock of the Braves; Boo Ferris, Louisville Colonels; Schoolboy Rowe, former Tigers star; Walker Cress, former Cincinnati Red; third row: Ed Head, Mgr., Mobile Bears; Milton Bolling, Red Sox; Roy McMillan, Grady Hatten and Ted Kluzewski, Cincinnati Reds and Dave Madison, Detroit.



Pueblo, Colo., Elk officials, left to right: E.R. S. S. Hughlitt, P.E.R. Cecil Larratt, Secy. Harper Gardner and Trustee John Stavast, present a \$5,570 check to Elk S. Kletzky, right, the city's Polio Fund Chairman.



Officials of Rock Springs, Wyo., Lodge present to the Sweetwater County Polio Foundation representative a check for \$2,150.22, the proceeds of a dance and entertainment the lodge held for members and families.



This Chevrolet truck, donated to the local Fire Dept. by Florence, S. C., Lodge, will be used for all types of rescue and first-aid work, carrying the equipment shown, which the Florence Elks also furnished.



At Eau Claire, Wis., Lodge's P.E.R.'s-Old Timers Night initiation of 30 men, left to right: E.R. E. A. Johnson, State Assn. Sgt-at-Arms J. G. Franey, State Pres. E. H. Lattimer, E.R.-elect Harold Backstrom.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION INFORMATION FOR 1953*

State	Place	Date			
Texas	Houston	June 3-4-5-6			
Oregon	Grants Pass	June 4-5-6			
Utah	Provo	*			
Minnesota	Duluth	June 4-5-6-7			
Iowa	Waterloo	June 5-6-7			
Maine	Augusta	June 5-6-7			
Connecticut	Norwich	June 6			
Nebraska	Kearney	June 6-7-8			
South Dakota	Mitchell	June 7-8			
North Dakota	Devils Lake	June 7-8-9			
Idaho	Boise	June 11-12-13			
New Jersey	Atlantic City	June 19-20			
Massachusetts	Boston	June 10			
Indiana	Gary	June 19-20-21			
Michigan	Lansing	June 19-20-21			
Virginia	Charlottesville	June 21-22-23			
Rhode Island	Woonsocket	June 27-28			
Montana	Havre	July 23-24-25			
Md., Dela.,	Salisbury, Md.	Aug. 20-21-22-23			
D. C.					
Wisconsin	La Crosse	Aug. 20-21-22			
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Aug. 24-25-26-27			
Tennessee	Columbia	Sept. 4-5			
California	Long Beach	Sept.			
		16-17-18-19			
Vermont	Hartford	Sept. 18-19-20			
· crimont	mannora	Sept. 10-19-20			
Indiana Fall M	feeting at Indiana	apolis Sept. 26-27			
Oklahoma Fall Meeting at Muskogee Oct. 2-3-4					
*Word has been received that the Utah Conven-					
tion, originally planned for June 4-5-6, has been					
moved ahead to May 21-22-23.					

Golden Jubilee Celebrated by San Bernardino, Calif., Elks

San Bernardino Lodge No. 836 held a three-day 50th Anniversary program climaxed by a banquet and initiation of 50 men in honor of Secy. Jack Hosfield; 50-year pins were presented by Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis to three of the lodge's four surviving Charter Members and to two other 50-year Elks.

Elks from all over the State took part in the program which was planned by a capable committee headed by General Chairman K. K. Kelly, P.E.R. Among the distinguished guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Michael F. Shannon, Grand Est. Lead. Knight R. S. Redington and State Pres. Vincent H. Grocott.

No. 836 has nearly 1,500 affiliates, most of whom, with their families, attended the Hollywood vaudeville show, open house and Golden Anniversary Ball, featuring Freddie Martin and his band. Admission to this was by donation to the Calif. Elks Cerebral Palsy Fund.

Hartford, Conn., Lodge Observes 70th Birthday

A dinner and special program marked the celebration of the 70th Anniversary of Hartford Lodge No. 19 last March. Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and E. Mark Sullivan headed the list of honored guests which included many other dignitaries, among them Vice-Chairman and Secy. Thomas J. Brady of the Board of Grand Trustees, Arthur J. Roy, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee, D.D. John J. Mangan, Lt. Gov. Edward N. Allen, a member of No. 19, and Acting Mayor H. F. Cooney.

E.R. Michael F. Clancy delivered a warm address of welcome and Hon. Joseph P. Cooney was Toastmaster for the program which paid special tribute to W. W. O'Brien, who has been a devoted member of Hartford Lodge for 68 years, and to several others who have been affiliated with No. 19 for over 50 years.



Weehawken, N. J., Lodge presents a whirlpool bath to the North Hudson Hospital for its crippled children work. Left to right: Hospital Trustee President F. A. Berenbroick, Inner Guard Charles Healey, E.R. Thomas H. Murphy, Elk Trustees Chairman John F. Cahir, Grand Trustee William J. Jernick, Dr. Lawrence Evans, John F. Kiely, Frank Eagen and Charles Binda.



At San Bernardino, Calif., Lodge's Golden Jubilee, left to right: Grand Est. Lead. Knight R. S. Redington, Past Grand Exalted Rulers L. A. Lewis and Michael F. Shannon, Chairman K. K. Kelly.



Medford, Mass., Lodge officers pictured on Old Timers Night with the class they initiated in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Sam Stern. Seated fifth from left is P.E.R. J. Frank Kelley, with Charter Members Maurice Shaw on his right, and William Hourihan and George Janes on his left.



This 200-man class was initiated into Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge to commemorate its 65th Anniversary.

with Ed Faust

The Doghouse

Raising puppies is work—but also a lot of fun.

ERE it comes up June and I'm still involved in Mrs. Fido's family affairs, having started the discussion last month by telling what to do when the stork arrived. Now that the puppies are here, what's to do about it? To those unaccustomed to the business of raising a litter of pups this may seem one of the labors of Hercules, but actually it is simple, although it does call for a lot of patient work. In the early stages the mother can pretty well take care of things and needs little more than a mite of supervision on the part of her owner-this, of course, provided she has sufficient milk for the youngsters. If she hasn't, then the next best thing is to find a foster mother who has more than she needs for her own brood. Fortunately, this seldom happens but when it does, and a stand-in mamma can't be found, then the little ones will have to be bottle-fed. If the puppies' mother is able to nurse her youngsters, the nursing period will last five to six weeks.

If this fortunate condition prevails, and it usually does, then as I've said, Mrs. Fido will need little attention other than to see that she is adequately fed, has plenty of clean drinking water and her bedding is changed every day. If you'll recall my previous article, I advised that the best bedding is torn up newspapers or about an eighth to a quarter of an inch of newspapers laid flat on her sleeping and nursing floor. Either of these should be changed as soon as soiled, although as the puppies grow older a daily changing will be sufficient.

Should it be necessary to bottle-feed the little one, a mixture of half evaporated milk and half water will prove an acceptable substitute. A few pups don't instinctively take to nursing, but can be led into it by putting a few drops of the mixture on their nose. This they'll lick off and, enjoying the taste, will more readily take to the bottle. I scarcely need to say that an ordinary nipple such as employed to bottle-feed human babies is the thing to use. For the reluctant pups it may help if you put a few drops of the milk and water mixture on your little finger and thus let them learn to nuzzle that. It's important that puppies have rugged, strong bones just as it is for children and for this purpose it is well to add a tablespoonful of lime water

to their milk and water mixture and to continue this until they are about a year old.

As a rule, the mother will wean the puppies herself. When they develop those sharp little puppy teeth, their nursing will be painful to mamma and she will then begin to leave each day for longer and longer periods. But she may decide, in an excess of maternalism, to stay with them and continue to nurse despite the pain. I suggest that you examine the pups to see how much their teeth have grown and, if they are well developed, take the mother away every so often during the day. After a week of this routine keep her away for several days at a time. If you have to resort to bottle feeding, and the pups show any signs of digestive disorder, here's a good formula to give them: four parts boiled water, one part sweetened condensed milk and one part lime water. Incidentally, you can get the lime water from your druggist. While the mother is nursing see that she has a bit more food than you usually give her. She'll need it because, after all, she has to maintain her strength and serve as a feeding station for her young ones. At all times both mother and pups should have access to fresh, clean drinking water. Cleanliness is also a must. All food and

drinking dishes should be thoroughly scoured each day.

Water should not be given to the puppies until they have reached the weaning stage. See that the youngsters get all the fresh air and sunshine possible. Keep them away from drafts and their sleeping quarters with their ma should be warm and dry. If, after they are well grown, the weather is cool it will do them good to romp outdoors with their mother, particularly during sunny days. Keep a sharp eye on their appearance. If any of the pups become unusually listless it may be the forerunner of sickness and the ailing pup should immediately be removed from contact with the others. If the listlessness persists, your veterinarian should be consulted. When the puppy teeth are fairly well developed, which will be during the latter part of the weaning period, the youngsters can be introduced to solid food. It is good to start them on scrapings of fresh, raw beef, or you can use one of the better known prepared foods sold by your local grocer. Small, easily eaten toasted croutons of bread in almost any kind of warm (not hot) soup or vegetable juice can be added to their diet. It has long been a mystery, and still is, as to what becomes of puppy

(Continued on page 40)

Photo by Ylla



Here are in the Doghouse writer Faust's favorite puppies-Welsh terriers.

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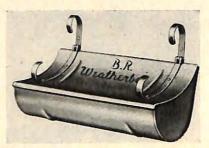
The ageless beauty of Early American Majolica pitchers will be greatly appreciated by collectors. Beautiful enough to join the "Pitcher Parade" on the collectors shelf, yet practical enough to use daily for cream, syrup or fruit juices. Three sizes: $3\frac{1}{2}\frac{n}{3}$, $5^{\prime\prime}$ and $6^{\prime\prime}$ high. 85c, \$1.45 and \$1.95 each or set of 3 for \$4.00.

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HAPPY IS THE BRIDE who gets this gleaming set of Stainless Steel Kitchen Tools. Ladles, strainer, spatula, fork and spoon hang right at hand instead of getting tangled in a drawer. And best of all, the wonderful stainless steel never needs scouring or scrubbing. Set, including hanger, \$12.95 ppd. F. E. Sherman, EFS, Bar Harbor, Maine.



NOT SNOW NOR RAIN NOR HEAT can harm the mail—and that includes the largest magazines—in this jumbo mail box. Of 24-gauge steel, $3\frac{1}{2}$ " x 6" x $15\frac{1}{2}$ " long, with a well-fitting cover. Rust-resistant baked enamel finish, hammered bronze effect. Personalized with name or house number. \$5.00 ppd. Miles Kimball Co., 107 Bond St., Oshkosh, Wisconsin.



NEW VACUUM BOTTLE has a wide mouth so you can easily spoon food from it. Makes it simple to take food like stews, soup, beans, salads to picnics or in lunch boxes. It's also fine for hot or iced drinks. Drinking cup cap. Bright red and yellow plastic. Holds 10 oz. \$1.98 ppd. Elron Products, 219 W. Chicago Av., Dept. EFS, Chicago 10, Ill.



A TRAVELING MAN or woman will appreciate this neat way of carrying shoes. Bags are of heavy plastic with attractive plaid flaps and matching binding. Each bag holds one man's shoe or one pair of women's shoes. A good idea for storing shoes at home too. Set of six Shoe Packs, \$3.00 ppd. Serv-U, 829 Washington Street EFS, New York 14, N.Y.



AIR SPACE is all this handy Car-Snac takes in your car yet it has room for all the makings of a refreshing snack on the road. Two qt. size vacuum bottles, 5 plastic cups, spacious food compartment with hinged cover. Swing the handles together for carrying. Scotch plaid lithographed on steel. \$10.95 ppd. Terry Roberts, EFS, 116 E. 53rd St., New York, N.Y.



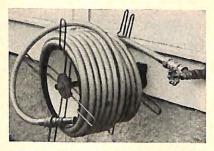
BEFORE YOU BUILD, be sure you've seen enough home ideas to meet your needs. Ranch & Country Home Plan Book illustrates 120 homes in a wide range of styles and sizes. A complete list of the working drawings and specifications for each is given. \$2.00 ppd. Ranch and Country Homes, 5762-66 W. Pico Blvd., EFS, Los Angeles 19, California.

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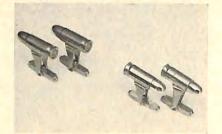


Factory fresh, vacuum packed. All Hayana filler. Made in Tampa, Fla. Send check or money order to ACE MAIL ORDER CO. East Orange 6, N.J. Write for price list on all other Brands.





JUMBO COFFEE CUPS hold more than 2 regular cups of coffee. Colorfully handpainted in a Gay Nineties motif. Personalized with a first name, Mom, Pop, or a private pet name, this gift really says For You Only. Matching 7¹/₂" saucer wears a cheery hand-painted "Good Morning!" 2 sets, S4.95; 1 set, \$2.95 ppd. Personalized Gifts, Dept. 106, 100 W. 61st St., New York, N. Y.

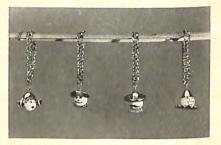


SPORTS-MINDED MEN will be intrigued by these Bullet Cuff Links. They're hand made from honest-to-goodness bullets and designed to look smart and work easily (in a shirt cuff, we mean-don't try to shoot them. they're minus the powder). You can have them with gold or silver plating at \$2.00 a pair ppd. Wham-O Manufacturing Co., Dept. EK, 604 S. Marengo, Alhambra, Calif.





TAKE YOUR STAND and use it as your need or whim dictates. Fill it with potted plants, use it as a serving table or bar, or to display your prized silver service. And wouldn't it be handsome on a 'terrace? Wrought iron and pierced metal in flat black finish. 25" tall, 29" long, 10" deep. Wrought Iron Stand, \$10.95 exp. coll. Helen Gallagher, 413E Fulton St., Peoria 2, Ill.



PARIS inspired these whimsical dangle bracelets. Each features a droll caricature-clown with starry eyes, merry Scot, Dutch maiden or mustachioed Mexican-handpainted on a Lucite ball topped with a gay hat. Bracelet is satin-finish gold plated double link. At \$2.50 ea. ppd. they make lovely gifts for all occasions. Beaux Arts, EFS, 57 Mercer St., New York 13, N. Y.





FAMILY SHOPPER



ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT of your next auto trip-the 600 cu. in. of room in Car-Y-All. Store maps, glasses, tissues, cameras, toys, right at hand yet out of the way. Actually uses waste space and doubles as armrest or baby seat. Simulated leather, fully lined, padded lid, wine, blue or green. Fits any car, front or rear. \$5.98 ppd. Merrill Ann, 102 Warren St., EFS, New York 7, N. Y.



