

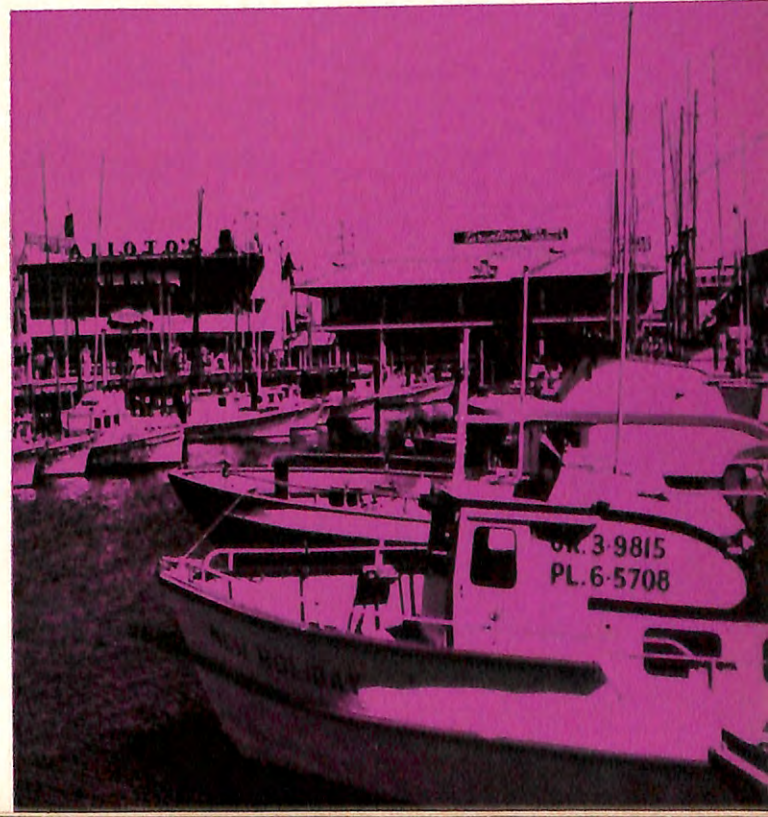
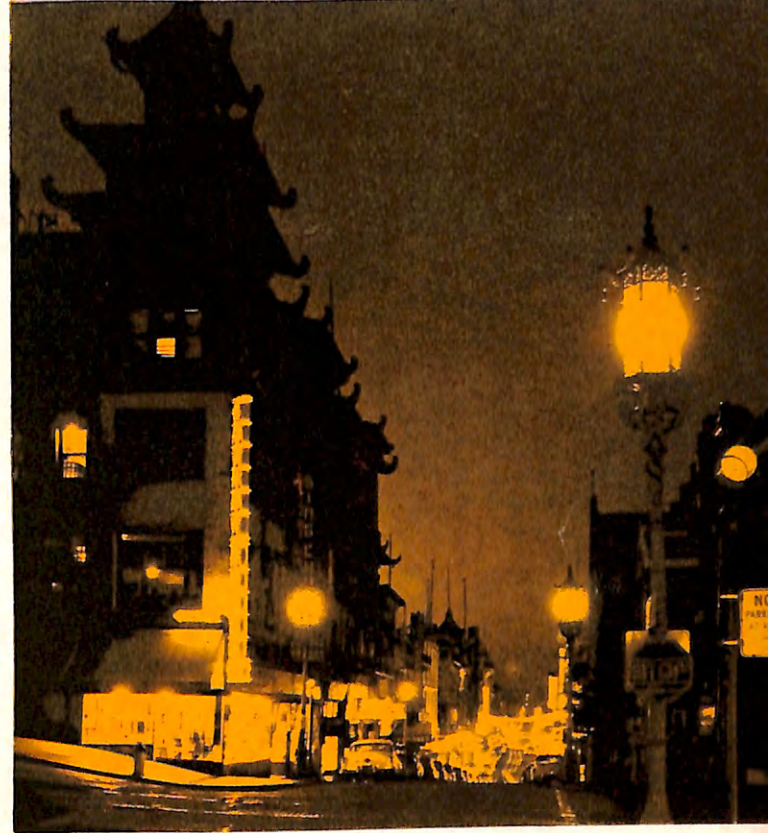
THE
Elks

MAGAZINE
JULY 1963



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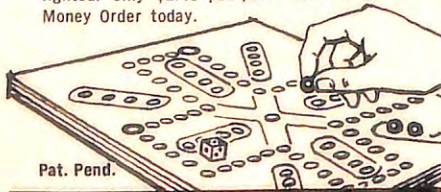
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VOL. 42 NO. 2

JULY 1963

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Our Heritage—Our Challenge

I approach the end of my term as Grand Exalted Ruler with a feeling of great gratitude for the loyal and enthusiastic support and cooperation from so many of my Brothers who have contributed so much to the writing of another chapter of accomplishment in the annals of Elkdom.

As a measure of these accomplishments, we can point to the record contributions made to the Elks National Foundation—more than three-quarters of a million dollars—the most generous response that our generous-hearted Elks have made in any one year since the Foundation was established in 1928.

The Order's membership increased by 20,715, a substantial gain over that made in the previous year. This is a good sign of Elkdom's healthy condition, because most of this gain came from existing lodges—an indication that many of our older lodges are awakening to the need of sound growth, especially by welcoming younger men to our ranks.

During the Subordinate Lodge Year that ended March 31, we instituted 19 new lodges. Since then three have been instituted, and work is underway on the organization of several more. Thus, our Order continues to expand by bringing the benefits of Elkdom to more and more communities.

The enthusiastic response to my Golden Antler Awards Program is of course reflected in these gratifying results achieved during the past year. Yet, in a larger sense, I am sure that the Golden Antler Program's success goes far beyond mere statistical

data. Everywhere I traveled over the country I met Brothers who were proud and eager to exhibit their Golden Antler Awards. I am grateful to lodge officers who encouraged participation in this program and grateful to the thousands of Elks who responded. I again congratulate those who earned Awards, especially each of those acclaimed as "Elk of the Year." Theirs was recognition truly deserved.

In one of my earlier messages in the Magazine, I expressed the belief that being an Elk ought to be a pleasurable experience, that we should not forget the value of good fellowship which is one of the basic aims of our fraternity. The importance of this was brought home to me many times during the past year. The most successful lodges, I found, were those where the warmest atmosphere of good fellowship prevailed, encouraged and promoted by a well-planned program of social activities that brought together men and women of varied backgrounds, finding, in the Elks lodges and their club facilities, mutual interests, understanding, and respect. This is a source of much of our strength and appeal, and I hope that all our lodges will give it increasing attention.

"Go Forth to Serve America" is not a slogan just for the tenure of a Grand Exalted Ruler. Rather, it epitomizes Elkdom's spirit of dedicated service to the nation whose flag stands beside our altar. It is our heritage and our challenge to Go Forth to Serve America today and every day.

L. A. DONALDSON, *Grand Exalted Ruler*

Oneida, New York, Lodge Presents
RONALD J. DUNN
For Grand Exalted Ruler



ONEIDA, N. Y., LODGE No. 767, by resolution, unanimously adopted at its regular meeting on May 23, 1963, endorsed the candidacy of Ronald J. Dunn for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, and announced that his name would be presented to the delegates at the National Convention of our Order in San Francisco in July.

The resolution noted the untimely passing of a great Elk and leader, Charles C. Bowie, of San Benito, Texas, and expressed its sincere regret that the services and talents of this distinguished Brother are lost to our Order.

IN RONALD J. DUNN, Oneida Lodge presents a capable and experienced leader with more than 30 years devoted to the work of our Order. Starting as Esquire in our lodge, he progressed through the chairs and became our Exalted Ruler in 1936, making a record for membership, community projects, and interest in the future of our lodge. He was named a District Deputy by Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland in 1941. After serving on its committees in an outstanding manner, he was named President of the New York State Elks Association in 1945.

THE GRAND LODGE recognized Brother Dunn in 1947 by electing him to the office of Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight, and again in 1951 by placing him in the office of Grand Esteemed Leading Knight, under Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis. In 1953, Brother Dunn was named to the Board of Grand Trustees. He was named Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees in 1957. Brother Dunn is now completing his second year on the Grand Forum. We feel that his wealth of experience in our Order and in the Grand Lodge merits the consideration of the delegates at

San Francisco for his receiving the high office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

RONALD J. DUNN was born in Oneida, N. Y., in 1903 and educated in its public schools. He was graduated from Holy Cross College in 1925 with the degree of Bachelor of Arts. He obtained his law degree from Fordham University School of Law in 1928, and started practice in Oneida the same year. He was subsequently elected to serve as City Judge for three terms. He is a member and past president of the County Bar Association and is a member of the New York State and American Bar Associations.