LEND AN EAR to the latest in novelty earrings from the ingenious Indians of the Southwest. These Cupid's Darts actually have screw-on backs, yet look as though their points had pierced your ear lobes. A really smart looking gift, despite their low price. Sterling Silver or 18K Gold Plate, \$2.00; Burnished Copper, \$1.00 ppd. Old Pueblo Traders, Box 4035 EF, Tucson, Arizona.



THIS REMARKABLE PUP walks and barks just like "that doggie in the window"-but only when you want him to. That's a joy for Junior and his parents! Squeeze the leash and watch the youngster's delight. About 12" long with furry feel of a terrier. Comes with carrying case that converts to a snappy doghouse. Com-plete, \$2.98 ppd. Terrace Gifts, 33 Cail Dr., E-10, East Rockaway, N. Y.



NO RESORT wardrobe is complete without one bright sport shirt. Here's one that's not just bright. It's also elegant, being a handscreened tropical print in nine colors on fine cotton, and all hand sewn. If you're not going away, you certainly need one to liven things up at home. Small, medium, large, extra large, \$15.00 ppd. Alexander Shields, 15 E. 60 St., EFS, New York, N. Y.



Cuts A Whole Tomato INTO 10 PERFECT SLICES At Once!

IDEAL FOR SLICING

• Tomatoes

- Boiled
- Potatoes • Eggs
- · Fruits
- Vegetables



• Vegetables This slick kitchen wizard does a slicing job 10 times faster than any knife! It's the only type that cuts a whole tomato at once, and gives you 10 uniform, perfect slices of boiled potatoes, hard-boiled eggs, cooked beets, fruits, cheese, but-ter, etc. Sure-grip aluminum handle, 9 stainless-steel serrated blades. 8' long. 'SliceX'' is rusproof—easy to clean. Only \$1.00, delivered. 10-day money-back guarantee. MRS. DAMAD, 72 parts



MRS. DAMAR, 773 DAMAR BLDG., NEWARK 2, N. J.





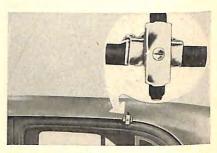
FROM A POWERFUL JET TO SOFTEST RAIN







IF YOU'VE YEARNED to turn out fruit arrangements like the magazine pictures, this Fruit Basket is for you. Its lines are so graceful, the fruit practically arranges itself! Satinblack wrought iron with a handle of split bamboo. 14" long, 10" wide, 10" high. An attractive and useful gift for weddings and anniversaries. \$5.95 ppd. Krimstock Bros., 112 No. Ninth, EFS, Phila. 7, Pa.



NOW YOU CAN put the little ones in the back seat of the car without fear of doors flying open. Twistlok is attached in seconds to the rain gutter and can be worked only from outside. A twist of the wrist and the door is locked or unlocked. Install it with a screw driver—no holes to drill. Chrome plated. \$1.25 ea. ppd. Kalfred Arthur, Box 254, Dept. E, Forest Hills 75, N. Y.



STEEMETTE has all the advantages of a steam iron plus the lightness and compactness of a portable iron. It weighs only 2¹/₄ lbs. and is only 6¹/₂" long. Uses ordinary tap water. Polished aluminum body and sole plate. Bakelite handle and thumb rest. Excellent for travel, on vacations, at school, and even at home. With 7' cord, \$12.95 ppd. Guaranty Sales, Box 176, EFS, Teaneck, N. J.





SALAD DAYS are here again! Make yours as pretty as they are tasty! New Egg Slicer helps by cutting a hard cooked egg into 6 even slices at one stroke. Made of durable cast aluminum with cutting wires of stainless steel. It's light in weight and easy to keep clean as slicer is removable. \$1.49 ppd. Hoffritz for Cutlery, 551 Fifth Av., EFS, New York 17, N. Y.



FATHER & SON companionship reaches a peak in a happy fishing trip. Get Junior his very own Fishing Set. It has a 2-piece fiberglas rod, 80 yd. reel with click, turnover sinkers, assorted hooks, hank of line, 3 color enameled float, trimline fishing hints with "where and when to find 'em" chart, other helps. \$3.50 ppd. Haig Giftware Co., 335 E. 23rd St., EFS, New York, N. Y.



INGENIOUS is the word for this new Crushed Ice Maker. It consists of a plastic container and a wooden mallet. Fill the former with water, freeze, run tap water over it briefly, hit sharply with the mallet—presto, cracked ice! Ribbed construction of container does the trick. Makes equivalent of 12 cubes. \$1.00 ppd. Pruett Novelty Works, 19635 E. Covina Rd., EFS, Covina, Cal.









WALK ON AIR

Here's quick relief for anyone suffering from callouses, blisters, spur or bruised heels, or general foot fatigue. Albin Air Cush'n Innersoles give your feet immediate comfort. Just place in your shoes and walk. Air moves thru a small channel, gently massaging feet. Odorless, non-absorbent, almost weightless. Order by men's or women's shoe size. Only \$2,95 a pair (no COD's, please -money back if not delighted). Albin of California-Room 106, 1401-91 W. 8th St., Los Angeles 17, Calif.





ALBIN OF CALIFORNIA Room 46, 1401-91 W. 8th Street Los Angeles 17, California

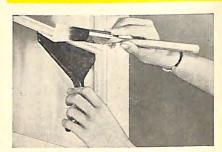
CITY



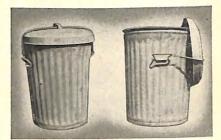
ELKS FAMILY SHOPPER

Simplified

percussion action



PAINTER'S HANDY-GUIDE is a little gadget that does a big job. With it you can paint window trim, baseboards, moldings without fear of smear. Its scientific design keeps paint from seeping through and leaving a streak when you move the tool. Of strong, shatter-proof, chipproof plastic. 51/2" edge, 65c; 9" edge, 89c ea. ppd. Thoss Mfg. Co., EFS, No. Manchester, Indiana.



KEEP THE LID ON garbage and trash cans and save yourself the nuisance of lost covers and the mess caused by inquisitive dogs and cats. Lidlock is a heavy duty steel spring that clamps across and through the cover handle, holds it down even in the heaviest storms. Need not be removed when you open pail. \$1.00 ppd. Fleetwood Company, Box 607, EFS, Mt. Vernon, N.Y.



THIS HANDSOME HOLDER for plants conceals a wick that feeds water into the roots gradually, saves daily watering and splashing. It's specially designed for the so-popular African violets but is effective with all plants. Self-Watering Planter is of rustic pottery, highly glazed. In green or oatmeal. 4¹/₄" high. \$3.30 ppd. Carmel Work Center, Rm. 109, Dept. EFS, Carmel-by-the-Sea, Calif.

NEWS OF THE LODGES

Right: Santa Maria, Calif., Lodge's golf team, a major activity since 1940. Left to right: Dr. P. T. Cook, Chas. Cossa, Kenneth Trefts, T. A. Twitchell, Blake Cauvet, Harold Twyford, E. E. Rubel, E. E. Melville, Dr. Albert Beekler and Chairman Frank Hocknell, Jr.



Above: The Most Valuable Student Awards are presented at Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge to first-place winners James Griffith and Virginia M. Stanley, and second-place winners Latimer E. Dunn and Linda Walters.



Above: These flags and plaque were presented to the U.S. Army and Air Force Recruiting Station by Wilkes-Barre, Pa., Lodge, the home lodge of Gov. J. S. Fine. Left to right: Major W. P. O'Malley, E.R. William H. Davis, Est. Lead. Knight S. Ildris Ley and Capt. W. B. Maciejewski.

Freeport, N. Y., Elks Aid Seventeen Organizations

The distribution of \$2,000 to 17 organizations by Freeport Lodge No. 1253 was an impressive aftermath of its Annual Charity Bazaar. Recipient groups included several hospitals, the Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, American Legion, VFW, Salvation Army, Boy and Girl Scouts, Red Cross, Heart Assn., Cerebral Palsy and Cancer Funds, the Industrial Home for the Blind, both County and City Police Boys Clubs, Tuberculosis and Public Health Assn., etc.

G. W. Berns who conducted the bazaar, Trustees Chairman H. A. McIlroy and P.E.R.'s G. H. Meyer, Joseph Glynn and W. J. Keil were among the speakers on this program during which it was announced that the lodge had also secured half-a-dozen wheel chairs and a walk chair which could be borrowed by anyone in need of such apparatus.

Kingston, N. Y., Elks Mourn Judge John T. Loughran

A heart ailment took the life of John T. Loughran, Chief Judge of the N. Y. State Court of Appeals, on Mar. 31st. Born Feb. 23rd, 1889, in Kingston, Judge Loughran practiced law there following his graduation from Fordham Law School in 1911. The following year he became a member of the faculty of that school, holding the post until 1930. He was a P.E.R. and Honorary Life Member of Kingston Lodge No. 550. He is sur-





Above: Birmingham, Ala., Lodge's Exalted Ruler James J. Burks presents the Girl Scout Charter to Mrs. Howard Nelson, Unit leader, in the presence of the young ladies who make up the Elk-sponsored group.



Above: At Freeport, N. Y., Lodge's charity distribution ceremonies were, left to right: County District Attorney F. A. Gulotta, representing the County Cerebral Palsy Committee; Trustees Chairman H. A. McIlroy, P.E.R.; Social and Community Welfare Committee Chairman Thomas de Giacomo, P.E.R.; Mrs. Niles Welch, representing the Industrial Home for the Blind; Chairman B. J. Reiner, P.E.R., and Co-Chairman and P.D.D. H. A. Vollmer, representing the South Nassau Communities Hospital.

> vived by a son, a brother and a sister. A brilliant teacher and author, Judge Loughran received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws from Syracuse and St. John's Universities, as well as Manhattan College, and was the recipient of the first annual Fordham Law Alumni Medal of Achievement.

> Fourteen years ago, the distinguished lawyer became a senior associate jurist of the N. Y. State Court of Appeals, ascending to the appeals bench in 1934. Later that year he was elected to a full 14-year term. When Chief Judge Irving Lehman died in 1945, Gov. Dewey appointed Judge Loughran to succeed him. In the Nov. 1946, election he was nominated by all four legally recognized parties as Chief Judge and was elected to a full term.

LODGE NOTES

CANANDAIGUA, N. Y., Lodge has been providing smokers and parties twice a month for the past half-year for the 1,700 servicemen at the local VA Hospital . . . Early in March, a BRIGHTON, COLO., Elk made national headlines; he is 1st Lt. Warren G. Brown, initiated three years ago, who was shot down over Bavaria by two Mig-15s flown by Czech-Communist fliers. It will be recalled that Lt. Brown, holder of the Silver Star, parachuted to safety . . . SARATOGA SPRINGS, N. Y., Lodge paid tribute to Richard J. Pearson, now serving his 32nd term as Tiler. Present was P.D.D. Walter M. Stroup who initiated Mr. Pearson 33 years ago . . . ELLWOOD CITY, PA., Lodge's Secy., H. J. Myers, retired recently after serving 31 years in that capacity . . . DUN-CAN, OKLA., Lodge conferred its first Honorary Life Membership on R. R. Sharp. During the nine years he has been its Secy. and Business Manager, the lodge has enjoyed its greatest progress . . . OKMULGEE, OKLA., Lodge reports that Mrs. Evelyn Cunningham, RN, has returned from N. Y. University where she took a postgraduate course in the treatment of cerebral palsy, financed by a \$360 Elks National Foundation grant . . . Death has deprived SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF., Lodge of Arthur J. Mangin, its devoted Secy. for 28 years . . . When Monte Hance, D.D. for ILL. N.W., held his first clinic for new E.R.'s of the area, he laid particular stress on a very important phase of their responsibility-the proper fire prevention and protection of their lodge homes, listing 18 vital points . . . QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y., Lodge was recent host to the fine band of Fordham University, directed by Elk George Seuffert. The Band presented a varied program, featuring cornet and trumpet solos by Leona May Smith, wife of Mr. Seuffert. August Helmecke, 84-year-old member of Lynbrook, N. Y. Lodge, for many years a specialty bass drummer with the renowned Sousa Band, thrilled the audience by joining the Fordham musicians in a selection of Sousa marches. Mr. Helmecke, known as the founder of the modern school of bass drumming, was featured percussionist with the Goldman Band for 40 years.



One of the young people's sports events held by Billings, Mont., Lodge is a swimming meet. This photograph, taken at a recent one, shows E.R. Wm. J. Goss, right, presenting winners' trophies.



This Rock Hill, S. C., Elk Committee, headed by King C. Tolles, seated third from left, is responsible for the purchase of nearly 300 Elks National Foundation certificates by the membership.



E.R. N. L. Lyon and other San Francisco, Calif., Lodge officers are shown here with their guests, the municipal, Superior and State District Court of Appeals judges, on the lodge's ''Judicial Night''.



Right: Burlington. la. Lodge and Elks Chari-Inc., present a ties, \$4,000 iron lung to the County Chapter for Infantile Paralysis. Left to right, the Elks are: County Polio Committee Chairman James Klein, E.R. Rolland Richardson, County Polio Society Pres. Dr. Frank Ober, Chairman Paul Fulton, P.E.R., Dr. G. M. Gibbs, Est. Lead. Knight Walter Fox.



Left: Lawrenceville, Ill.,

Lodge's living Charter

Members were honored at a banquet and

initiation. With E.R.

Percy Ashbrook, Jr., center, are, left to right: C. D. Carter, L.

W. Emmons, Mr. Ashbrook, H. T. Roberts,

A. C. Stoltz. Fifth Char-

ter Member J. D. Horn-

er was not on hand.



The men who installed the officers of the newly instituted Fairhope, Ala., Lodge included District Deputies A. Jesse Duke and O. C. Dobbins, and former D.D.'s John Kunz and Bernard Rosenbush. Jr.



At Troy, Ohio, Lodge's Golden Jubilee were, left to right: Baird Broomhall; Grand Trustee Fred L. Bohn, principal speaker; P.E.R. C. W. Stewart, Master of Ceremonies; Grand Chaplain Rev. Fr. Richard J. Connelly and P.D.D. Edwin A. Wight. Seated at left is Esquire Lester E. DeWeese.

Four-Day Program Marks Hamilton, Ohio, Lodge Birthday

A dance attended by 600, one of the largest crowds of Elks and visitors from S.W. Ohio in the lodge's history, opened the 65th Anniversary program of Hamilton Lodge No. 93. Nearly 200 persons attended the Anniversary Banquet, E.R. B. H. Roden and P.D.D. George T. Smith headed the speaking program at which Secy. J. Earl Gray presided.

The third day's events included open house for hundreds of members, including the Anniversary Class of 200, initiated the final evening. D.D. John K. Maurer addressed the candidates.

News of Quincy, Mass., Elk Activities

On its recent Past Exalted Rulers' Night, Quincy Lodge No. 943 turned its



East Point, Ga., Lodge's annual "Spring Roundup Membership Drive" brought in 70 members, including all three mayors of the Tri-City area. Receiving their honorary ten-gallon hats from E.R. W. D. Bennett are, left to right: Mayor M. T. Anderson, College Park; Mayor Frank Lea, Hapeville, and Mayor A. A. Roberts, East Point.

affairs over to its former leaders. Trustee John D. Connolly, assisted by 17 of No. 943's P.E.R.'s, assumed the office of Exalted Ruler for the lodge session during which a class was initiated.

The Quincy Ritualistic Team, which holds the title for the Mass. S.E. Dist., participated in the State Contest at the home of Chelsea Lodge not long ago. Everett Lodge won the competition, with the Wakefield, Newton, Quincy and Fitchburg entries following in that order.

A highlight of the 4th regional meeting of the Mass. Elks Assn. in Brockton was Quincy Lodge's presentation of a \$100 check to the Elks National Foundation. Chairman John F. Malley accepted the gift from E. R. J. E. Brett. No. 943 has given \$2,000 to the Foundation.

Middletown, N. Y., Elks Honor P.E.R. S. W. Eager

A capacity crowd was on hand to participate in the tribute paid to Supreme Court Justice Samuel W. Eager by his fellow members of Middletown Lodge No. 1097.

Among the special guests at the dinner were Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Hon. John F. Scileppi of the Grand Forum, State Pres. James A. Gunn and Vice-Pres. John F. Schoonmaker, D.D.'s Frank H. McBride and J. Raymond McGovern, Chairman Frank Fitzpatrick of the State Scholarship Committee, and Charter Members Archie E. Ruggles, the lodge's first E.R., and Clarence Corwin.

Following the banquet, a class of 39 men was initiated by E.R. J. Raymond Townsend and his officers in a ceremony which held a great family interest,



These men will handle matters for Missouri's new Cape Girardeau Lodge, instituted in the territory of D.D. Lowell C. McCarty, seated fourth from left with James R. Mahan, E.R. of the new lodge, on his right.



These are the Delray Beach, Fla., Elks who were in charge of the Fund Raising Drive for the Florida Elks Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home, photographed before the diorama, showing the work at the Home, which was displayed to the public during Crippled Children's Week.

particularly to P.E.R. Eager and D.D. McBride whose sons were candidates. Henry J. Czeck, his son and his grandson were also initiated, as were brothers William and Jerome Markovits and father and son Lloyd and Lewis Kindberg.

Sumter, S. C., Elks Are Talented Minstrels

The Minstrel Show staged annually by the members of Sumter Lodge No. 855 was a distinct success this year. Put on each year for the benefit of the March of Dimes, two 1953 performances for this cause realized \$1,400.

The cast also makes it a point to perform for the patients at the Veterans Administration Hospital in Columbia.

Troy, Ohio, Lodge Fifty Years Old

The members of Troy Lodge No. 833 made a four-day event of their Golden Anniversary, paying particular tribute to their surviving Charter Members, James W. Young, Charles N. Peters and J. Gus Scott who were present, as well as to Sterritt Faulkner who was unable to attend.

Grand Trustee Fred L. Bohn was the principal speaker on the program which was attended by many Ohio Elks Assn. officers led by Pres. Joseph E. Hurst. The festivities started with the initiation of the Jubilee Class by the officers of Piqua Lodge, No. 833's sponsor.

A tea was held for the ladies, with the wives of deceased members as special guests. This was followed by open house and entertainment. Highlight of the celebration was a banquet and dance attended by 500 persons.



William Love receives his 50-year-membership pin from P.E.R. Fritz Coppens, left, while Emanuel Wilhelm is given his by D.D. Forrest Gilbert, right, as E.R. Harvey Lichty of Traverse City, Mich., Lodge, looks on.



These men are the former leaders of Defiance, Ohio, Lodge who conducted the lodge session and initiated a class on P.E.R.'s Night. Over 200 Elks attended the banquet served by the lodge's present officers.



Elk officials of the Eastern North Carolina District, photographed with District Deputy Louis N. Howard, seated center, at the far end of the table, during his Second District Clinic held at Goldsboro, N. C.



A picture taken when Canton, Ohio, Lodge presented a \$5,000 building fund check to Aultman Hospital. Left to right: Hospital Director R. W. Bachmeyer, Board Pres. W. R. Timken, State Secy. L. E. Strong, State Vice-Pres. H. J. Deal, E.R. J. A. Cowgill, Secy. Richard Stober.



D.D. J. T. O'Rourke stands behind the former E.R.'s of El Paso, Tex., Lodge who, on their night, initiated a large Grand Exalted Ruler's Class.



Completing its donation of \$10,740 to Good Samaritan Hospital, Corvallis, Ore., Lodge presents an oxygen tent to Miss Welch, Hosp. Supt. At left is E.R. Frank Warner; right, Est. Leading Knight Harvey McConnel.



These Ilion, N. Y., Elk officers, N. Y. Cent. Dist. Ritualistic Contest winners, earn temporary possession of the George E. McCarthy, Jr., Memorial Trophy given by his father, P.D.D. McCarthy, P.E.R. of Utica.



E.<mark>R. J. J. Burke, left, presents Fairmont,</mark> W. Va., Lodge's \$1,300 check for two oxygen tents for the pediatrics department of General Hospital to Board Pres. C. H. Hardesty, Sr., as Adm. J. T. Linberg looks on.



On hand for the opening ceremonies of the Ohio No. Cent. Dist. Elks Bowling Tournament were, left to right: Chairman Robert F. Horn, Ohio State Elks Association Secy.-Treas. Carl J. Keller, former Vice-Pres. Robert Linser, and Vice-Presidents Thomas Gilliland and Roger Krumholtz.



These P.E.R.'s of Kankakee, III., Lodge were honored recently with a dinner and entertainment program, and initiation of a class of 15.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 9)

ATLANTA LODGE NO. 78 was the next to extend traditional Southern hospitality to the North Dakota visitor; its guest of honor on Mar. 19th, Mr. Stern saw over 200 men become Atlanta Elks as a personal tribute to him. During the program, conducted by E.R. Lee Evans, Grand Exalted Ruler Stern presented Elks National Foundation Awards to the State's top students.

On the 21st, Sam Stern and every other member of the Order were shocked and saddened to learn of the death of Past Grand Exalted Ruler David Sholtz, former Florida Governor. Mr. Stern immediately cancelled his scheduled visits to lodges in that State in order to attend the funeral services.

More than 600 persons heard Mr. Stern's inspired address at the banquet held by BUFFALO, N. Y., LODGE, NO. 23, on

April 1st. The dinner guests included Elks and their ladies from several neighboring communities who were on hand to pay tribute to the Order's leader who participated in the installation of the lodge's 1953-54 officers. Arriving at Buffalo Airport that afternoon, Mr. Stern was welcomed by Acting Mayor Elmer F. Lux, who also attended the evening program at the lodge home, and No. 23's retiring E.R., William B. Kirn and incoming leader, Leo Zarin. P.E.R. Forrest L. Hackett was Toastmaster at the dinner program, Rabbi Robert J. Marx of Temple Beth Zion gave the invocation, and Rev. Franklin M. Kelliher, Director of the Working Boys' Home, asked the benediction. P.E.R. Gordon B. McKay presented Elk emblems to Mr. Zarin and the lodge's 1952-53 leader. Other speakers included Past Grand Est. Lead.



Lieutenant Colonel Raymond G. Davis, USMC Medal of Honor



COLD, BATTLE-WEARY, fighting for every mile of wintry road, the Marines were re-deploying toward Hungnam. A

rifle company was guarding a mountain pass vital to the withdrawal of two regiments. The company became surrounded. If help didn't come, 6,000 men were lost.

Into this situation, Lieutenant Colonel Davis boldly led his Marine battalion. Over eight miles of heavily defended icy trail they attacked, and across three ridges deep in snow.

They fought three days and nights. But finally Colonel Davis reached and freed the company. He opened the pass till the two regiments got by. Then, carrying his wounded with him, he led his own gallant battalion into safety.

"Korea and World War II have taught me," says Colonel Davis, "that courage is common to *all* armies; it's the *better equipped* side that has the edge. You give *our* men that edge when you invest in Defense Bonds."

*

*

Now E Bonds pay 3%! Now, improved Series E Bonds start paying interest after 6 months. And average 3% interest, compounded semiannually when held to maturity! Also, all *maturing* E Bonds automatically go on earning—at the new rate —for 10 more years. Today, start investing in U.S. Series E Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan.

Peace is for the strong! For peace and prosperity save with U.S. Defense Bonds!

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THE WHITE HOUSE WASHINGTON April 23, 1953

President Praises Order for Youth Day

Dear Mr. Stern:

The steadfastness to American ideals shown by our youth today, especially during these recent years of trial, comes in great part from the increasing recognition we are giving to their needs and problems, their total preparedness for the responsibilities of citizenship.

I am happy to learn that the Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks has set aside May first as Elks National Youth Day, when your lodges across the country will honor the young people of their communities for their achievements as junior citizens. I do not overlook the significance of the date so well expressed in your Youth Day slogan--Keep May Day American. Public tribute to our young Americans for their progress in preparing themselves to be useful members of a free society vividly and sharply contrasts with the deadly regimentation of Communism celebrated by others on that day.

I commend the Order of Elks for these sound efforts on behalf of the youth of America.

Sincerely,

Nought been how

Mr. Sam Stern Grand Exalted Ruler Benevolent and Protective Order of Elks 50 East 42nd Street New York 17, New York Knight J. Theodore Moses and D.D. Edwin F. Whitmer. The Bell Aircraft Barbershop Quartet sang several selections. A dance closed the festivities.

Back in North Dakota on Apr. 14th, Grand Exalted Ruler Stern was the guest

which is building motels too, counts 4,000,000 visitors a year who crowd in on its one-mile beach. There is plenty of surf fishing up and down the Jersey shores, including a tournament for lady surf fishermen at nearby Long Branch.

If you're coming to New York City this summer you can cool off with the New Yorkers at Jones Beach State Park, largest beach of its kind on the Atlantic coast. It is 33 miles from Manhattan to this 2,413-acre park, riding parkway all the way. Over 15,000 bathers can change in the bathhouses simultaneously without incursions into privacy, and the place can take 17,000 automobiles. There is a twomile boardwalk which may be puny by Atlantic City standards, but the accent here is on outdoorsy recreation. Operas. pageants, spectacles, extravaganzas and what-have-you are staged in a new \$4,000,-000 Marine Stadium.

For the popcorn, hotdog atmosphere there is always Coney Island which gets to be bedlam on a sunny summer Sunday, but if you can stand the gaff it is worth a look. All kinds of rides short of an excursion to the moon are available, and

teeth once the adult teeth begin to appear. Of the many litters that I have raised, I have never seen a discarded puppy tooth. Some breeders have told me that the pups swallow the teeth. Maybe they do, but I can't youch for this.

When teething time comes the pups may become a trifle feverish and fretful, just as do children. You can help while the teething is going on by examining the mouths of the pups from time to time and if some teeth are very loose you may be able to remove them, if you can do it without hurting the pup. This helps promote faster growth of the incoming teeth.

Up to about two years of age the dog's teeth are a pretty good indication of the purp's age. After that age it's a matter of anybody's guess if the dog is a strange pooch. An odd fact about dog teeth is that the larger breeds, for some unknown reason, usually get their grown up molars sooner than do the small dogs. This is more odd because the big fellows mature later than their smaller cousins.

In the business of feeding pups, do not allow them to gorge themselves. Instead, they should be fed often, but in small amounts. Their appetites should be kept sharp to the point where they eagerly clean the food dishes. It is good, of JAMESTOWN LODGE NO. 995 at a reception in the new lounge of the Elks' building, preceding a banquet at which the Order's leader addressed a capacity crowd. Special Deputy T. E. George was Chairman of the Committee handling this affair, and was Master of Ceremonies at the program during which Mr. Stern presented a special plaque to each member of the lodge's Ritualistic Team which last year won the State championship for the second consecutive time.

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 21)

there will be fireworks every Tuesday, for reasons known best to the city managers, between July 19 and August 25th.

A far cry from all this is Fire Island which is sort of a nesting place for the arty colony down from New York for the week-end or the summer. There are no cars and no roads, everybody trundling off to the village pulling little carts you might have thought were only for kids. Most everyone has his own house with a scrub pine for a landscape, but there are a few small hotels and guest houses where you can put up on a day to day basis. Blue jeans and a bathing suit will be an extravagant wardrobe.

A cross between Fire Island and what you might expect on Bermuda would give you an idea of the atmosphere on Martha's Vineyard, an all but isolated isle off Cape Cod, Mass. You can make it by train or car ferry or even by plane, putting up, once on the island, at a choice of pleasant waterside hotels and guest houses. You get that picket fence with rambling roses atmosphere, lots of sailing and beach as far as you can see.

There is a lot more to Maine coastline

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 26)

too, not to have one general food dish, but rather to provide a dish for each pup. With one dish the more aggressive, pushing puppy-and there are usually one or two in each litter-will get most of the food. Small, tin pie plates that you can buy at any five and dime store are ideal. When the pups grow older introduce them to chopped beef, horsemeat, or one of the better known commercial dog foods. You will find directions for feeding on most of the packages of the prepared foods. While the youngsters are still growing, add one to one-and-onehalf teaspoons of cod liver oil to their diet. This assures their getting the essential vitamins A and D necessary to healthy puppy growth. When buying the chopped beef it's best to buy one whole piece and put it through your meat grinder yourself, for often store-made hamburger contains fat that is not easy for puppies to digest. Give the pups a large bone to gnaw-large enough that they can't crack it and possibly swallow dangerous splinters. The gnawing will help them make firmer teeth and gums. It also helps keep the teeth clean. Also give them a hard rubber ball to play with, but be sure it is of sufficient size that the pups can't swallow it or get it

than rock-bound shore. A number of beaches got in there somehow and you can have your choice of places like Ogunquit which has three miles of grayish sand and a famous summer theater, an artists' colony, and a covey of tuna fishing devotees. All kinds of small guest houses and hotels abound in Ogunquit, with the hotels running about \$16 to \$30 a day for two with meals. There are other beaches like Old Orchard, which is a big seaside carnival fraught with zooming amusements, and Kennebunkport and Kennebunk Beach, which is just water and sand and the home of Kenneth Roberts.