BROTHER DUNN has taken an active part in community life, as chairman of drives for many charitable purposes, president of the Community Chest, president of the local service club, president of the Madison County Council, and with the Boy Scouts of America, receiving the Silver Beaver award in 1948, the highest award for laymen in that organization. In 1951, the Junior Chamber of Commerce gave him its "Man of the Year" award for outstanding civic service and achievements. He is a member of the Board of Trustees of our local library, a member of the board of governors of the Yahmundasis Golf Club, and an active member of the Chamber of Commerce.

BROTHER DUNN is director and attorney for the Oneida Valley National Bank, and an officer and director of many corporations in the central part of the State of New York. He is a member of St. Patrick's Church and a past president of its Holy Name Society. He served with distinction as a Grand Knight of the the Knights of Columbus for two consecutive years, and a member of its Fourth Degree Assembly. He was married in 1935 to Helen Williams, and the Dunns have two children, Peter Michael, an attorney associated in the practice of law with his father and an officer of Oneida Lodge, and a daughter, Ann, a student at Marymount College, Tarrytown, N. Y., and presently spending her junior year at the Sorbonne in Paris.

WE PRESENT this Brother with confidence in his ability, with knowledge of his trained and disciplined character, with the feeling that his capacity for work, his energy in promoting a worthy cause, his love of his country, community, and fellow-man, and his devotion to our Order, will qualify him for the highest office in this great American fraternity. His candidacy has been endorsed by the Advisory Board of the New York State Elks Association and by the Past Exalted Ruler's Association of Oneida Lodge.

FRANK R. NEMETI JR., *Exalted Ruler*

THOMAS J. BRANNIGAN, *Secretary*

Comment FROM THE EDITORS

HARRY CONKLIN may be an Elk, and if he sees this issue we hope he'll recognize himself. That isn't his real name, but the incident he takes part in (see "A Stringerful of Memories," page 8) really happened. When Ernest Robinette submitted the story, we had to write him to ask if it was fact or fiction. The answer, as we suspected, was: "I hesitatingly admit that there is considerably more fact in the story than fiction." That was okay with us—preferable, in fact, because we didn't want Michigan anglers to accuse us of misrepresenting fishing in their fine state. Fiction writers sometimes go off the deep end, so to speak, by presenting inaccurate background material on a subject that is unfamiliar to them. In this case our writer turned out to be a veteran fisherman as well as a former resident of his story locale. Further correspondence revealed that he is also an Elk—a member of Alpena, Mich., Lodge from 1936 until recently and now a member of Grand Rapids Lodge. Brother Robinette is the father of five grown children and is the regional sales manager for Michigan Hospital Service (Blue Cross-Blue Shield).

THE TRIUMPH of Fidel Castro back in 1959 was a momentous event in this troubled era. Those who believed the Cuban revolution was truly a victory for social justice and agrarian reform were hopeful that it would have a salutary effect on all Latin America. It didn't turn out that way, of course. Castro and his cohorts have turned Cuba



Andrew St. George, following his rescue from the abortive Alpha 66 raid and grim aftermath.

into a communist police state; Latin America remains embroiled in social unrest and political upheaval. To report on the current situation (page 34), we turned to a man who shared the dangers and hardships of Castro's guerrillas in the Sierra Maestra to provide a photojournalistic record of the struggle, then watched Castro betray his revolution. Andrew St. George followed his Cuban coverage with extensive travel in Latin America, reporting on conditions and amassing a file of superb photos that document what he saw. More recently he went along on an Alpha 66 raid, on assignment for *Life*, that nearly cost him his life. The small craft foundered in heavy seas and the party was washed ashore on Cuba, glad to be alive yet facing a sterner test. They miraculously escaped detection, stole a beat-up tub of a fishing boat, and somehow sailed through the heavy seas—for 2½ days, without navigational aids—to a friendly island. Later he accompanied the Cuban rebels who planted a homemade mine alongside a Russian freighter in a Cuban port. Both stories appeared in *Life*, but only the latter included photos; Andrew's cameras were lost with the speedboat the first time.

IN THIS ISSUE we had to chop a bit out of Jerry Hulse's article on San Francisco, and we selected the part about touring the wine country—which is outside the city, of course. We're mentioning it here for all who might like to tour some of the noted wineries. Information will be available at the Convention.

OUR SAN FRANCISCO COVER: Upper left, the Golden Gate Bridge (Don Knight/Pix); lower left, a cable car on San Francisco Street (H. Armstrong Roberts); right, Chinatown and Fisherman's Wharf (Redwood Empire Association).



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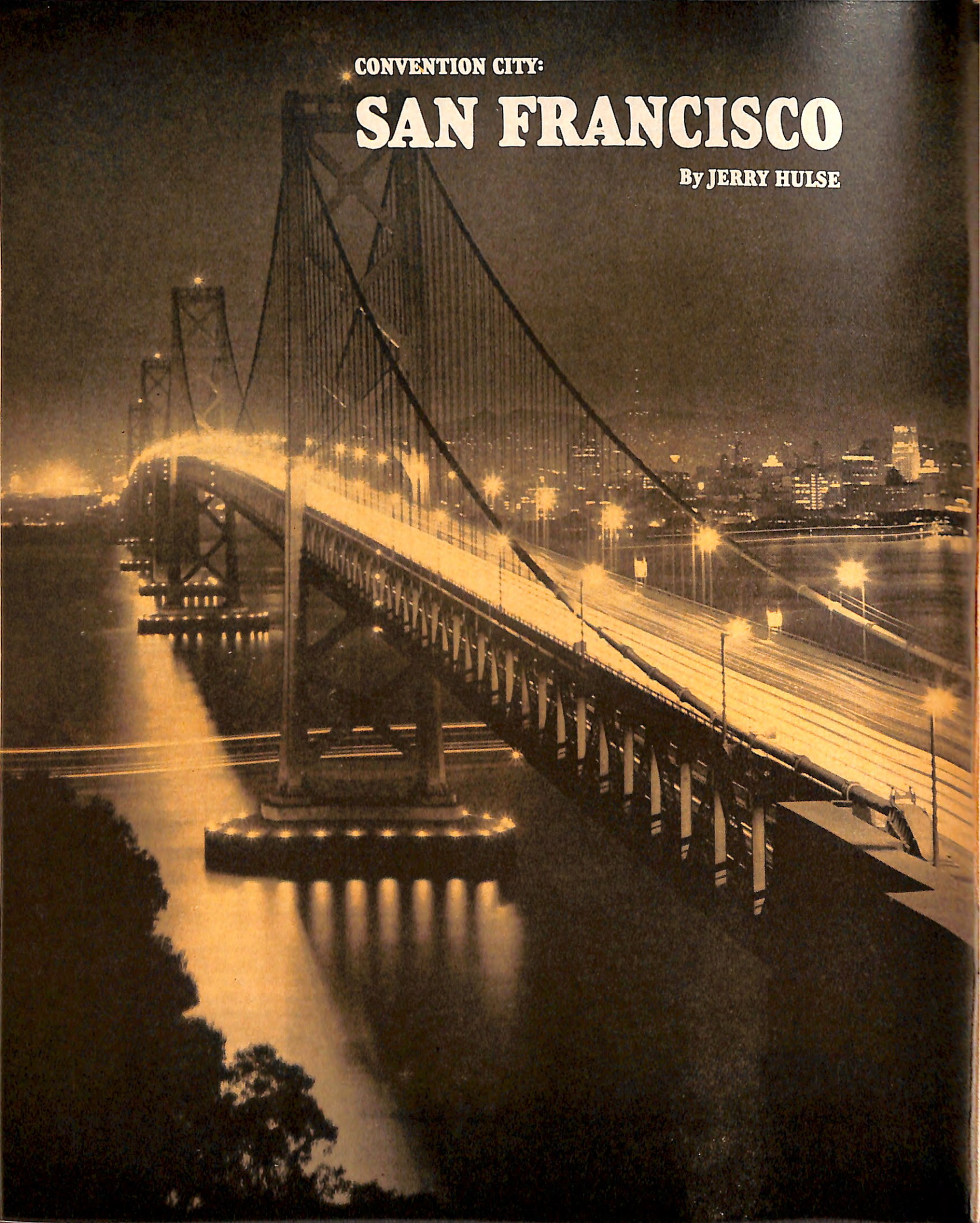
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SAN FRANCISCO

By JERRY HULSE



FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL

SAN FRANCISCO begins where the West comes to an end by the sea. Once it was a terminal of the Pony Express; now, beneath and beyond its Golden Gate, sleek passenger liners glide away to disappear over the Pacific horizon—off to drop anchor in magical places like Hawaii and Tahiti, Samoa and Fiji.

It is this identity with land's end and what lies beyond that gives San Francisco its aura of romance. This and the rattle of the cable cars and the mournful wail of the foghorns on a misty day. I think, too, of the voice of the flower peddler and the tangy taste of the salty air—and the lonely cry of the gulls as they circle overhead.

Recently I looked down upon this adopted city of mine from a skyscraper hotel room high atop Nob Hill. It was dawn and the horizon wore a smear of rouge. In those flawless hours of the new day—there wasn't a wisp of fog—San Francisco looked all newly white-washed. Its houses and apartments were piled one on top of the other like children's play blocks, up one hill and down another.

"Everybody's favorite city," is the way San Franciscans refer to their lovely city by the sea. They are immodest almost to the point of rudeness when it comes to comparing their metropolis with any other place in the world. The fact of the matter is, they speak the

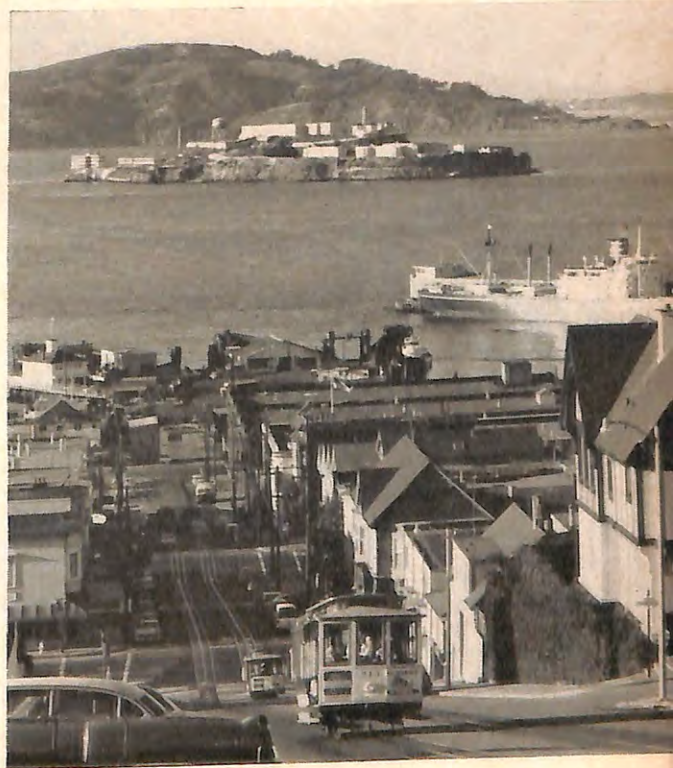
truth; there is nowhere else on earth quite like San Francisco. I have been to the major cities of the world, and I count San Francisco among my favorite three. It and Paris and Manhattan.

Hong Kong has been called the world's loveliest port. I say Hong Kong can't hold a josh stick to San Francisco. In San Francisco there are none of the street smells native to Hong Kong; the city is so clean that one gets the impression somebody'd scrubbed it while everyone else slept. If, on the other hand, the visitor is seeking a little of the atmosphere that Hong Kong provides, namely a Chinese colony, they need only hop a cable car down to Grant Avenue. This is where Chinatown begins. Boasting the largest Chinese population in the world outside of the Orient, its 10 square blocks are populated by 50,000 souls. It was in these surroundings that C. Y. Lee penned the stories that inspired the Broadway musical, later made into a motion picture, *The Flower Drum Song*.

Even foreigners feel at home in San Francisco. All visitors speak of this. It's easy to understand. San Francisco is truly a cosmopolitan city in every sense of the word—from restaurants offering international cuisine to its broad, cultural life that boasts museums, opera, and ballet. On the other side of the coin, the kookie, there are night clubs like the Purple (*Continued on page 39*)



A cable car terminus tradition: swing-around by human muscle power.



Above: Alcatraz, recently vacated federal prison, as seen from one of San Francisco's storied hills.

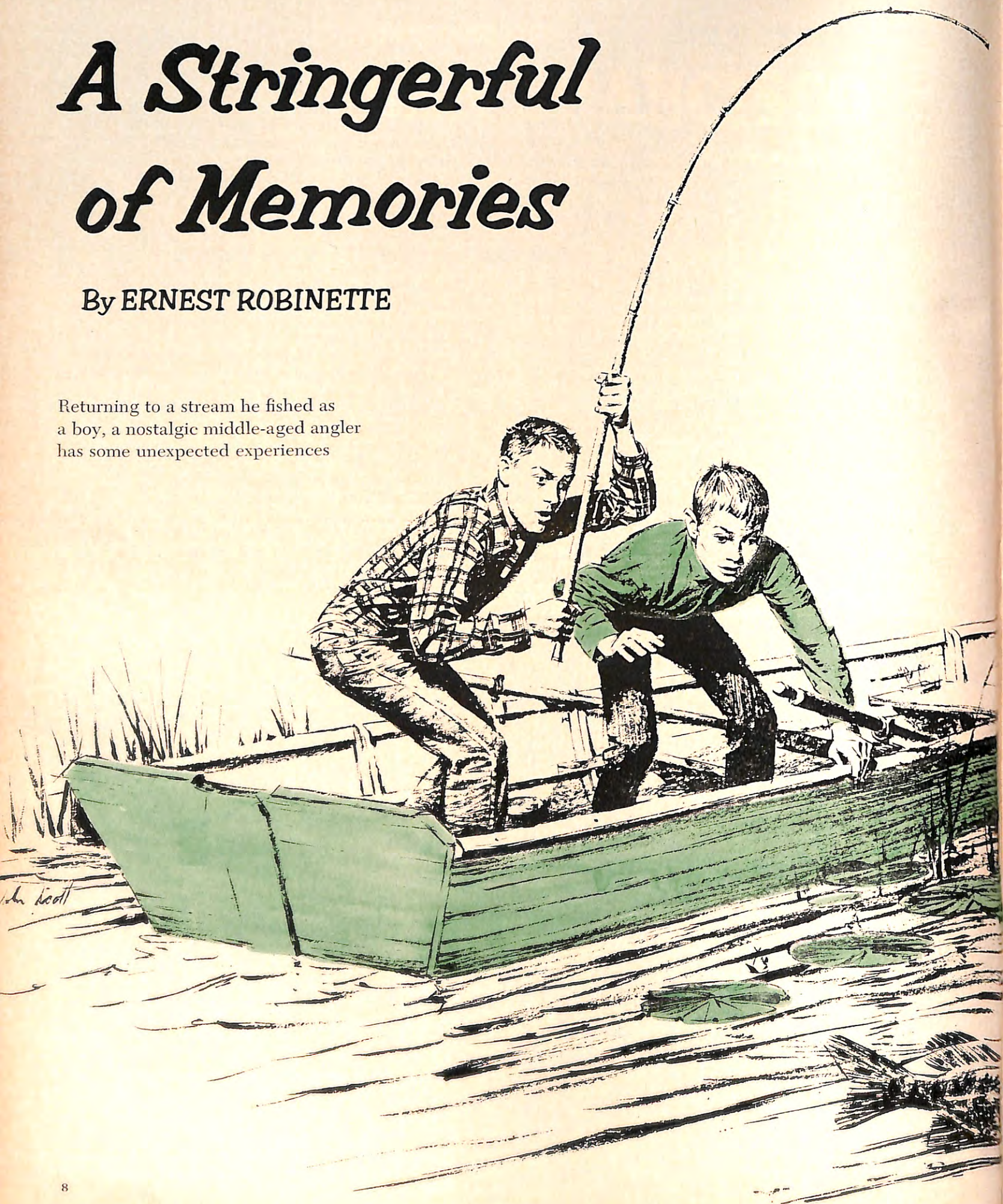
Left: The Embarcadero—the great port city's dock area.

Facing page: Leading to Oakland, San Francisco's Bay Bridge provides this spectacular skyline view.

A Stringerful of Memories

By ERNEST ROBINETTE

Returning to a stream he fished as
a boy, a nostalgic middle-aged angler
has some unexpected experiences



WINDING TORTUOUSLY through the outskirts of town, Thunder Bay River narrows and deepens as it approaches the heart of the city. Fed by swamps and streams of northeastern Michigan, it abandons itself finally and without fanfare into the restless waters of Thunder Bay. It hadn't changed much in 30 years. It was still the same old river, I thought.

"That'll be two dollars," the man said. Then added, chuckling, "This is a good boat. It oughta be five dollars to a guy c'n afford all that fancy tackle."

I gave him \$2 and acknowledged his attempt at humor with a smile. I knew his name was Fortin, John Fortin, but he did not recognize me. Had I told him mine, I am sure he would have remembered the cocky young kid who had fished this river feverishly many years before.