Anybody in Boston on a hot day and thirsting for a cool sea breeze can take one of the one-day tours aboard the buses of the Boston and Maine. It is a two-hour trip to New Hampshire's Hampton Beach (about \$3); there is a one-day excursion to York Harbor and York Beach (\$3.10), and another that goes beyond to Ogunquit and Old Orchard, an afternoon on the beach, and a Maine Shore Dinner, returning to Boston at 10:30 P.M. It costs about \$8, including the lobster and the sand that somehow gets in your shoes.

stuck in their mouths. This also is good for them to gnaw, besides providing exercise and fun they'll enjoy. Letting them have a hard toy or two to gnaw will help to keep them from chewing forbidden objects.

One of the unfortunate aspects in the matter of having puppies around is the fact that too often they are sold or given away when they are far too young to be removed from their mothers. I have never sold or disposed of a pup that was less than six weeks old and almost invariably tried to keep the youngsters until they were at least eight to ten weeks in this world.

Nearly all pups at some time or other are afflicted with worms. When this occurs, take the pup to a vet if possible. If you try home treatment by using a prepared medicine be sure that the worming remedy is one designed for puppies and not grown dogs. The latter is entirely too powerful for very young dogs.

If you keep the pups long enough you may be faced with the problem of housebreaking. Usually that isn't too difficult a job. Begin by spreading a few sheets of newspaper on the floor of one of your least used rooms. You'll have to watch the pups, particularly after they have eaten. If you catch them misbehaving, promptly move them over to the papers and sharply scold them. Of course, if it is anyway possible it is far better to train the pups to go to the door and ask

walks out and murders you. Billy watches him and jabs him one, two, three times in the nose, as pretty as you please, but he should have had a ball bat. Pancho eats those kind of punches. Pancho grins and moves in, busy as a tractor, hustling, punching, snorting, chugging in that left hook like a bomb. Billy ties him in a clinch, then pushes him away. The trouble is that Pancho doesn't like to stay away. Billy feints him out of position very nicely, then he slaps him with a left hook, whappo! You can hear it through the microphone that hangs above the ring.

"Come on, Billy!"

You can hear his neighbors yelling

Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Convention Committee, announces that all plans have been completed for an outstanding Grand Lodge Convention next month. "On To St. Louis" caravans are being enthusiastically formed in every State in the country. All State Associations have been assigned to hotels and room reservations are being made at a lively pace. Advance reservations indicate a record attendance, according to Convention Director Bryan J. McKeogh.

Of particular importance is the unprecedented enthusiasm among State Asso-

BALL GAME TICKETS

Bill Veeck, president of the St. Louis Browns, announces that there is a big red circle around the date of July 7th on the official calendar of the ball club. This will be "Elks Night" at the newly named Busch Stadium and the Browns are going to go all out to stage a colorful program in honor of the Elks attending the Grand Lodge Convention. Bill Veeck's Browns will be playing his old ball club, the Cleveland Indians, and there is no team he would rather beat than the Indians. Thus an unusual game of keen rivalry is in store for the Elks Convention visitors. Here is a coupon for choice seats:

For prompt a IMMEDIATEL	ttention, mail this ticket order form
ST. LOUIS BI	
"Elks Night"	Ficket Director.
2911 N. Grand	Blvd.,
St. Louis, 7, M	0.
We want to get	our order in now for the best selection
of seats in the	e special "Elks" sections. We under
stand our orde	r will be filled before the public sale
Please en	et our order in before June 15. ter our order for seats in
a group for th	is game. Our check/money order for
\$	is enclosed. All reserved seats are
priced at \$1.85	5 each, including tax.
	Name of Lodge
By	
ADDRESS	
CITY	ZONE STATE

to be let outdoors. Don't try to whip them to get results. In this way you'll only succeed in doing the opposite. This is particularly true if the pup is not caught in the act. Puppies have very

In This Corner

(Continued from page 7)

from the ringside and the cheap seats at the top of the house. Torero grins, his mouthpiece flashing white. He's got those red gloves folded like a pair of rocks. He moves in, always in, but Billy slips away from him. While Billy's legs are full of spring, I figure, he's got to be all right. The thing is that they won't be good for long. You know the way he moves out there. He moves like a picture all the time. The difference is the fraction of a second he has lost in speed. He falls back, drawing Pancho after him, then tries another fancy left hook, same kind as before.

I guess Billy never saw the bomb. When

slight memories and they'll not have the slightest idea of why they are being spanked. The whipping will scare the youngster and get you nowhere in training, and very likely a cringing dog.

the count was "Three!" he was flat on his back, his skin so white that he looked sick under the lights. He didn't roll round to his knees until the referee had shouted, "Five!" The mallet in the timekeeper's hand was beating on the apron of the ring. He looked done, all done, and I almost wished to myself he wouldn't get up for the beating still to come. This racket, I figured, doesn't have any debts to collect from a guy like him.

He was up at "Eight!" Watching him stumble, you would think his legs were broken stilts. Mortie Duluth looked at him once as though he might step in and stop the fight. The Mexicans were scream-

ON TO ST. LOUIS . ciations to compete with each other for

clations to compete with each other for top honors in the State Exhibit Contest.

Professor Charles A. Humfeld, noted St. Louis musical authority, has been designated to head the Bands, Chorus, and Drill team contests. He states that a new high will be reached in the number of contestants this year.

George Wunderlich, Chairman of the St. Louis Local Committee, advises that elaborate preparations are being made by the Anheuser-Busch Brewery for a gala festival for all Convention visitors. Huge circus tents will be erected to accommodate the crowds at the Brewery. There will be unlimited refreshments, music and entertainment at the Brewery's "Open House" on Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons. Special busses will transport the visitors, and personally conducted tours through this famous St. Louis Brewery will be available.

Thirty-two local committees are now busily engaged in plans for the St. Louis hospitality program. Rudolph Betlach and Robert J. Connelly are assisting in the coordination of the arrangements. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell, Honorary Chairman of the local committee, is directing the activities.

"BLOSSOM TIME" TICKETS

The Municipal Theatre Association of St. Louis has set aside a block of scats for the performance of "Blossom Time" in the magnificent open air theater in Forest Park for Wednesday night, July 8, 1953, for the use of delegates and visitors to the Elks Convention.

Seats in the first 12 rows of the amphitheatre are priced at \$2.00 each. From the 13th through the 26th row, seats are priced at \$1.35 each. Orders for tickets in the special "Elks" sections must reach the Municipal Theatre Association not later than June 15, 1953.

Municipal Theatre Association of St. Louis, 1876 Arcade Building, St. Louis, 1, Missouri.
Please send me the following tickets for the "Elks Night" at the St. Louis Municipal Opera for the per- formance of "Blossom Time."
No. of seats. Price
Remittance for \$, and a stamped, addressed envelope for the return of the tickets is enclosed herewith.
Name
Street
CityZONESTATE (THIS ORDER MUST BE MAILED BEFORE JUNE 15th, 1953)

41

ing all at once and I think that Pancho tried too hard. He missed so bad with a right hand punch that he fell between the ropes. Billy just stood there, shaking his head, hoping that it would clear. Once he looked at the clock on the mezzanine, then back to Pancho. He got into a clinch and held on like a drowning man. Once. over Pancho's shoulder, he looked at me, and there was a silly look on his face. The blood was running in a thin stream from the corner of one eye. When the bell rang, he came walking back to us. I remember, while we worked on Billy in the corner, looking down to Arthur Farley in the first row ringside. But Arthur's expression said nothing. It said nothing at all to me.

Well, the fight moved on. . . .

You hear a lot of talk about how it was the greatest fight ever seen in the Garden, but I wouldn't know, because I haven't seen them all. I only know the things I saw, the things I heard. Arthur Farley, for instance, who is Billy's manager, came into the dressing room before the fight at half-past eight. He was wearing a kind of pistachio suit. He was beautiful, as always. "Where's the gladiator?" Arthur said. That's what he always calls him. And when I said that Billy had stepped outside. Arthur thought I meant to the washroom. He waited and he lit one of those long cigarettes. Then he said, a little cozy:

"What do you think about tonight?" "I think it's the end of the line," I said, "like I told you when Billy was training. It won't be pleasant, Arthur."

"You make it sound so mournful, Joey." "Maybe I'm a sentimental fellow."

"Mmmmm," said Arthur. He waited a while. He was watching me. "Of course," he said, and I remember the way he looked. "it don't pay to be sentimental unless you're in a position where you can afford it." He stood scratching himself through a \$9 shirt. "But who can afford it, Joey-me?" And he laughed.

UNDERSTAND, he did not mention larceny. He only said what I am saying now. He is an important fellow, understand. He is the best dressed man on 49th Street with the possible exception of the doorman at the Hotel Harbinger, who has epaulets, thirty-six gold buttons, and three changes of braid for his lavender hat.

"Anybody ask you how you thought the fight would go tonight, Joey?"

"A lot of people asked me. I told them Billy was snapping at mad dogs, he was that tough."

"You are helpful, Joey," Arthur said, "because you don't shoot off your mouth about things that are not in your department. You know what I mean?"

I didn't say anything. When you're a trainer of fighters, working around the town for different managers, you try to keep out of trouble. Even in the old days, when you were training some bag of lard to fight Joe Louis, you never blabbed in

FLAG DAY REMINDER

Flag Day reports and photographs must reach Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator Bert A. Thompson, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago 14, III., no later than June 30.

public that while the fight itself was honest, the A.S.P.C.A. should certainly be consulted. I just sat there with Arthur, looking innocent as a stranger from Panther City, Africa, the third hut on the left. I kept ripping lengths of adhesive tape into the narrower strips I'd want for fixing Billy's hands. His hands, you know, were never very strong, and by the time he became a champion, they were sometimes as bad as dry sticks in his gloves. That's how he became such a Fancy Dan, a stick-and-run fighter, like Willy Pep because of his hands, and the cleverest since Benny Leonard, many people said.

Arthur threw away the cigarette.

"Nice crowd tonight, huh, Joey?"

Arthur liked the sound of an arena fat with people. It was like the smell of money to him, sweet and green—the cure for everything.

"How long's the gladiator been in the washroom, Joey?"

"I didn't say he was in the washroom. I said he stepped outside. He borrowed a dime, so I guess he went to telephone."

"Telephone who?" "His wife maybe Or over the

"His wife, maybe. Or even the cops. Who knows?"

"You got a smart look on your face," said Arthur, "like you've been snoopin' around too much."

Billy came back into the dressing room. He was wearing his boxing shoes, with the laces open. He had on his fighting trunks, and the old robe Rita had washed and pressed for him. He kept looking at Arthur in a way I had never seen him look at anyone before.

"Get out," Billy said.

"You talkin' to me?"

"Get out, you perfumed, dressed-up, window dummy, before I throw you through the door!"

Like that, it was, and from Billy, of all people. Arthur was whiter than his \$9 shirt, though he is not a man that you can easily nudge off base. It was the first time I had ever heard them argue, and it was the first I knew that this fight tonight might have the faintest smell of fish. You couldn't buy Billy-that much I knew, and you couldn't buy Torero. There wasn't a price as high as Pancho's pride, his manager's pride, or the love of his countrymen. The only angle would be with Arthur and the fattening of his pocketbook, and I thought I knew what it was. It was simple enough when you looked at it. When you figured Billy's chances against Torero, it was simple as shoveling money into a vault.

"I'll be coming back," Arthur said. "I'll be back with Whitey."

"You can keep Whitey," Billy said. He meant Whitey Blauvelt, who is a handler of fighters, like me, but a special friend of Arthur's. "I don't want any burglars' convention in my corner," Billy said. I'd never seen him with the meat around his mouth all white with rage. He sat down then, as though to quiet himself. "Joey'll be in charge tonight," he said to Arthur. "There'll be no Whitey."

"Look," Arthur said. He wore a thin smile, very menacing, and like the kind that Georgie Raft wears in the movies. "No young punk," Arthur said, "is gonna tell me what to do."

THAT was when Billy swung at his manager's head, but from a sitting position, and failed to connect. You can take my word that Arthur got out of there, because, like I've said before, the one thing a manager will not do is take a punch on his powdered beard.

I'd grabbed ahold of Billy. "Siddown," I said. "Siddown and take it easy." He was breathing hard, and for the first time in about ten days, he had a healthy sweat. I reached for a roll of bandage. "Gimme your hands."

He sat down without a word. A funny kid. In a little while he looked up at me. "I'm sorry," he said, like he'd done something wrong.

He just doesn't like to be corny or dramatic, I suppose.

Well, by the fourth round, I am thinking that everyone is sorry to see a nice guy get so many dents in his head. Except maybe the Mexicans, who've got a hero of their own, or the very bright boys like Arthur, who've got an angle.

Billy looks like a guy that's been fighting a brave bull with a linen napkin and a penknife. Pancho Torero is a phony name, of course; it's one of those dreamed-up jobs like Beau Jack, or Kid Chocolate, that people like to hang on fighters; I couldn't tell you, really, for a six-pound bag of uranium, what the boy was christened by his mother. But the one thing you can tell for sure is that this Pancho knows how to fight. He moves in, step by little step, his wet curls black as midnight from the water and the sweat. He wastes no bombs. He plants them where they'll count the most, under Billy's left hand leads, where the meat that covers his ribs is tight. Not since he missed that wild right hand has Pancho thrown a foolish punch.

"Bravo, Pancho! Keel him, Pancho!" Even south of the border, I am thinking, they have learned the lovely ways of the fight mob-kill 'im! Billy doesn't seem to have much dance left in his legs by now, but near the end of this round, with Pancho pressing forward, Billy steps in, not away, and drills the meanest right hand to Torero's body that I have seen him throw in seven years. Automatically I think: his hands, but I forget that. Pancho makes one brief sound like a bursting paper bag. He grins a silly kind of grin, but it is not convincing. He didn't like it down there in the pantry. Nor would you. Now Billy rips a left hook at his head, but Pancho ducks, the

punch is too high. Somebody screams from the ringside, "Billy-watch your hands!"-some pal, I guess, who remembers Billy's history. After all, he's not supposed to punch like that. He's just supposed to keep on boxing fancy. But he's walking in flat-footed for the first time, fighting. For a while they pass it back and forth. It is a sight to see. Except that Pancho has too many guns. He swarms you all the time. He doesn't let you breathe. He's winging them now, like a two-bladed propeller. A left hook staggers Billy, a swinging right hand puts him on the floor. And Arthur Farley, I guess (though I don't look at the bum), is able to relax. The referee shouts, "Two!"