"Now remember the places I told you to go," he said as we walked toward the boat. "Try a little fishing over yonder in the slough and gradually work your way to the bayou near the bridge up there."

As we loaded the boat, I waited to hear about several other good spots, but such information was not forthcoming. No matter. I could find them with my eyes closed. Not wanting to reveal my identity, I didn't ask. Nor did I ask about the families of childhood fishing friends, the Benedicts, Kriniaks, or Conklins.

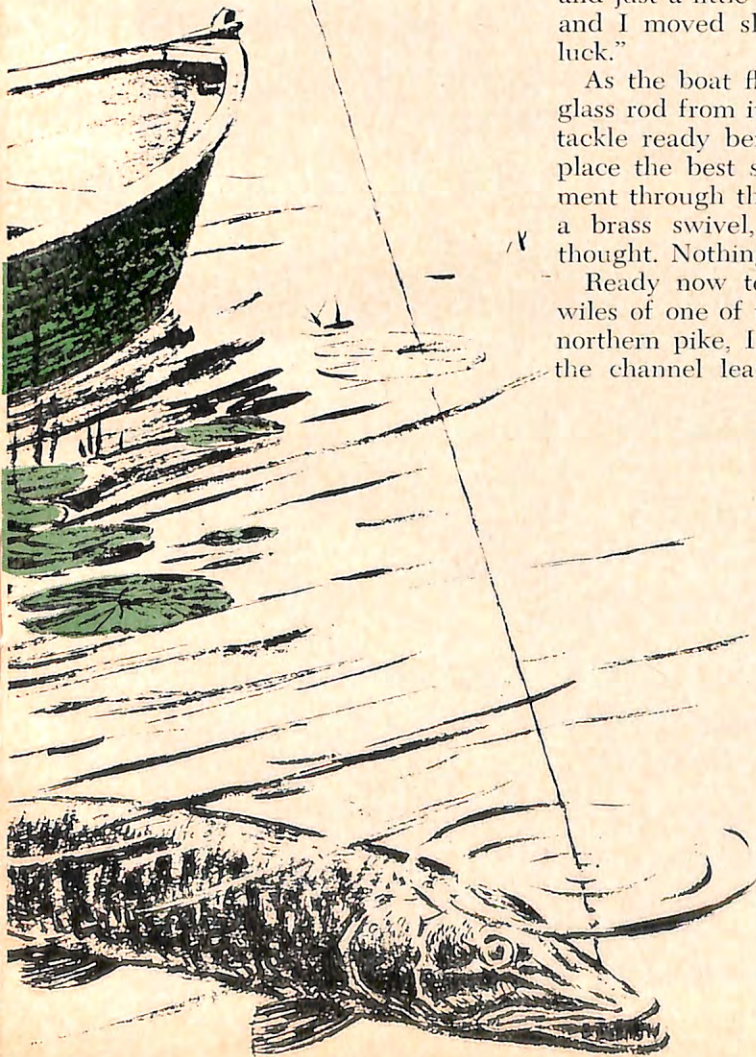
"They're bitin' good today," he offered, loosening the rope which fastened the boat to an old fence post. "Right kind of sky and just a little ripple on the water." He gave the craft a nudge and I moved slowly toward the middle of the stream. "Good luck."

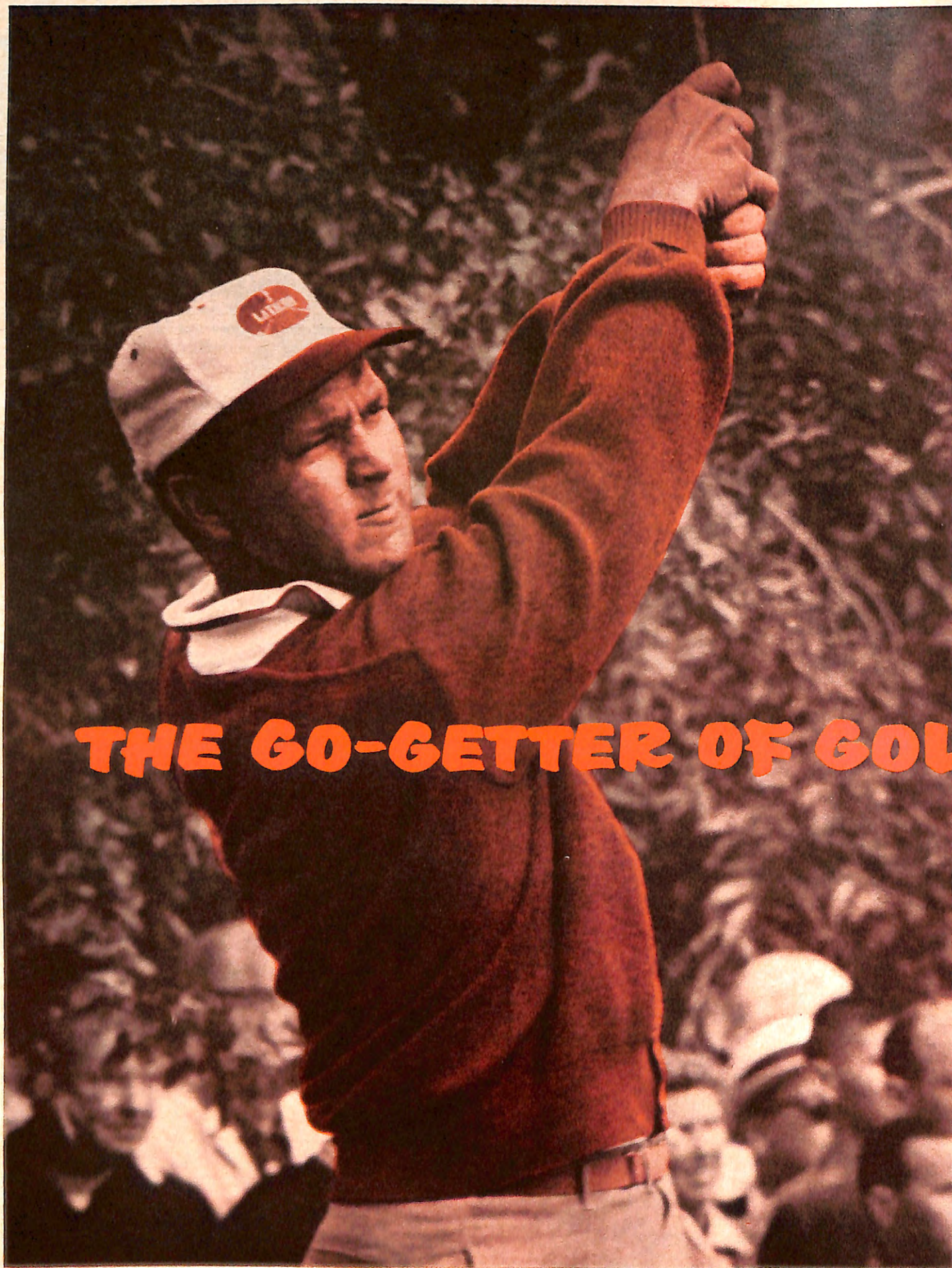
As the boat floated slowly downstream, I removed my spunglass rod from its case, remembering that it is best to have your tackle ready before disturbing the fishing grounds. I locked in place the best spinning reel I had and threaded the monofilament through the eyes of the rod. Carefully I tied onto the end a brass swivel, using a double-barrel knot. Killer tackle, I thought. Nothing gets away.

Ready now to test my skill and modern tackle against the wiles of one of the most voracious of fresh water fish, the great northern pike, I began rowing back upstream in order to enter the channel leading into the slough. *(Continued on page 37)*

"I recalled the day Harry Conklin and I were returning from the Oxbow after a particularly successful catch. We were trolling 'killer-devils' on the end of bamboo poles. . . ."

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN SCOTT





THE GO-GETTER OF GOLF

Arnold Palmer, an Elk, plays golf to win. He has succeeded so frequently that he's probably the best golfer in the world, as well as the favorite of the galleries. Arnie has been rewarded handsomely—both with wealth and with a businessman's headaches

HIS FACE was taut with that serious expression he has when he's doing a cigarette commercial or lining up a birdie putt. But Arnold Palmer was not on any golf green putting for the money, and there wasn't a camera in sight. He was comfortably settled in his modest ranch house in Latrobe, Pa., and he was contemplating the question just put to him by an early Saturday-morning caller.

"There's no question about that," he said, smiling. "Being the favorite in every golf tournament gets a little rough. It puts extra pressure on you." Even when Arnold Palmer smiles, his tightly drawn features give him a pinched look.