Ah, well, I thought, if wishes were dynamite, I could handle Torero myself.

I remember how it was back in the dressing room when Billy has chased his manager out the door. He said he was sorry for making such a commotion, then for a minute or so he sat there, staring at one of the walls.

"You feel like talking, Billy?"

"There isn't much to tell you, Joey." I began winding the soft white gauze around one of his hands, keeping it tight, but not too tight, having him flex it now and then. Funny how, with those forearms like a plasterer's,' his hands were more like a woman's. It used to be, before they folded under the punishment, that Billy could take your scalp off with a punch, like Robinson, Lew Jenkins, or a lot of skinny guys I can recall. But they were fragile now and lumpy from all the breaking and the mending they had known.

"And if I did squawk," Billy said then softly, "—outside, I mean, there's not a thing that I could prove."

"What's Arthur's gimmick, Billy?"

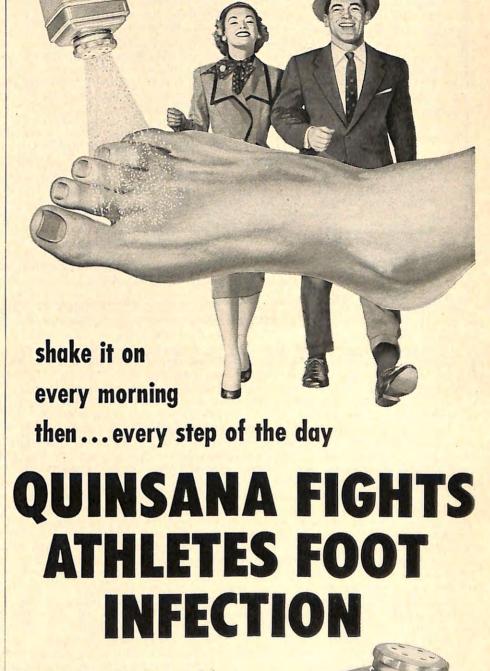
"It's simple enough. He knows, because I told him myself, that I can't beat this guy. He's betting everything he's got, with all he can borrow or steal, on Torero."

"When did you learn this, Billy?" "This afternoon."

ND to tell the truth, if your conscience didn't knock too loud, the proposition made a lot of sense. We had known three weeks before, out at Carmody's training camp, in Jersey, that Billy didn't have it any more. That's the way it is with fancy boxers when they reach a certain age. One day you've got it, next day it's gone. The kind of sparring partners that couldn't have hit him with a pound of sand, were tagging him out there. It was a matter of speed and reflexes, like a fine machine edged out of hack a hundredth of an inch. We knew then that Billy could still lick bums, but not this Pancho Torero.

"Arthur told you himself that he is betting all this dough?"

"Well, he didn't exactly make a record for the district attorney, Joey, but he made it clear. He brought one of his



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smart friends-that Tommy Fialco, up to the house this afternoon, when I was resting. Whitey Blauvelt was there with them and I could hear them talking in the next room, but I didn't pay much attention. Then Arthur came in and said that Tommy had always liked me so that he would like to talk about what they called the 'practical approach.' It came out slowly, but it seems they were worried about some kind of accident. 'What kind of an accident?' I said. 'Well, maybe you might get careless and butt the Mexican,' Tommy told me. 'Maybe by accident you might cut the guy over the eye so bad that the referee would have to stop the fight. That would be very expensive to Arthur and me,' he said, 'and so we'd like a little insurance.' In other words. Joey, he wanted me to guarantee that I would lose."

"That's the whole thing?"

"Well, I should be thinking of my family, too, they said, because I wasn't getting any younger, and they would like to invest a little something for me on the fight. That's the word Fialco used— 'invest.' I should do something noble for my family, Joey, by becoming a thief." "So what then?"

"So I hit Fialco in the eye," said Billy, "and here we are."

T WAS a little after nine o'clock then. I was taping his other hand. "The money they'll take from a lot of poor slob friends of mine," said Billy. "The pockets they'll pick tonight."

I knew what he meant. Ordinarily there wasn't much bet on one of Billy's fights. Those Irish pals of his might be waving their money like green flags after payday, but most times they only succeeded in scaring the customers away. You just didn't bet against Billy when things were going right for him. He was like the Yankees or Citation. It had to be a time like this when only a few of us knew the score—that Billy was through, and that Pancho figured to gobble him like a warm tamale.

Then Billy said, "Suppose my hands were solid, Joey—suppose, like when I was a kid, I didn't have to box fancy, but could let the punches go?"

"Suppose," I said, "that you and me take a nice round-trip to the moon."

Let's be honest now. The way I figured it, after seeing Billy on his back that second time, I'd have bet diamonds to dandruff he couldn't last another round. Except that it's the eighth round now. While he doesn't look pretty in the glare of those lights, he's moving on his own legs, and he's still a little more than half alive.

The pace has changed. The fury's there, the pressure's there, but the fighting is more deliberate. No helter-skelter out of Billy now. He's taking punches, soaking punches, but he's scoring some on his own. In the clinches, every now and then, he teaches Pancho tricks that can't be learned in school. He knows how to rest in there, letting the young man carry his weight. Once in a while, when things are bad for Billy, he will simply take Pancho by the elbow and very nicely spin him around in a circle, then stroll around in back of the guy and leave him there, bewildered. That's experience, of course. It gives Billy a rest. It saves his breath. It makes the young man work.

One trouble is that Pancho thrives on work. He's a smarter boy than many people suspect. Instead of swarming in any more to get himself wrapped like a Christmas package, he keeps a little bit away-about a yard and a half, I'd say, then wings pot-shots in twenty-six directions. They come so fast that you can't block them all. A long right hand does Billy no good. He stumbles once and I can see the glass comes into his eyes. He has to duck down under the storm and grab Torero around the waist. "Bravo, Torero!" That's the kind of Spanish that a simple soul like me can understand with no trouble. The Mexicans have plenty of reason to shout for their boy. He is an angel-face and a 24carat assassin. The Irish are less happy. "Box 'im, Billy! Jab 'im, Billy!" they are velling. What these Irishmen can't understand is that you can't always whistle into a blizzard.

They break apart when the referee comes between them. Pancho is having a gay night's work. He sets his sights on the target. He comes in whoop-de-doo, with a left hook wide as Broadway. But Billy doesn't try to get away from it or try this time to block the punch. What Billy does is drill his own right hand to Pancho's chin, like it is somebody else's hand.

Pancho sits down on his shiny tights. I remember how the water and the sweat came spraying from his hair. He just sits there, surprised, like he is watching some kind of a show. He has a silly look on his face.

"Ay Dios mio!"

Our southern neighbors do not like it, but their Pancho is a young man not so easily discouraged. He gets up and the referee wipes the resin from his gloves. Pancho comes back into action. Billy measures him. Billy misses this time and Pancho digs those red gloves into his belly. Inside, Billy uppercuts him one,



two, three shots. but it doesn't seem to make much difference.

"Que lo matan! Keel him!"

"Come on, Billy!"

Win, lose or draw, I know, I'm looking at a champion. He's skinny, like I said. but tall, and it wasn't easy for him this time to make the weight. With his hair soaked flat on his head he looks much older under the lights. Along both sides of his body, where the welts are biggest and reddest, you can count his ribs like the strings of a mandolin. He has no speed, but he just keeps moving. He looks like a train has just passed over him. But he knows his way around the ring. The only thing he doesn't know is how to quit in there. He comes out of a corner now where Pancho has him trapped. He feints the boy out of position, then cracks him with that same right hand. A little hope-not much, mind you, but just a little hope has come alive in me. I know he's going to pay for this. I know that somehow he rides out Pancho's battering counterattack.

This Carl—this relative that's working in the corner with me—he's a funny looking guy, with glasses, and with hair that stands up like asparagus; he's twisting my arm the way you would wring out a big wet towel, and it's good to know that maybe I'm not dreaming all alone. . . .

"THIS IS Carl," Billy had said when the guy first came into the dressing room. I'm guessing now, but I would say that it was half-past nine. "Carl Perugini," Billy said.

"That's a fine Irish name?"

"He's a cousin of Rita's." Billy said. He was harmless looking and he was very polite. He sat down on the edge of a bench and he was nervous and pale. He was holding a bag in his hands that might have contained a small bomb, from the way the two of them kept looking at the thing.

"I had to work late at the hospital," Carl explained. "That's why I couldn't get here sooner. I promised Rita nine o'clock."

"He's a doctor?" I said.

"He's an interne at Bellevue Hospital right now," said Billy, "except that he's a dentist."

I suppose you meet all kinds. "Even if the guy's a magician," I said, "which is what we really need right now, he can't work in the corner without a second's license."

"I got the license this afternoon." Carl said, "when Rita telephoned." And it was no skin off me, one way or the other. I just didn't think that we'd be spending much time examining teeth tonight. Billy looked awful tense. I said to him, "Take it easy, boy." Frankly, I didn't know what was going on.

Then he says to Carl, "Will the bandages make any difference?"

"No difference at all." Carl savs.

He has opened his little bag by now. He takes out one of those needie contraptions that dentists use to deaden your jaw when they extract a tooth.

"Novocaine?"

"Why not, Joey. It's one angle Arthur didn't think of."

It took a minute, maybe less. There's no law that says a guy can't soup his hands with novocaine, if he wants to. The sad thing was that it didn't figure to make much difference. Billy was too old to beat the likes of Torero-too old, too tired, too stale this time, and if he once began to throw those hands around like rocks, they'd crumble like matches in his gloves.

"After tonight," I said, "they may never be any good for fighting again; and there's all kinds of bums around the country that you can still box dizzy. Why take the chance?"

"After tonight," he said, "it's not going to matter. This is my last fight, Joey.'

BY THE twelfth round, I can tell you, there's not much question who's winning this fight. If the judges had to vote right then, blind as those guys can be some times, they'd have to give it to the Mexican, ten rounds to two. But it's the twelfth round, not the first.

There's been some changes made. For one thing, when a fight runs long enough, it falls into a sweaty, soggy pattern of its own. The punches begin to hurt less, for the reason that you're soaked with them. You don't get knocked out in the late rounds half as much as you fall down from sheer exhaustion.

Billy does not look good, but he's still out there, pushing that left hand into Pancho's honest features. Once in a while now, Pancho stops to take a breath. He's already burned more energy than General Electric. He doesn't know, and the Lord only knows, what's been holding Billy up. In the clinches, Pancho looks over to his corner for an answer to this mystery. But his handlers just look back at him: no comprender.

Pancho has slowed down just enough for Billy to get the range on him. Instead of eating all the punches, he is sending some of them back. Pancho goes, "Oogh!" when Billy sinks a right hand into the choice meat of his waistline. It was really not the kind of a punch that Billy's supposed to throw. Arthur Farley's cigar is dead in his mouth at the ringside. Arthur sees Billy chuck another right hand in, wrist-deep. Arthur throws away the cigar.

"Now, Billy-now!" we say.

I don't know where he gets it from, but he begins to heave those punches in like someone swinging a sledge. Where in his skinny, beaten hide he finds the strength is something for a champion to know-not me. I'm just the guy that wraps his hands and cleans his cuts and carries the bottles into the ring.

I like this Pancho, but I am wishing he had stayed in Mexico. His jaws are open and his mouthpiece is hanging loose. He's tired, dead tired, but pride is mov-

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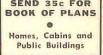


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ing him. He's game and he is willing to spend it all. He pins our Billy in a corner and he swings away until he can't lift his arms. They're crazy in the Garden. The aisles are full of Mexicans and crazy Irishmen. Nobody hears the bell until the referee has stepped between them. Billy sits down in the corner and we wash him clean. Carl holds the ice bag at the back of Billy's neck. I patch his eye. Then he just sits there, cool as a fanned fish, with a kind of stupid grin.

"How are the hands?"

"I guess they're with me, Joey. I can't feel a thing."

It's in the middle of the 13th round that Pancho runs out of gas. That's all

whatever mosquitoes are inside with DDT and sleep in peace.

You see, the important thing in camping is to prepare for the worst. You may not—probably won't—encounter it. But if you should happen to, you can live in comfort. If you start out ill prepared and hope for sunny weather you can be made thoroughly miserable by a storm.

An umbrella tent should have a fly in front. It takes the place of a porch on a house. It provides shade when the sun is hot and shelter when it rains and, in effect, nearly doubles the room of the tent because most cooking and eating will be done under the fly rather than inside.

Next to the tent, the beds are most important. Maybe I should have discussed them first. If you don't sleep well at night you will be miserable all the time.

Nothing whatever made of cotton—unless you feel that you must sleep between sheets—should be used for camp bedding. Cotton draws and holds moisture. Sleeping bags are most satisfactory, although expensive down bags are needlessly warm for summer camping. Wool bags are good and kapok bags will do, although it may be necessary to supplement them with a wool blanket at high altitude. there is to it. Those belts in the body are something he has never taken before, and he has never had to travel more than ten rounds in his life. That's an angle Arthur failed to figure and that Billy didn't forget.

Billy looks like a puppet being operated by a set of wires. He's so tired himself that it hurts to look at him. But he's got experience and he's throwing those rocks now with the tiny bit of strength that he has saved. He keeps throwing them until one of them puts Pancho down. There is very little joy in Mexico and it's a sad world. That I know.

Pancho gets up at "Five!" but wobbles there. Billy moves in, that right hand poised. He doesn't want to hit the

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 22) .

You need something besides an assortment of cobblestones on which to spread your sleeping bag if you are to sleep. There are two answers: a cot or an air mattress. Each has several advantages. You can pile stuff under the cot. You can also sit on it. An air mattress is lighter, less bulky and can be rolled up in the same bundle with your sleeping bag. It also has to be inflated each time you make camp, but it is a little more comfortable than most cots.

C OOKING for a hungry family can be a task or a pleasure, depending on your equipment. A gasoline camp stove with either two or three burners will do more to make it fast and easy than any other single thing. I consider it an absolute essential for summer automobile camping, and a stand to put it on is well worth having. With a stand under the stove, the cook won't have to stand on his head to turn the bacon.

You can use an assortment of pots and pans from the kitchen at home, but they are bulky and hard to pack. A nesting, aluminum camp cooking outfit designed for four people—take two of them if your party is larger—is far better. You'll need a griddle besides if you like hotcakes. Throw away the aluminum cups



For cool weather, a wall tent in which a wood burning stove can be used provides suitable shelter. The tepee in the background serves as an additional bedroom.

boy and he looks to the referee. Mortie Duluth is undecided what to do. Then Pancho, stumbling forward, doesn't have to be hit. He just falls flat on his face.

I don't see Arthur Farley much any more. I don't know if he's been able to buy any new pistachio suits. But I see Billy around the town, with both of his hands in casts. I meet him usually walking around with his wife or one of the kids. He says it's corny to keep calling him "Champ," when we all know he's retired.

"Joey," he said to me the other day, "I've got good news for you."

"What's that?"

"The doctor says that in another three weeks I'll be able to tie my own shoes."

that come with the nesting outfit and replace them with enameled or china cups.

A table and chairs, while not absolutely essential, do add greatly to comfort and convenience. You can get a folding table with attached stools that goes into a package about the size of a suitcase. Others, without the stools, are less expensive and fold even more easily and compactly.

In warm weather a portable ice chest, made especially for campers and fishermen, is worth considering. A good one will hold ice for several days and will keep milk, meat and vegetables fresh.

You need something in which to carry and keep food that doesn't require refrigeration. Cardboard boxes are abominable. A light, wooden box, about the size of an orange crate with a tight-fitting, hinged lid is ideal. It will keep food clean on the way to camp and it will also keep insects out of it after you get there.

I once made a rather elaborate cupboard that rode on the back bumper of the car. The entire front, which was hinged at the bottom, swung down to make a table. When we got to camp I fastened it up at the proper height and had table and cupboard in one handy unit. It looked good, but it was a mistake. It was in the way when I wanted to get into the trunk and when it was full of food it was too heavy to handle. A folding table and a separate box, or boxes, in which to keep food are better.

In addition to the more important items of equipment, each camping party needs a shovel and ax, a water bucket, 50 feet of sashcord or light rope, a handful of nails, a pair of pliers and some wire, a gasoline lantern and a flashlight.

The proper clothing depends largely on where you will be going, but it always should be chosen with serviceability and comfort as the first objectives. At high altitudes, such as you find at Yellowstone or Glacier National Parks, a warm jacket is nearly always necessary in early morning and again in the evening, even in August. Comfortable leather shoes, six or eight inches high, are the best footwear if you expect to do any hiking. Wool or fleecy nlyon sock are best. Each member of the party should have a slicker so that he won't be confined to the tent when it rains.

There are established camp grounds, most of them supplied with good drinking water, garbage and toilet facilities, in national parks and forests. Outside these areas you are on your own. Look for a spot with sandy soil and good drainage. It should be free from dense underbrush because this cuts off the breeze on hot days and also encourages insects such as mosquitoes and no-see-ums. A little sunlight in the morning is desirable, but you should have shade in the afternoon.

Once the site is chosen, there is a job for everybody. If there are four in the party, for example, two of them can erect the tent, roll out the sleeping bags and inflate the air mattresses. The other two can get out the stove and cooking equipment and then while one of them prepares the meal the other can gather wood for the evening campfire. If everybody does his share it is easy to set up camp and have a hot meal ready in an hour.

The biggest job on a camping trip is cooking. If dad gets breakfast, the kids fix lunch and mother prepares dinner, however, it is not so bad. In case one person does all the cooking, then that is all that he should do. The other members of the party should do everything else, including washing the dishes and cleaning up after meals.

Cooking over a gasoline camp stove is no different from cooking over gas at home. Meals should be simple, nourishing and easy to prepare, however, so that the cook doesn't have to devote all her time to them. Dinner, for example, might well center around a good, big beef stew that can be started early in the afternoon and then allowed to simmer without attention until time to eat. A simple salad, bread and butter and a can of fruit for dessert will round out the meal.

Of course, problems will arise from time to time, but none of them is beyond solving by any person of normal intelligence. Working them out will develop self confidence in youngsters and leave adults with a feeling of satisfaction.

There may be minor accidents and irritations, but they will pass quickly. A simple first-aid kit should be taken along —just in case. Ours contains adhesive tape, Band-Aids, merthiolate, a roll of gauze bandage and burn ointment. More likely to be used than any of these are sunburn lotion and insect repellent. You should carry a supply of water purification tablets unless you prefer to boil any questionable drinking water.

While it is true that house trailers, widely scattered resorts and better roads and cars, which make it possible to commute between a hotel or cabin and the stream you're fishing, have reduced the number of campers during the past twenty years, there still are a great many folks who enjoy this form of recreation. When you have your camping outfit in the back of the car or in a light trailer behind, you are completely independent. You can stop wherever you like and stay as long as you want. Your enjoyment of the out of doors is fuller because you are closer to it.

Some of the most pleasant days of my life have been spent camping beside a stream or lake. I intend to enjoy a great many more before I get too old.

Open at Oakmont

(Continued from page 11)

of stars may find the course a mite easier than Hagen, Sarazen and Parks found it in 1935, but still tough as an elephant's hide.

Hagen has long since retired. Sarazen, at 51, will tee off and go as far as he can. So will Parks, who abandoned golf for steel a decade ago, although he played in the Masters this year. The Open now is no more than a social event for the Sarazens and Parkses—life may begin at 40, but not the pro golfer's life.

A new gang of experts is challenging Oakmont—Julius Boros, the 15-to-1 shot who scored a courageous Open triumph at Dallas a year ago; Sam Snead, champion of the runners-up, now desperate after 12 futile bids; ex-champions Cary Middlecoff, Lloyd Mangrum, Tony Manero, Lawson Little, Lew Worsham, and a host of fairway dandies, who, like Snead, are still trying—Johnny Bulla, Jimmy Demaret, Jack Burke, John Palmer, Clayton Heafner, Tommy Bolt, Dutch Harrison, George Fazio, Ed Oliver ... the list goes on and on.

Half the field will be whipped before

the golfers ever tee the ball in this maddening 72-hole test. Such is the reputation of Oakmont, plus, to be sure, the traditional pressure of the Open. The golfers know that no one has ever matched Oakmont's par, 288, for 72 holes of medal play. The course record for four rounds is 294, established by Willie MacFarlane in the Pennsylvania Open 19 years ago. They know also that an all-star field in 1935 could break par but three times in a total of 447 trips around the trouble-studded layout.

Golf's modern stars may improve on those scores. In 1951, Oakmont was host to the Professional Golfers' Association medal play tournament. In the 36-hole qualifying test, the pros recorded 17 subpar scores out of 280 tries. Jim Ferrier and Vic Ghezzi each shot a 69. Which, judging by the clusters of 64's, 65's and 66's on many courses, isn't exactly burning the place up.

The pros left Oakmont impressed by one fact: It's a golf course without a let-up hole. Most courses have two or three holes where one may dawdle a bit



and still register par. At Oakmont, those who coast invite disaster.

Furthermore, the pros aren't stupid. They know Oakmont was "eased up" for the PGA match play battle. Likewise, they certainly know that the layout will be tightened up for the Open. It will be the Oakmont of old, or close to it.

The PGA, traditionally, selects courses for its championship that are easier to score on. In their book, low scores draw cash customers. The brass that runs the United States Golf Association does things differently.

First of all, the USGA picks the most difficult courses for the Open, and the officials of this august body reserve the right to make the tournament layout even tougher. Usually, fairways are narrowed, greens shaved and roughs left uncut.

AKMONT, when this Open starts, figures to be four to six strokes tougher than it was for the PGA event two years ago. This is one course that is rugged enough anyway, but club president John E. Jackson told the writer that the fairways would be drawn in, ditches will still be there to catch wandering shots on 12 of the 18 holes, and that the 160 or so traps will be ready.

"The present management thinks that Oakmont is a fair test as it is," he explained, "and there will be no tricks played on the players, such as putting flags in impossible positions, or greasing up the greens, or putting deep furrows in the traps."

In 1935, Emil Loeffler, pro and greenskeeper who took inordinate pride in Oakmont's invincibility, weighted rakes in such a way that they left deep furrows in the sand. The stars of that day complained so bitterly that 10 or 12 traps were smoothed out on the eve of the big show.

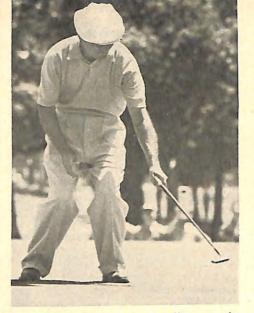
Commenting on that controversy, Parks later said, "however anyone argues about the ridges, they were fair in that they guaranteed everyone in a trap the same bad lie."

Loeffler would go to almost any lengths to keep Oakmont's par inviolate, a sentiment he shared with W. C. Fownes, then club president. A few days before the Open, Loeffler happened to see a tee shot that "carried" a fairway bunker, a shot he had deemed impossible. He scurried back to the clubhouse and phoned Mr. Fownes, who was vacationing in Rhode Island. In a matter of a few days the bunker was stretched out three or four yards.

Parks, who still plays weekend golf, is convinced none of the moderns will break 288, par for 72 holes.

"The ridges in the traps won't be so deep," he said. "Also, today's good players are expert at sand play. They use heavy sand wedges, whereas in 1935 this was not as prevalent. My guess is that 292 or 293 will be good enough to win this time."

The Open usually is won by the steady



A lesson in putting from Ben Hogan as he reveals a combination of stance, follow through and body-English during the third round of play of the 1952 Open in Dallas.

golfer who can escape disaster, who can duck the damaging seven or eight on one bad hole. You need luck, too, to win at Oakmont, or anywhere else. Ask Jones or Sarazen or Mangrum.

Jones once observed, "Nobody ever wins the Open." At least, he meant, not until somebody blows it.

Pro golfers, when they stop and think, wonder why they endure this pressurepacked scramble for the Open title. The jackpot is only \$4,000—just \$2,000 until three years ago—and the champ has to beat off the challenge of 160 rivals all at once.

In moments of self-pity they envy the heavyweight champion who collects \$200,-000 or more for a single bout, the home run slugger who gets his \$75,000 whether



Cary Middlecoff explodes from a trap during last year's Open, demonstrating technique of the straight left arm opposed to body motion.

he lives up to billing or not, the jockey who is paid upwards of \$10,000 for a brisk canter in the sunshine.

Yet the pros always come back for more. Those who win the Open always want just one more. Those who have failed never lose hope. And those who never did—great shotmakers like Harry Cooper, MacDonald Smith, Bobby Cruickshank—are eloquent examples of the part luck plays in the game's hottest battle. Even the best had to have a boost from an unseen hand along the way.

You could start with Jones. A skittering wood shot skidded off the top of a lily pad onto dry ground, saving Jones from disaster. Two strokes thus saved happened to be his victory margin over Mac Smith in the Open at Interlachen in 1930. And without it there could never have been his famous grand slam of golf.

Snead, the incomparable stylist, lost the 1947 Open in what was probably the most fantastic finish of all time. Sam isn't a showman in the strict sense of the word, yet he frequently finds himself enmeshed in the dramatic. That Saturday afternoon in St. Louis Sam needed a 20-foot putt on the last hole to tie Lew Worsham at 282. Worsham sat among the breathless spectators around the green. Like a little boy, he had fingers crossed on both hands. But the hex didn't work. Sam sank the putt.

Sunday's 18-hole playoff was vicious; and again a story book finish. Each had used 68 strokes, Snead's ball was just above the cup on the sloping green, Worsham's below it. Snead lined up the ball. The massed throng was deathly still as he prepared to tap the ball toward the can. Worsham spoke up:

"Just a minute, Sam; I think I'm away."

Snead's concentration was broken. His shoulders slumped. The referee called for a tape measure. Snead's ball, as it turned out, was 30½ inches from the cup. He was "away" by a half inch! Snead then missed the putt. Worsham sank his, and the match was over.

SNEAD'S infamous eight on the 72nd hole at Spring Mill cost him the Open in 1939—probably the most widely-publicized blow-up in golfing history. But others have chucked the title just as thoroughly, if not as dramatically.

In 1934 at Merion—another great course—Gene Sarazen, Olin Dutra, Bobby Cruickshank and Wiffy Cox were locked in a pressure-packed last round. Sarazen, playing just behind Cox and Cruickshank, stood at the 11th tee and watched his rivals. The fairway rolled downward to the left, then bent back a bit across a brook to an elevated green, total distance only 380 yards.

Cruickshank "missed" his second shot. The ball disappeared in the creek, bounced off a rock and rolled up the hill and onto the green. In sheer delight the wee Scot flung his club into the air. The stick came down on his head, addling him for a few seconds. He went on to score a remarkable four. Sarazen was hardly as lucky. His tee shot hooked into the water. Dropping for a penalty stroke, he hit his third shot into a trap short of the green, blasted out across the green, chipped up and used two putts for a nightmarish seven. That did it. Dutra beat him by a stroke, 293 to 294.

Byron Nelson lost the 1946 Open, not on a poor shot, but on the most ornery sort of luck. Six golfers-Mangrum, Nelson, Ben Hogan, Vic Ghezzi, Jim Demaret and Herman Barron-were in a desperate duel, fighting for the break that might mean the championship. A tremendous gallery at Cleveland's Canterbury course swarmed after Nelson, always a favorite. On the 13th hole of the third round Nelson's iron shot faded into a tree and bounded out of sight. The caddy "lost" the ball and the teeming spectators didn't help. In the milling about the caddy happened to nudge the partially hidden ball with his foot. Nelson thereby lost a stroke, and eventually the title by that margin.

EO DIEGEL, to go back a bit farther, was another of the brilliant golfers who found the Open too elusive. Like Snead, he almost won the title the first time he tried. Back in 1920, Diegel, just a youngster, trailed 43-year-old Ted Ray, the English pro, by a stroke with nine holes to go.

At this juncture, Chick Evans, a brilliant amateur already out of the contention, dismissed Diegel's caddy and took the bag himself. Maybe Evans' counsel was no factor; anyway, Diegel 'faltered. Then on the 14th hole, the jittery contestant ran afoul of more friendship. He was just at the top of his backswing when a brother pro, thinking to buoy Leo's spirits, yelled on the run that Ray was beginning to crack up. Diegel knocked the ball into a trap.

"I don't care what Ray is doing," said Diegel, petulantly. "I'll play my own game."

He took a six on that hole. He could not recover, losing the championship to Ray by one stroke. Diegel never came that close to the big title again.

These are the breaks that are the despair, as well as the hope, of every golfer who pursues golfing fame. The unpredictables, the intangibles, the impossible provide the thrills that make golf a great sport—and the only one you are called upon to play with cash customers hanging around your neck.

To the thousands who swarmed Merion in 1950—same course where Sarazen "blew it" in 1934—there could never be a more heart-warming thrill than the victory of Ben Hogan, the vibrant, ironnerved little man who came back from the brink of the grave to conquer the game's elite.