It was an appropriate question to ask him at an inappropriate time. This was just after the Masters championship last April, and Palmer had been the odds-on choice to win it for the fourth time. Instead, he finished in a tie for ninth place, five strokes behind winner Jack Nicklaus. By Palmer-set standards, he had failed miserably. Even worse, Arnie continued in a slump until finally, in mid-May, he decided to go home to Latrobe for a rest. He was off his game, and he knew it.

This article will go to press before Arnie comes out of his brief "retirement," and whether he'll be in top form right away is impossible to tell. The reader can judge by his performance in the Thunderbird and the U.S. Open. In any case, while there's no doubt that Jack Nicklaus is a real comer, Arnold Palmer can still be considered the best golfer in the world. As such, he automatically becomes the favorite to win a tournament every time he sets foot on a golf course. Even his fellow pros picked Arnie to take an unprecedented fourth Masters, which, if it had occurred, would have also marked the first time any man had ever won the event for two consecutive years.

Just before the field teed off, Gary Player, the South African, told a writer: "There has never been a golf course in the history of the game that suited a man more than Augusta National suits Arnie. Never! He's got a four-stroke bloody advantage before we tee off." It is a tribute to his greatness that Palmer got almost as much attention in losing the Masters as Nicklaus did in winning it.

At 33, Palmer has usurped just about everything there is to get out of golf. He has taken over from Ben Hogan and Sam Snead as the favorite of the galleries; indeed, his following has become so enormous it has earned the distinctive sobriquet "Arnie's Army," and it is as voluble as it is voluminous. Even at the Masters, where the galleries are reputed to be the best-mannered in the world, golf etiquette was broken by the occasional cry of "Go, Arnie," and more than one spectator groaned audibly whenever Arnie shanked one.

Unlike some sports heroes, whose magnetism is difficult to explain, there is nothing enigmatic about Arnie's popularity. He is youthful and ruggedly handsome. Moreover, unlike the grim Hogan, whose face is scrawled with determination, and the colorful Snead, whose graceful swing is inimitable, Arnie is the hackers' delight. They identify with him and accept him as one of their own. He swings with such abandon that he appears to be just another guy out on the public links playing a nickel Nassau with some of his buddies. While his swing is far from being classic, it is not anywhere near as crude as those of thousands of his admirers; but it is a style they can shoot for. As one of Arnie's friends put it recently, "Arnie used to swing so hard both his feet came off the ground. Now, he's tightened it up and streamlined it." *(Continued on page 32)*

By JACK ZANGER

PHOTOGRAPHS BY H. J. CHACHOWSKI

A variety of tournament moods of Arnold Palmer: Determination for a long drive (facing page)—brief relaxation with his pretty wife—concentration for a short but vital putt—pained concern about the destination of a ball that was just swacked thataway.



Third Quarter Forecast

By **DR. MARCUS NADLER**

IN THE APRIL ISSUE of THE ELKS MAGAZINE, the author presented this conclusion: "In spite of the various uncertainties that exist at the moment, business activity during the second quarter of 1963 should remain at approximately the level which prevailed during the last quarter of 1962, or even show a moderate improvement. However, no important changes—up or down—are to be expected. Neither a boom nor a recession is in the making. Industry will continue to operate below capacity. Unemployment will remain a problem, and competition will continue to be keen. The uncertainty created by the proposed tax legislation will continue to be a factor."

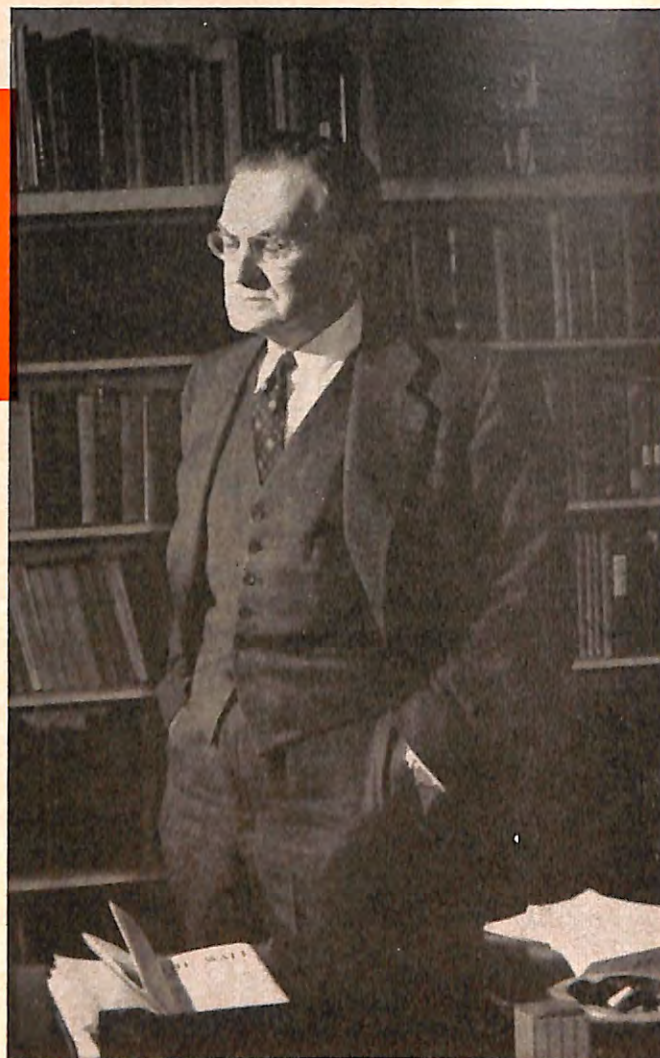
So far, at the end of May, the economy has performed somewhat better than was originally expected. The Index of Industrial Activity for April, 1963, stood at 122.4, compared with 119.1 in December, 1962. Although the ratio of the unemployed to the labor force remained relatively large, employment continued to rise and disposable personal income increased substantially. In fact, at the end of May it looked as if the economy would continue to make moderate progress, even though a tax reduction, if passed by Congress, might not become effective until 1964.

A boom, however, is not in the making. Industry will continue to operate below capacity, and, at least temporarily, the forces of inflation, because of the keen domestic and international competition, will remain dormant. If a tax cut is passed by Congress and made effective as of July 1st, 1963, the improvement in business will be even more pronounced.

The balance of payments continues to be a serious problem. For the first quarter of the year the deficit was in the neighborhood of \$700,000,000 and so far all indications are to the effect that the balance of payments deficit will be substantial for the entire year. In spite of the continued rather large deficit, a dollar crisis is not in the making. Steps have already been taken by the U. S. and the International Monetary Fund to meet any crisis that may occur in the future. It is evident, however, that not even such a powerful country as the U. S. can continue to operate with a deficit of the magnitude of that which prevailed during the past few years.

The effects of a tax cut. Before an analysis is made of the outlook for business activity for the remainder of the year, it is first necessary to appraise in a general way the economic effects of a reduction in taxes. A reduction in individual income tax rates would have a different effect on the economy from that of a reduction of corporate taxes. A cut in individual tax rates automatically leads to an increase in personal disposable income. Some 92 to 94 per cent of personal disposable income is spent by the ultimate consumers, so one may expect that for every billion dollars of reduction in personal taxes, \$920 to \$940 million will be spent by the ultimate consumers.

Second, a reduction in individual taxes will have a favorable psychological effect on the people at large. It will lead



Above, Dr. Nadler is in a contemplative mood. He predicts a continued upswing in business, but no boom. Dr. Nadler is Professor of Banking and Finance at New York University and is a consulting economist for a large bank.

to the belief that tax rates will be cut again in the future and that the individuals will enjoy more and more of the fruits of their own labor.

A reduction of corporate tax rates would have the following effects: The net profits of corporations would show an increase, which in turn can lead either to increased capital expenditures by corporations, larger dividends, or lower prices. All of these possibilities are desirable and helpful to the economy. An increase in capital expenditures by corporations will not only stimulate business activity but will also create new job opportunities. Thus it will help to solve one of the great economic problems which confront the nation because of the rapidly increasing labor force and the loss of many existing jobs due to automation. An increase in dividends will lead either to more spending or more investing, and both would have a favorable effect on economic activity. A reduction in prices will stimulate buying, and thus increase total demand.

The question has been raised as to whether it is desirable to reduce taxes when the deficit of the federal Government is so large, and whether a reduction in taxes should not be combined with a curtailment of Government expenditures. The latter, obviously, is desirable. Federal expenditures have increased rapidly in recent years, and a curtailment of such expenditures at a time when individual and corporate taxes are cut is highly desirable. It is doubtful, however, that Congress will reduce expenditures. The most one can hope is that Congress will freeze total expenditures

at the present level and will not increase them until the improvement in business activity has resulted in a substantial increase in total federal revenues. It goes without saying that prolonged large deficits create inflationary conditions in the long run and cause serious difficulties later on. It is to be hoped that this will be avoided.