Yet Hogan put the icing on the cake a year later. At Oakland Hills near Detroit he nailed down his claim to all-time greatness. Hogan did it with a truly



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Or, for thrills, you need go back no further than the 1952 Open at Northwood in Dallas. Julius Boros. a burly, soberlooking 31-year-old, had never won a major title. But he made a four "the hard way"—sank a 12-foot putt on the eighth hole of the final round. That was the spark.

For 10 subsequent holes Boros was implacable, indomitable, unbeatable. His stretch drive was inexorable. He ignored the pressure, the crowd, the jitters. Five times his ball found the bunkers. He recovered every time and sank the vital putts. Boros, the new champ, displayed not flawless golf, but a flawless temperament.

Boros, genuinely speaking, was not a long shot. He had finished only four strokes off the pace in 1950, only six behind Hogan in 1951. Boros was tagged as a serious contender before he teed off in Dallas. The real surprise was that Hogan, going for his third straight title. lost. Just as in 1913, Harry Vardon and Ted Ray, established stars. lost to 20year-old Francis Ouimet, the ex-caddy from Boston. Or as in 1924, when Jones wilted and lost by three strokes to Cyril Walker, lightly-regarded Englishman, one of the last foreigners to win the U. S. crown.

But for sheer astonishment, no Open has ever matched Parks' victory at Oakmont. He defeated a field described by the precise New York Times as "the greatest ever to compete in the Open."

Sarazen, a shrewd observer who knew Oakmont well, called the turn a few days before the first round: "The first man in under 300 will win."

Indeed, many pros. after touring the course, predicted none would break 300. The slick, multiple-level greens had most of the golfers licked. One contestant grumbled:

"It's like trying to putt down 15 marble steps and hold the ball on the 10th step."

In the feverish 48 hours before the first round there was no mention of Parks. The favorites were Hagen, Sarazen, Cooper and young Henry Picard. A few experts liked Craig Wood's chances.

Parks apparently flourished in this atmosphere. Only a few knew Parks, a University of Pittsburgh golfer who had turned pro to make a living during the depression years. And fewer still knew that Parks had been playing Oakmont daily for a month—nine holes every morning, hitting two practice balls and putting incessantly. Most of the pros had forgotten that Parks had shot Oakmont in 298 a year before in the Pennsylvania Open.

Looking back on it after 18 years Parks admits he didn't seriously think he could win, but "I felt I could finish in the low ten scorers. I knew I could surprise a lot of the tournament stars."

Yet the tournament was almost over be-

fore Parks attracted attention. A modest 77 in the first round put him in 28th place, a cozy cubicle he shared with 18 others.

Blasting expertly out of the traps—his best shot—Parks stolidly toured the course in a 73 the second day. His 36hole total of 150 vaulted him into fourth place. four strokes behind slugging Jimmy Thomson, two behind Al Krueger, an ex-professional baseball pitcher, and one stroke to the rear of Sarazen.

Still, Parks impressed no one. The New York Times ignored him altogether. Sarazen, it was generally agreed, was the man to beat, and the newspapers devoted thousands of words to Hagen's 77-76— 153, to Thomson's booming tee shots, to Tommy Armour's fat eight on the third hole, and subsequent withdrawal.

The third round usually kills off the youngsters most sensitive to pressure. Parks refused to blow that Saturday morning, playing with old MacDonald Smith in a brisk rain.

"He didn't encourage or discourage me," Parks recalled. "He was deaf and very difficult to converse with. Too. the crowd was large and we had little opportunity to be together. I'd say, under those circumstances, he was the ideal playing partner. His long, flowing swing was similar to mine. Thus, there was no temptation to try to copy his style. This is frequently a problem for young players: they find themselves wanting to try an attractive-looking swing that belongs to someone else."

PARKS' third round 73—223 for 54 holes—shattered the pleasant anonymity. With but 18 holes to go, Parks and Thomson were tied, one stroke ahead of Ray Mangrum, three in front of Krueger and Hagen, four ahead of a still dangerous Sarazen. Parks, no longer an unknown, went to the locker room for a quick lunch. Meanwhile, the crowd built up around the first tee awaiting the final round of the home town boy.

Teeing off about 12:30. Parks smashed his jitters on the first hole. Two wood shots put him at the edge of the green. From there, he got down in two putts for a birdie four. That eased the strain, and Parks actually won the crown on the ninth hole. In the morning he had sunk a chip shot there for a precious eagle three. In the afternoon his second shot landed in a trap. Parks calmly blasted out and ran down a six-foot putt for a birdie.

Thereafter, he held his game together for a steady, unspectacular 76. He watched his 299 go up on the scoreboard, then retired to the agonizing quietness of the locker room. There, he sweated out Walter Hagen, a blue chips golfer, the only man who could beat him.

Then 43, Hagen probably sensed that this was to be his last serious grab at the brass ring. Anyway, the old warrior thrilled the throng even in defeat. With nine holes to go, Hagen knew he needed an even par 35 to whip Parks by a stroke.

Thousands ignored the cold rain and biting wind to witness the drama. Four quick mistakes and The Haig was through. Oakmont exacted its penalty. A trap cost him a stroke at the 64th hole, he three-putted on the 65th, and hit the bunkers again on the 66th and 67th. A rollicking, if water-logged battler to the last, Hagen braced for five pars and a finish at 302, three strokes behind the winner.

Parks' victory was a sensation, but the glory actually was short-lived. Asked his plans, Parks was quoted as saying, "I think I won because I knew the greens. I hit 50,000 practice putts at Oakmont; now I want a dollar for each of them."

It didn't work out that way-not in the mid-30's. Parks and Thomson, the putter and the slugger, toured the hinterlands; the champ took a winter-time post at one of the swank Florida clubs, and he mined gold on the tournament circuit.

By his own admission, he barely made expenses on the tour just one year. And, one year later. Parks failed to qualify for the final 36 holes of the Open at Baltusrol. In no time at all he had slid back into pleasant obscurity, and the young man from Pittsburgh never won another major tournament.

Today, Parks still lives in Pittsburgh, a prosperous executive who gave up golf, pro style, for steel years ago.

When he now talks about golf he sounds like a lot of fellows 43 years old:

"I'm overweight and I need practice. If I can sharpen up my game, I want to play in the Open at Oakmont."

If not, you'll find Sam Parks at Oakmont anyway, probably pulling for a hungry long-shot who "doesn't stand a chance."

St. Louis-Convention City

(Continued from page 5)

coming year. She has been secretly chosen months in advance and pledged herself not to marry or become engaged during her "reign." So tight is the security surrounding her selection that her own brothers and sisters frequently do not know she has been picked. Her Father knows, though. The bill for clothes required for a year's service as Queen of Love and Beauty may come to \$25,000. That's where Daddy comes in.

For entertainment this festive event is more than matched by the outstanding St. Louis Municipal Opera Repertorylocally known as the Muny Operawhich is now in its 35th year, making it the dean of such companies and one of the most successful ventures in the world. From June through August, famous and delightful operettas are presented under the stars in Forest Park and this year two of the greatest favorites will be playing in mid-summer, "Rio Rita" through July 5 and "Blossom Time" July 6 to 12timed nicely for Elks attending the Grand Lodge Convention.

What makes the Muny Opera unique is not the music, which is the best of its kind there is, but the fact that the project doesn't owe anybody any money and never has cost anybody a cent. It is so popular it pays its own way. Last year, for example, 1,312 guarantors sent checks to cover any possible deficit. The checks totalled \$151,775 and every one of them was returned. There was no deficit to make up. Only twice in the history of this fiscally unique institution has there been a deficit. In the first year at midseason it was in the red \$30,000. An intensive ticket selling campaign cut this to \$11,000 by season's end. The following year the deficit was wiped out and the guarantors repaid in full. Ten years later when the theatre was completely remodelled, there was a temporary deficit. But this was quickly cleaned up and again the guarantors were paid in full.

Part of the secret is the charm of the setting and the excellence of the productions-top singers don't usually have much to do in summer, so they flock to St. Louis. But even more important are the acoustics, which make each of the 12,000 seats virtually front row for hearing, the huge pergola shelters in case of rain, and the facilities for easy parking. Around 800,000 people will take advantage of these conveniences this summer to hear enjoyable music. That's an average of nearly 10,000 people a performance. Not a record for St. Louis but still it's pretty hard to beat.

Another of the great attractions in St. Louis, and, being unmatched anywhere in the world, not to be missed, is, of all places, in the Zoo. Here twice a day, six days a week during the season, a miniature circus is presented to the delight of hundreds of thousands of visitors and to the ecstasy of hundreds of thousands of children. This year it will entertain more than 1,000,000 people.

The shows consist of elephant acts (five performing elephants and a clown), lion acts (13 lions, two tigers and European brown bears) and chimpanzee performances. The trained chimps are regarded as the best ever presented. For the first time in animal history, for example, chimps were trained at St. Louis zoo to work with ponies. One of the most amazing feats they performed was a five-chimp pyramid formed on the backs of three galloping ponies with the top chimp nonchalantly performing a headstand. The chimps have also been taught to do a back somersault from one pony to another, a trick still regarded as a high point in animal training.

The beguiling chimps roller skate, ride bicycles and walk a tightrope and have become so popular that they are known to many families by name. Current leader of the troupe and star performer is Chief Pancho. After each per-





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Grand Lodge State Associations Committee Program Expanded

Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of this Committee has announced that its threepoint program has been extended to include two additional features in which the State Associations may participate.

Planned at first to give awards to the three Associations making the best records for the year in each of the following projects: Institution of New Lodges, the development of Major Projects and the purchase of Elks National Foundation Certificates in observance of the Foundation's Silver Anniversary, there will also be three Special Awards for those State Associations publishing the best State Bulletins and Newsletters, and three for the Associations making the best showing in the Cavalcade of Elkdom-in which each State is given the opportunity to set up an exhibit in the Municipal Auditorium in St. Louis, Mo., for the duration of the Grand Lodge Convention. displaying the outstanding features and products of each State.

Work on this project, which takes the place of a parade of expensive floats, has been assigned to Robert L. DeHority, assisted by Joseph P. O'Toole and Morlev H. Golden, and the following information has been issued: Allocation of display space, for which there will be no charge, will be assigned in the order received and the amount of space required, with no limitation as to space. All State Associations must have their displays completely set up by ten p.m. July 3rd, either by their own committees or by contract with the Brede Decorating Co., Inc., 1423 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo., which organization will furnish, on a rental basis of \$1.35 per running backwall foot, a booth background made of plush material on tubular aluminum frame, which is a requirement for every display.

The State Associations may ship their display material direct to Bert A. Thompson, Grand Lodge Activities Coordinator, B. P. O. Elks, % Municipal Auditorium, Market & 15th Sts., St. Louis, Mo., freight prepaid. Full police and watchman service will be furnished at no cost to the exhibitors.

Space requirements must be received no later than June 20th, and may be sent to any of the Committee members who will also be happy to answer queries:

GRAND LODGE STATE ASSOCIATIONS COMMITTEE

Edwin J. Alexander, Chairman 212 No. Rogers St.,

Joseph P. O'Toole 74 Longfellow Ave., Newark 6, N. J. Olympia, Wash. Morley H. Golden Robert L. DeHority 3485 Noell St. P. O. Box 87 San Diego 1, Calif. Elwood, Ind.

Glenn S. Patterson P. O. Box 1 Watertown, S. D.

formance Chief Pancho T shirts sell like hotcakes to enthusiastic youngsters.

Though the results are spectacular, teaching chimps most tricks is relatively simple. They've either got what it takes or they haven't. A teachable chimp will pick up roller skating or tightrope walking in a half hour; another wouldn't learn in half a month. More complicated tricks take more time, naturally.

Not far from the Zoo is another feature of the city. The quality of pictures presented in the City Art Museum of St. Louis will surprise those who still believe in the nonsense that only in Paris or Rome can great art be seen. It is safe to say that one could spend years studying art treasures in St. Louis and never be denied the pleasure of gazing on anything but acknowledged "great" art. Every school is well represented (its Oriental rug collection is the third most important in the world) and some of its acquisitions have attracted world renown. Because it was the first municipally supported museum in the country, St. Louisans have taken an unusual interest in how their tax money was being spent. How to spend money wisely for art has engaged generations of experts in heated controversy. When the public gets into the act no holds are barred.

Some fifteen years ago the museum acquired, at what many regarded as a fabulous price, a small Egyptian bronze statue of a cat. It was hardly more than a foot high so it wasn't valuable for its size. Despite the fact that it was a symbol of the cat goddess Ubastet, and dated 600 B.C., it seemed to the layman's eye to be otherwise indistinguishable from any other cat. When newspapers broke the story, thrifty St. Louisans squealed that a cat statue wasn't worth \$50 let alone \$5,000 and what was the Museum doing squandering the taxpayers' money. The resulting publicity has made the cat the most famous feline in the world and reproductions of it are sold even in the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York. The Cat, as it is referred to in St. Louis, has probably drawn more peo-

ple who would not otherwise have attended into the St. Louis museum than any other acquisition. They come out of curiosity to look at The Cat; they stay, many of them, to look at other things and to cultivate a taste for rich enjoyment of art.

Another highly developed aspect of this continuing mid-West culture is the Missouri Botanical Gardens, known as Shaw Gardens, after the Englishman who came to New Orleans with a small stock of cutlery at age 19 and was a millionaire at 40. They are not the largest but are among the most beautiful and wellplanned in the country. A major feature during July will be a display of tropical lilies, many of which were bred at Shaw Gardens and some of which are strong enough to support, while floating, the weight of a six-year-old boy. In the early morning and late afternoon, and on cool damp days, exotic night blooming varieties can be seen, their waxy petals pink and white. Some of the day blooming variety are as wide as dinner plates.

Other features of the gardens include the Desert House where many of the exotic cacti of the American Southwest are grown. There are fern houses, Italian gardens, rock plants, and collections of South African plants. Most unusual of all, however, is the greenhouse of plant curiosities, a "Believe-It-or-Not" collection of oddities from all over the world. Here are the Parachute Flower, the Climbing Onion, the Artillery Plant, which shoots its seeds, the Rat Tail Plant and many others including the Dumb Cane, which if eaten causes swelling of the tongue so speech is impossible. and the carniverous Pitcher Plant, cleverly designed to catch insects which it greedily devours.

But in the field of food the city is less exotic. St. Louisans are so loyally fond of home cooking that no restaurant tradition has grown up in the city. This is typically American, however, for the number of cities which support outstanding restaurants is limited indeed.