The trend of business. Even without a tax cut, business activity will continue to show a moderate improvement in the remaining months of the year. This conclusion is based on the following considerations:

Total government expenditures, federal, state, and local, are mounting. The federal Government will operate with a large deficit and thus will place more money into the economy than it will take out. This always has a favorable effect on business activity. It should be noted, however, that while under certain conditions federal deficits may be desirable, prolonged deficits lead to inflation, which is nothing but an invisible tax ultimately hitting the weakest sector of the population. State and local government expenditures during 1963 will be about \$3 billion larger than they were in 1962; many state and local governments have already increased their taxes. This, in turn, will at least in part counteract any benefit gained from a possible re-

duction by Congress in federal tax rates on individuals and corporations.

Consumption expenditures are increasing, partly because personal disposable income is rising and partly because individuals view the future with more confidence. They are willing to spend more and to save less. They are also willing to increase their indebtedness in order to meet their present or future demands. Consumption expenditures on services have risen every year since such figures have been published, and this trend will continue. This is due partly to the fact that the living standards of the people are rising, and the higher the living standard, the more the people spend on services. In part it is due to the fact that the cost of many services has increased rather considerably, and unfortunately the end of this trend is not yet in sight. In fact, the constant increase in the consumer index during the past four years, even though the index of wholesale prices has remained stable, is due primarily to the constant increase in the cost of services.

Consumption expenditures on non-durable goods are not usually affected by business activity. Although there are shifts among the items which individuals and families buy, the total amount of such expenditures depends on disposable personal income, living

standards, and the growth of population. Personal disposable income is rising, the population is increasing at an annual rate of about 3 million, and living standards are moving up. Therefore, there is no question that total consumption expenditures on non-durable goods will continue to exhibit a moderate uptrend.

It is more difficult to forecast consumption expenditures for durable goods. This is particularly true this year because all indications suggest that we will have two good automobile years back to back, which happens only rarely. As a general rule, a good automobile year is followed by a decline in the output and sale of automobiles. But there are good reasons for the belief that 1963 will be a good automobile year, possibly as good as 1962. In the first place, the automobiles sold in 1955 are now 8 years old. In that year nearly 7½ million cars were distributed. This indicates a high rate of scrappage. Secondly, the number of young people reaching the age of 17 and 18 is increasing rapidly, and, as is so well known, teenagers are usually eager to acquire their own cars. Whether they buy new cars or used cars is not of such great importance; the fact is that there is an increase in the number of individuals

(Continued on page 48)

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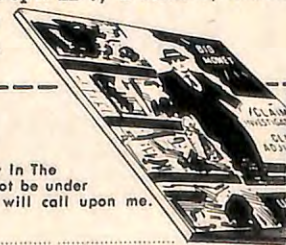
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Lodge Visits of LEE A. DONALDSON



San Benito and Harlingen Lodges were co-hosts for Grand Exalted Ruler Donaldson's visit to the Lone Star State this spring, when he met a host of representatives from Rio Grand Valley lodges. Left to right: Charles Oberg, Dr. Les

Tavel, D.D. Judge Hawthorne Phillips, W. C. McDaniel, the late Grand Lodge Judiciary Committeeman Charles C. Bowie, Leon Tumberlinson, Mr. Donaldson, Marvin Bippert, Harlingen E.R. Harold McDonald, and Gordon Vaughn.

TRIPS AND SIDE TRIPS



Among those who greeted Mr. Donaldson this spring at Tooele, Utah, Lodge were, l. to r., P.E.R. Robert E. Cudd, Mayor Peter Van Otten, and Past State Assn. Pres. Klar W. Ogden.

TOOELE, UTAH Tooele Sheriff Fay Gillette escorted Grand Exalted Ruler Donaldson and his official party from Salt Lake City to the Tooele Lodge home where Mr. Donaldson was guest of honor at a luncheon meeting March 30. The Grand Exalted Ruler was welcomed to the lodge by newly elected Exalted Ruler Reed H. White. Other dignitaries present for the official visitation included Past Grand Tiler Seth Billings, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Douglas E. Lambourne, Past State President Klar W. Ogden, and State Vice-President Alton J. Thompson. Mr. Donaldson was pre-

sented with the key to Tooele City by Mayor Peter Van Otten, and retiring Exalted Ruler Robert E. Cudd presented him with a copy of *The History of Tooele County*. In the course of his address to the lodge, Mr. Donaldson commended the officers and Brothers for their various projects—especially those benefitting youth. He said that the lodge's vigorous participation forcefully indicated what a relatively small but close-knit lodge could achieve. Following the luncheon, Mr. Donaldson was guest of honor on a bus tour of Tooele U.S. Army Depot. The tour was conducted by Colonel Cecil M.



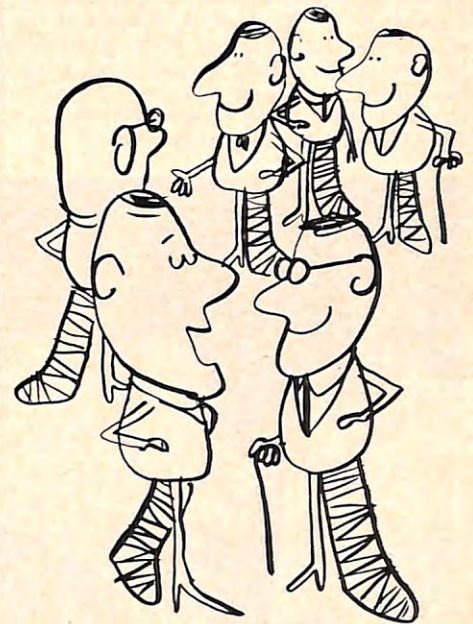
Lowell, Mass., Lodge marked its 75th Anniversary in April. As guest of honor for the celebration, Mr. Donaldson was met in Boston by an Elks contingent

that included P.G.E.R. John E. Fenton, Lowell E.R. James V. Crowley, and P.D.D. and State Vice-Pres. Thomas J. Dowd, Anniversary Committee Chairman.

MacGregor, commanding officer of the installation and Chairman of Tootle Lodge's Americanism Committee.

TEXAS In the latter part of April, Grand Exalted Ruler Donaldson spent two eventful days in Texas, meeting officers and Brothers of Rio Grande Valley lodges and State officials of the Order. Harlingen and San Benito Lodges were co-hosts for the official visit. The late Grand Lodge Judiciary Committeeman Charles C. Bowie, District Deputy Judge Hawthorne Phillips of Harlingen, and the Exalted Rulers of both host lodges were among the Elks officials in the welcoming party at Harlingen airport the evening Mr. Donaldson's plane landed. A Boy Scout color guard stood by at the welcoming. Brother Bowie, a leading Texas Elk, was a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler before he was suddenly stricken with a fatal heart attack in May. The following morning, Mr. Donaldson toured the

Valley, stopping for visits at Weslaco and McAllen Lodges. He lunched at the latter. In the evening, Harlingen Lodge staged a traditional Texas barbecue, which provided the opportunity for Brother Donaldson to meet informally with many Elk officials from throughout Texas, including Grand Lodge Activities Committeeman Alex A. McKnight, State President John A. Fuhrhop, State Secretary C. C. Kirby, Past Grand Lodge Committeeman H. S. Rubenstein, Past State President Carl R. Mann, and Special Deputy Marvin Hamilton. Introduced by Brother Bowie, the Grand Exalted Ruler was the principal speaker at a joint lodge meeting that followed the barbecue. The next day Mr. Donaldson did some sightseeing and visited San Benito and Brownsville Lodges. Dinner and sightseeing that evening with a group of Elks in Matamoros, Mexico, just across the border from Harlingen, climaxed Mr. Donaldson's Lone Star State visit.



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While in Florida, Mr. Donaldson went to Hollywood Dog Track upon the occasion of the awarding of an Elks trophy. Front row, left to right: D.D. George K. Roller Jr., Past Grand Exalted Ruler William A. Wall, Hollywood E.R. Francis C. Daggett, and Hollywood Kennel Club Gen. Mgr. Thomas Lynch; rear: P.D.D. Herbert Payne, Mrs. Donaldson, Mrs. Wall, Mrs. Roller, and Hollywood Kennel Club Pres. William J. Syms Jr. Front: Mogul No. 4 and groom J. D. Wilson.

VENICE-NOKOMIS, Florida, Lodge received a unique gift from General B. W. Kearney. A member of the U. S. House of Representatives for 16 years. Gen. Kearney is pictured, center, as he presented a gavel fashioned from a piece of wood taken from the speaker's rostrum when the House building was being remodeled, to retiring E.R. C. A. Pattison, left, and incoming E.R. Howard Morrow, right.



News of the Lodges

**ON
VARIOUS
EVENTS**

MOUNT VERNON, Washington, Elks hosted Mobile Blood Bank, highlighted by P.E.R. W. C. Smith's 29th donation. During last two years, the lodge supplied 73 pints for members, families.



NEBRASKA CITY, Nebraska, Lodge welcomed 73 candidates, in the largest class in its history. In the foreground are lodge officers and, just behind E.R. Kenneth Wurtele, sixth from left, are D.D. George Klein, left, and State Pres. William Heiser, right.



ILLINOIS ELKS Crippled Children's Commission Exec. Dir. Joseph M. Cooke accepts a \$100 check from Galena Chairman Gordon Werner as E.R. Lloyd Phillips and Secy. Monte Hance of the State Commission, look on.

GREELEY, Colorado, Lodge welcomed State President Richard L. Tatman when some 400 Elks attended a banquet and lodge session. Left to right foreground are Grand Trustee Jacob L. Sherman, Mr. Tatman, E.R. Fred Werner, State Vice-Presidents George Strain and Jerry Connolly; background, State Veterans Chairman Richard Cordes, State Tiler Percy P. Odle and State Secy. James L. Sterling.





WOODLAND, California, Elkdom's Golden Anniversary is marked by Mayor L. E. Miller, P.E.R. and Trustee, pictured second from left, as he welcomed State Pres. Paul Wemple. Others are, left to right, E.R. Benny Canepa, State Vice-Pres. Jim Nekitas, P.D.D.'s Fred R. Garrison, J. Paul Bergemann, John Raffetto, State Secy. Edgar Dale and P.D.D. Eugene Heil.

NORTH MIAMI, Florida, Lodge's annual P.E.R.'s Night found Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall as guest of honor and an inspiring speaker. Pictured are, left to right, background, P.E.R.'s George Baumgartner, L. G. Knapp and P.D.D. Clarence Gunn, Mr. Hall and E.R. John Elsesser; foreground: P.E.R.'s Clyde Chambers, Chuck Knox, Howard Sullivan, Otto Stegeman and Robert Moore.



Occasionally it is well to remind ourselves of the tremendous variety of worthwhile activities in which our Order interests itself. This is one of those times.



POUGHKEEPSIE, New York, Lodge's Golden Antler Class included the five sons of Hans Redl, a long-time Elk, center foreground, with sons Herbert on his right and Carl on his left. In the background are, left to right, E.R. James O'Crawford, Frank, Donald and Richard Redl, and their sponsor D.D. Edward R. Myer.



HACKENSACK, New Jersey, P.E.R.'s Assn. Pres. Louis Elson, second from left, presents a 50-year pin to P.E.R. Thomas F. Bowe on Old Timers Night. Awaiting their turns for this honor are Robert Hamilton and William Hand. Looking on at left is E.R. Edward Fass. Over 120 members attended the Old Timers Night dinner and entertainment.

MOUNTAIN HOME, Idaho, Lodge's institution starred, left to right, Charter E.R. Bruce Gordon, Past Grand Exalted Ruler William Hawkins and D.D. Domer Bertsch.



MINNEAPOLIS, Minnesota, Lodge welcomed the mobile unit of the War Memorial Blood Bank on its annual stop, had over 100 members ready with their sleeves rolled up to make their donations. Arthur C. Carr, left, is ten-year Chairman of the lodge's Blood Donors Club.



KEARNEY, Nebraska, E.R. Justus Dobesh watches, left, as P.E.R. Dr. William Nutzman, Selection Committee Chairman, right, presents the Golden Antler Award to Jr. High School Principal Donald E. Prather for his fine Youth Committee and Scholarship work.

WINTER PARK, Florida, Lodge's winners in the beginners class of its Dog Obedience School with their pets and trophies. Left to right, the winners of from first to fourth place are Carol Grubbs, 9; Kristie Kandle, 14; Helen Garland, 8, and Phil Hazzard, 12. Asst. Instructor Ruth Oharek, whose Elk father conducted the classes, is at right.



WEST HAVEN, Connecticut, Lodge's \$1,000 proceeds of its annual fund-raising social went to the crippled Children's Fund. Left to right are D.D. Harrison G. Berube, Fund Committee Chairman John Perrone, P.D.D. Edwin Maley, Dist. Fund Chairman, and E.R. Joseph Lamoureux.



OKLAHOMA had its first Grand Lodge Ritualistic Clinic last year, repeated it this year—result: heightened interest in ritualistic work on all levels, including judging. Last Fall P.D.D. Carl J. Helmers of Bartlesville, left, received the first judge's card issued to an Oklahoma Elk. This Spring, State Ritual Chairman Wm. A. Hughes, right, also of Bartlesville, received the second. They're pictured at their lodge's Anniversary Ball.

Lodge Notes

Waltham, Mass., Lodge's first "Elk of the Year" award was made to Leo J. Loughlin for his outstanding leadership in membership, and special lodge activities. The award was presented by District Deputy Joseph Masucci. A citation was also presented to Basil Santa-Maria for exceptional effort on behalf of Elkdom. This lodge lost one of its most devoted members when Past Exalted Ruler Michael H. O'Connor, a former District Deputy and an Elk for 56 years, passed away at the age of 90. His only survivor is a nephew.

Ralph Morfesy is a music-writing Elk of El Paso, Texas, and very generous. He has donated all receipts of one of his recordings, "Happy I Shall Be" and "Me Siento Felice", to the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital. Another Elk, Frank Attaguile, assisted in making the M & A Record. Recently the Hospital presented a Certificate of Award to Mr. Morfesy in recognition of his contribution.

Some months ago, Ironwood, Mich., Lodge initiated a class of 11 in memory of its 27-year Secretary, Norman P.



SAN BERNARDINO, California, Lodge's Secy. of nearly 40 years, Jack Hosfield, retired from office, was honored with a class initiated by those in the foreground. Left to right they are Barstow Lodge Secy. Karl Born, former Ontario Secy. Chet Johns, Redlands Secy. Cleo Burris, Jack Hosfield, Riverside Secy. William Holmes, Pomona Secy. A. B. Shepard and Ontario Secy. Les Whealy.



BIDDEFORD-SACO, Maine, 25-year Charity Chairman Edouard Cote, left, 20-year aides Dennis Addorio, center, and State Trustee C. M. Gallagher, raised \$10,000 at 14 yearly Charity Balls.

DOWNEY, California, Lodge's new lounge and dining room are officially opened. Left to right are E.R. Ted Bair, Councilman Hollis Peavy, State Pres. Paul T. Wemple, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight C. P. Hebenstreit and Mayor Ben Corbin.



Backon. A short time later, another class of 11 was initiated in Mr. Backon's name.

In keeping with Elksdom's Family Participation ideals, Life Member Harry Mier of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge collaborated with his wife on a book they catalogue as "thoughts on life . . . and living it more fully." It's called "Happiness Begins Before Breakfast."

A dinner program marked the tribute paid by Gloversville, N. Y., Lodge to members of at least 40 years' standing. Exalted Ruler John Mastracco presided and Sol Sackheim, an Elk since 1919, spoke on behalf of the honored guests. Seventeen of the 45 qualifying members were on hand, among them Stephen Mushaw, a 51-year member, and half-century Elk Dr. Morris Kennedy.

Winthrop, Mass., Lodge celebrated its 56th Anniversary last month and reports that its only surviving Charter Members are also blood brothers—Charles and J. Arthur Wilson. While the latter is confined to his home, Charles Wilson is still active.



ADAMS, Massachusetts, Lodge entertained the Fitchburg Elks' basketball teams at lunch, when trophies were presented to the Adams PAL boys who took both senior and junior games. Pictured are, left to right, P.D.D.'s James Clarke, and Bernard Ward, Fitchburg Coach Paul McDowell, P.D.D. Wm. H. Shaw, Adams PAL Pres. Police Chief Frank Kopec, PAL Chairman George Little and Elks Youth Chairman Raymond Duquette. Foreground: Adams PAL player Dennis Klein who received the Clarke-McDowell trophy and Fitchburg's Michael Hay who won the Ward-Little Award.



MOUNTAIN HOME, Arkansas, Lodge's E.R. Boyce Drake presents a \$500 check to the Baxter County Library Board Chairman Mrs. Nell Wright. Another \$500 was given to the Baxter General Hospital Fund to help furnish a nursery.