But it is peculiarly strange of St. Louis with its excellences in the arts and sciences, with its flourishing commerce, with its German and French background. that there is not a single place a gourmet would mention to a colleague. (Though such a place could be found in, say, Houston, Boston, Santa Fe, New Mexico or Marathon, Florida.)

Ask a local about a good, off the trail place to eat and he's likely to mention a modest establishment such as Mrs. Hulling's Cafeteria or Al's restaurant at 1200 N. First Street, so unpretentious it doesn't even have its name outside. But it's popular. Al's is located in the railroad-track-and-levee area and lunchtime will find executives and train workers at next door tables eating sauerbraten and potato pancakes and at dinner Cadillacs are occasionally parked outside.

Good German food can also be found at the Bevo Mill, started by AnheuserBusch, during World War I to introduce a soft-drink beer substitute, Bevo, in anticipation of prohibition. Riding on a wave of nation-wide publicity Bevo was an instantaneous success that suddenly burned out. Bevo Mill, no longer owned by Anheuser-Busch, has continued to be a local showplace.

Italian food is well served at Rug-geri's; Edmonds' seafood is recommended, and Stan Musial, well known in baseball circles, operates a restaurant just out of town where the food is well prepared and Musial himself is sometimes available for autographing. Cantonese food is excellent at the Tahiti, which also specializes in the Trader-Vic type of tropical drink served in pineapples, cocoanuts and sometimes even in glasses.

Mertikas Grecian Gardens in downtown St. Louis is popular. Just outside St. Louis, Schober's Winery serves fine wine and German food. Medart's Olde Cheshire, where fine American food is served in an Old English atmosphere is in the western part of the city. For those who like French food, there's Petit Pigalle at 4200 Lindell and for Italian food, Tony's Spaghetti House in downtown St. Louis.

In summer, for dining out of doors, Chateau Normandie and Busch Grove are popular. There is only one of the old-fashioned beer gardens left but it is excellent, complete with band, Bavarian songs, the Polka, and plenty of camaraderie. It's in South St. Louis and is called the Black Forest Beer Garden. Fun.

N^{IGHT LIFE in St. Louis proper is not exactly pulsing with vigor, if by night} life one means night clubs. There are just two night clubs (though many places with a combo band or a singing pianist): the Chase Club and the Boulevard Room. These are fine. But this modest selection should not bother those who like their fun a little hearty and a little late. Right across the river in what St. Louisans euphemistically call the "east side," (it is really East St. Louis, Illinois) there is enough activity after midnight to put bags under the eves of veterans. At places like Chums, White Swan, Jimmie's Gay Inn, for example, the floor shows are practically constant until around four a.m. Good bands of the jive and Dixieland variety are found at The Terrace and Palladium. There are scores of places fifteen to twenty minutes from downtown St. Louis. And though the chorus girls sometimes appear to be inadequately dressed for a role in Nanook of the North, most of these places are reliable and disinclined to gouge a stranger.

Intimately bound up with the development of St. Louis is the Anheuser-Busch brewing company which has a huge plant covering more than 70 square blocks (larger than Chicago's famed Loop). Anheuser-Busch is remarkable not merely



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The Jewel Box in Forest Park-a remarkable cathedral of waterfalls and flowers.

because it is capable of turning out 7,-000,000 bottles and cans of beer in a single day, but because it is flexible enough to buy the Cardinals, as it did in February, when its beloved St. Louis was threatened with loss of its National League baseball club.

The Anheuser-Busch plant is a sight to behold and, as guided tours can be arranged, many visitors have beheld it, enjoying the free beer that goes with the trip. Out of sentiment, and at considerable cost, the original decor of the Brew House has been maintained despite the installation from time to time of new or modernized equipment. The original chandeliers are still there, for example, designed to resemble the hop vine with the socket a replica of a hop blossom. Hop blossoms, in case you've led a cloistered intellectual life, are used to flavor heer.

Most people would expect to see beer brewed in St. Louis. Few realize, though, that one of the best American champagnes is also made there. It isn't necessary to go to France to see how bubble water is put together. This process can be observed in its entirety right in downtown St. Louis (five minutes from major hotels) where, believe it or not, are located the largest champagne cellars in the Western Hemisphere. They go down three stories below the busy city streets. Moreover, though Missouri has never been noted for viticulture-though good grapes are grown there-these cellars have been in constant use by the same company-Cook's Imperial-for more than a century.

The Cook's Imperial people are hospitable to visitors but they need a day or two advance notice for small touring parties. Once you see them you'll doubtless vote these cellars the caverns you would most like to be lost in.

Like Natchez, Vicksburg, Memphis, Cairo, New Orleans and Hannibal, the Mississippi River is as much a part of St. Louis as its streets and shops and hotels. But only in St. Louis can be seen an honest-to-goodness Mississippi River Showboat, "The Golden Rod," the last to be operating on the river and probably the last that will be. Before coming to St. Louis "The Golden Rod" spent 34 years providing drama in one-night stands to river towns in 15 states. Then its lively, river-wise 73-year-old skipper, Capt. J. W. Menke, tied up to the levee at St. Louis planning a long run of two weeks. That was in 1937. "The Golden Rod" has been on the levee in St. Louis ever since. In the intervening 16 years it has missed only one scheduled performance. That was the day five years ago when Capt. Menke decided the big vessel-it was built to seat 1,400 customers-needed a new steel hull. By some miracle and a bit of advance planning this feat was accomplished in 24 hours.

Performances today are strictly hissthe-villain melodrama which have found great favor with St. Louisans. Of even more interest is the boat itself. In showing his barge Capt. Menke, a show boat operator for 50 years, explains that a genuine show boat was nothing like one sees in the movies. They never operated under their own power but were always towed from town to town by a paddlewheel "tug" half the size of the show-boat itself. "The Golden Rod's" "tug," still attached and ready to go-well, almost ready-is appropriately called "Chaperon."

The barge itself has been refitted with new seats in the orchestra-it has a balcony too—but the boxes still have the original furniture. They are small roundseat chairs backed with steel wire and, considering the era for which they were designed, appear singularly inadequate. But entertainment was rare in those days and the chair size didn't much matter.

Another somewhat more up-to-date river feature which St. Louis has fondly embraced is "The Admiral," a ship that must be seen to be believed. This is an all-steel boat, streamlined right down to the powder room door handles, which has a ballroom big enough to accommodate 2,000 people and, perhaps more important, an air conditioning system big enough to keep them all cool.

During the season "The Admiral" makes day and evening cruises, and hundreds of mothers have found it makes an ideal setting for an all-day picnic for active youngsters. The main deck has a carnival air with many gay concession booths and is pervaded by the nostalgic smell of buttered popcorn which somehow subtlely puts most Americans in a mood for enjoyment. Evening cruises without the kiddies—are also fun with more emphasis on dancing or sitting under the moonlight on the open Lido Deck and letting light breezes waft the cares away.

Despite its ultra-modern design "The Admiral" is no product of ingenious johnny-come-lately promoters. It was designed and built by one of the oldest River families, now headed by Joseph L. Steckfus, whose father once operated packet service from New Orleans to St. Paul and to Pittsburgh. The third generation of the river-going Steckfus family is now in the pilot house of "The Admiral."

If St. Louisans bragged they would loudly acclaim their Police department. which has just completed installation of the world's first and only system of identifying suspects by means of punch cards. As a change from the old rogues gallery it is comparable to the difference between the ox cart and the jet plane. Formerly a crime victim was asked to pick a suspect from photographs graded only according to race, sex and approximate age. The pictures were mounted 100 to a panel and there were dozens of panels. The victim's capacity for recollection usually quickly blurred into a sea of faces and identification became impossible.

Today the characteristics of known criminals are broken down into many categories. For example, there are twenty-three major points of physical identification, including tattoo marks, scars and baldness. Moreover, punch cards are subdivided into twenty-nine types of crime with further subdivisions under these as to whether the criminal is expert or bungler (it's easy to tell), whether he carries his gun in his right or left hand and so on.

The effect of this system on speed of

identification—a major factor in successful police work—is obvious. Even before the system was operating—it took four years to install—it proved its worth in a matter of minutes. A hoodlum was brought in for stealing government checks from mail boxes, a crime which had plagued a neighborhood for months. Detectives managed to get very vague descriptions but not names of others who might be operating the same racket. By running these descriptions through the punch card identification machines they were able to solve 250 such crimes in a few weeks.

Visitors with a special interest in police work are welcome to see the system in operation but arrangements should be made in advance with big, genial Lt. Andrew T. Aylward, who set it up. The police department has one of the best crime laboratories in the country, too. Those who are curious to see how a sliver of paint on an auto fender can convict a hit-run driver should arrange to do so with chemist-in-charge, Clemens R. Maise.

A SIDE from these qualities that make St. Louis today one of the great cities of America, the town is permeated with historical significance much of which is doubtless lost on present generations pushed toward global thinking rather than such ancient domestic troubles as strife between the states. But here started the famed Dred Scott case, an intrafamily dispute on ownership of a slave who had been taken north and who sued for freedom when his master died. Moreover it was St. Louis that reputedly gave the world the ice cream cone. It was during the 1904 World's Fair, a highly successful event, unlike those held more recently, in which everybody made money and the city got an improved water system and an art museum. A waffle vendor, observing that in summer people liked ice cream more than waffles, conceived the novel idea of wrapping a waffle around the ice cream and giving them both.

There is much of significance in St. Louis; many such impressive facts as these: It is second to Chicago in meat packing; second among U.S. rail centers. second in river shipping; second in distributing and processing of furs (it handles 85 per cent of the world's supply of sealskin), and has the second largest Chevrolet plant. Though they aren't all manufactured in St. Louis, firms based there produce enough shoes to put them on three of every five persons in the country, one company turning out 50 million pairs. St. Louis has one of the largest jet aircraft plants. It is one of the world's great beer producing centers. In the world of commerce these are major achievements.

But the really important fact about St. Louis, to me at least, is that with all its long history and its vast accomplishments it is a city of tranquility.



DEPT. 40-150 WEST 22 ST., NEW YORK 11, N. Y.

EDITORIAL

THE GRAND LODGE



In the week of July 5th, our Grand Lodge will meet in St. Louis for its eighty-ninth session to guide the course of our Order.

Nearly three thousand Grand Lodge members will participate in the deliberations of the Convention. Whether

their actions will be of the dramatic kind to catch our immediate attention or the less noticeable, yet noteworthy, prosecution of important details, the Grand Lodge body will have as an audience more than a million Elks who appreciate the significance of this annual meeting and the time and effort which the members of the Grand Lodge have contributed to its success.

Since 1871, when the Grand Lodge was incorporated, it has built an enviable record of achievement. It pointed the way for the Order's particular avenue of service to our Country in two world wars, and for our continuing remembrance of hospitalized veterans. It created our magnificent Memorial Building in Chicago, Illinois, and our stately Elks National Home at Bedford, Virginia. It established our Elks National Foundation, from which we shall have a further report at the July meeting. It acted to insure suitable publication of news pertaining to the Order by establishing our Elks Magazine. It originated what is now the nation's Flag Day. It began to lead our Order in an attack on communism as far back as 1918. It made provision for desirable public relations. It organized our Order's efforts in behalf of the youth of America.

Through the years, the Grand Lodge has acted in thousands of ways which do not come readily to mind or eye to add to the dignity and prestige of our Order. It wrote and rewrote, with unbelievable patience and devotion, the Constitution and By-Laws by which our fraternity functions. It made our Order's strength felt in areas afflicted by disaster. It encouraged excellence in rendition of the Ritual. It maintained our Order on a high plane through stimulation of beneficial lodge activities. It lent its support to our State Associations. And perhaps as important as the thousands of actions which it has adopted are those which it has refused to endorse because of their probable threat to the unity and progress of our great Order.

When we think of the Grand Lodge, we visualize a dignified, collective governing body. Let us instead, just for the moment, think of them as individuals, giving freely of their time and their talents, and working tirelessly in behalf of an Order which they love. For a thorough appreciation of what they have accomplished, let us remember that each final action in which they participated was the result of hours of consultation with members, lodge officers, District Deputies or State Association officials.

It is humanity's habit to restrict its tribute to the founders of a great cause or movement. Instead, we propose here to give praise to those who have led our Lodges and members in the development of our Order throughout the eighty-five years of its growth.

HONOR OLD GLORY



The Flag of the United States will be 176 years old on June 14. On that date in 1777 the Continental Congress adopted the basic design for our national ensign, unchanged since except by addition of stars to mark the westward march of empire.

Observance of Flag Day on June 14 has become a more general practice in recent years, thanks in great measure to the Order of Elks. Since 1912, every lodge of Elks has observed Flag Day with special services of tribute and devotion to the emblem that is first on our altar.

This year, a new ritual, one designed to make the service even more impressive, will be followed. In many communities, the Elks Flag Day services will climax stirring Know Your America Week programs. The Elks are proud to lead in homage to the Flag that signifies freedom, honor, peace and decency.

SOME STRANGE VIEWS



High school students from Western European countries, in New York to participate in a forum with representatives of other free nations, expressed some startling opinions concerning the struggle with Red Russia. Almost all the Western European students felt that

it was merely an argument between the United States and Russia and that whatever their respective countries contributed to the struggle was done as a favor to this country.

If that attitude is at all typical of the people of Western Europe, then it would go far to explain why our friends and allies in that area have been dragging their feet and why, after the United States has spent billions and is preparing to spend additional billions to restore the economies and defenses of these countries, Uncle Sam has still to talk himself hoarse pleading with them to get on with the job.

In contrast to her contemporaries, a young lady from India showed a remarkably sound and realistic understanding of the problem that torments the world. It was, she said, nothing more nor less than a battle for freedom everywhere.

In view of some of India's puzzling actions in international affairs, the opinion so firmly expressed by this young citizen of that country is especially pleasing. It is devoutly to be hoped that her comprehension will be reflected in her country's future diplomacy.

We hope, also, that she had opportunity, and seized it, to let her associates from Western Europe in on some of the facts of life. For example, she might well have pointed out that their countries are the ones that lie under the Red guns; that they have no option to stand aside from the struggle if they value their liberties.

To which the American taxpayer could add plenty. We are willing to help any country stay free if it wants to be free badly enough to fight for it. Slavery can be imposed on a nation, but not freedom. Our Western European friends, and anyone else who shows signs of such deluded thinking as that exhibited by the high school students, ought to be forcefully reminded of that fact, while they still have a chance to do the needful.



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Like so many stars, Charlton Heston is a Camel smoker.

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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co. Winston-Salem, N. C.