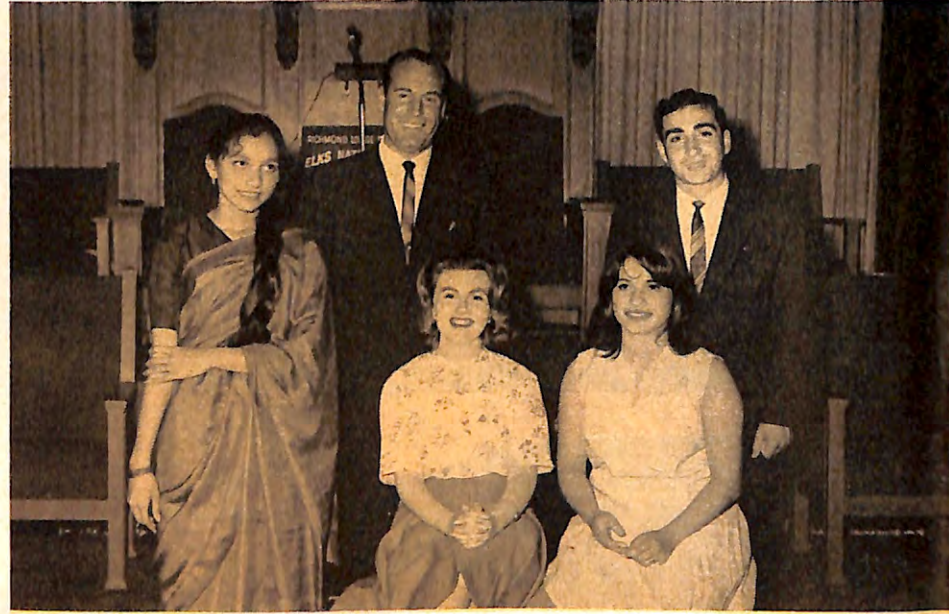
FREELAND, Pennsylvania, retiring E.R. Joseph Mattavi is pictured with John Spock, Sr., and his four Elk sons. Left to right, foreground, are John Spock, Jr., his father and Edwin Spock; background: George Spock, Mr. Mattavi and Anthony Spock.



RIDGEFIELD PARK, New Jersey, Lodge initiated a Golden Antler Class of 17 candidates, photographed here with their lodge officers in the foreground. On this occasion, E.R. Joseph Thompson presented a 50-year pin to John Mayher.



COMPTON, California, E.R. Hugh Dodson, left, presented Golden Antler Certificates to Officer-at-Large Bob Gabbert, center, and local Elks National Foundation Chairman Al Samuels, right. Another recipient of this Award was Ray Baldock.



RICHMOND, California, Lodge entertained four American Field Service Students on Leadership and Scholarship Awards Night. Left to right, background, are Miss Jai Kokatay of India, E.R. Walter L. Martin and Mehmet Savas of Turkey; foreground: Raquel Celasso of Argentina and Maria Lopez of Uruguay. The young visitors told of their impressions of our country.



GREECE, New York, Lodge sponsors the Elkdorados Baton Twirlers and Color Guard, winners of many contests. They are managed by Est. Lead. Knight Sully Isabella, Youth Chairman, right, assisted by P.E.R. C. Kaye Tomasino.

PANAMA CITY, Florida. Mgr. George Carver of the Florida Elks Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children presents the keys to a Buick station wagon to Mrs. Marge Wilson, RN, as Mrs. B. M. Fields, representing the ladies of Panama City Lodge who raised the funds for the car, looks on. The station wagon is a new Mobile Therapy Unit for the N.W. Fla. Dist.





ROCHESTER, Michigan, Lodge's 2nd Anniversary was celebrated with the initiation of 99 candidates, some of whom are pictured with, second row center, beginning seventh from left and reading left to right; Esq. William Murray, Est. Lead. Knight William Parker, guest speaker State Vice-Pres. Don Wilson, E.R. Alfred Wade, Est. Loyal Knight Louis Chesnik and Est. Lect. Knight Bruce Bordine. Instituted with 309 members, Rochester now boasts 543—quite a record for a community of only 5,000 people.

NEW BRAUNFELS, Texas, Lodge, No. 2279, was instituted April 27th, following two months of preparation by a seven-man organization committee headed by Edward M. Schlieter, a retired USAF officer, who became its first Exalted Ruler. Special Deputy Marvin Hamilton headed the corps of officials handling the institution, with the assistance of officers of Austin Lodge who also participated in the installation of the Charter Officers. San Angelo Lodge dignitaries conducted the initiation of 178 Charter Members who, with 32 Elks brought in on transfer dimits, formed the nucleus of what promises to be a most active, forward-looking lodge.

Keynote speaker was Past Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James, who shared the dais with District Deputy Floyd Wilder who was instrumental in the organization of No. 2279, State President John A. Fuhrhop, and Chairman William Ragsdale of the State's New Lodge Committee. Charles C. Bowie of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee arrived for the ceremony but was confined to his room with the illness which took his life just two weeks later.

Crowds of Elks and their wives from lodges covering a radius of 400 miles attended the program. Most of them remained the following day for a huge barbecue hosted by the New Braunfels Elks for nearly 300 guests.

THE SECOND annual State Junior Bowling roll-off sponsored by Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, No. 930, was won by Utica in the boys' division, and by Wellsville in the girls'. Fred Karam starred for Utica with a 278 single game, a 638 triple, and helped measurably toward the team's 3,126 total which won the title. The Wellsville girls rolled 3,047 for top spot, and Linda LaPage of Massena captured single and triple honors with a 210 and 526.

Twenty-three teams from all over the State vied for the trophies which were presented by Tournament Chairman



NEW BRAUNFELS, Texas, Lodge's Charter Officers are installed.



FREMONT, California, Lodge was the scene of an unusual ceremony when permission was given by the Naturalization Bureau of the Federal Immigration Service to hold naturalization ceremonies in the lodge home. Superior Court Justice Donald A. Quayle, a member of the Grand Forum, appears at right as he administered the oath to the 13 new Americans with E.R. R. A. Rehfeld in the background. The proceedings were filmed for televising the following morning, and again that evening. The event was the culmination of the efforts of the lodge's hard-working Americanism Committee.



APPLETON, Wisconsin, Lodge's outstanding 1963 Old Timers Night is commemorated in this photograph.



LOUISVILLE, Kentucky, Lodge's Degree Team won the State's West District Ritualistic Contest.



FROSTBURG, Maryland, Lodge's 37-year Esq. Upton B. F. Edwards, center, receives the emblem of his office from P.E.R. Robert Delaney, right. At left is P.E.R. J. R. Farrell. An Elk since 1899, Mr. Edwards is a P.D.D., an Honorary Life Member and has served in all lodge offices except Secy. and Treas. He is 88 years old, only living Charter Member.



GREAT NECK, New York, Lodge's proceeds of its Charity Ball go to local and Manhasset Police Boys Club. Left to right are P.E.R. Seymour Ripans, Great Neck PBC Pres. Thomas Franklin, Francis Martocci of the Manhasset PBC, Ball Coordinator James Stanley, Great Neck PBC Dir. Arthur Foley, Manhasset PBC Pres. Frank Gilbride and E.R. Robert Roberto, Jr.

News of the Lodges CONTINUED

Maruice Shapiro at a dinner at the lodge home following the competition. District Deputy James Hanlon and Exalted Ruler Alfred Crook were speakers.

Utica's second team took second-place honors in the boys' contest, with Penn Yan third and Gouverneur fourth. Runner-up in the girls' event was Massena, followed by Niagara Falls, Irondequoit and Ilion.

THE ELKS of Point Pleasant, N. J., Lodge, No. 1698, are tremendously interested in the youth of the community, leave no stone unturned in their efforts to pay tribute to deserving students. A banquet honoring the Point Pleasant Beach High School Chorus for its participation in Elk-sponsored youth activities was held recently by the lodge, and

a few days later a dance at the lodge home benefited the local Little Leaguers with William Kreamer, Jr., as Dance Chairman.

The newly-organized Point Pleasant High School Panthers Boosters Club honored the baseball and basketball teams at an awards banquet with the Elks as hosts, and at a similar banquet the following day the Garnet Gulls Boosters honored the high school's baseball, basketball, golf and track teams. A highlight of this affair was the recognition of the track team's record of 31 wins, 0 losses.

Nominations are currently being made for the Manesquan High School student and the Point Pleasant Beach student who will be the recipients of the Elks' annual scholarship awards. Activity is also under way on the Elks' Doran Scholarship Fund program which provides assistance to local college

students in need of financial aid. This effort is being coordinated by Walter Whelan. All this is in addition to the lodge's participation in the Elks Youth Leadership program for which No. 1698 received an award.

Crippled and retarded children are also being remembered; a group from St. Edmond's Home are guests at the lodge's annual picnic this month, and Past Exalted Ruler Frank Carney is busy handling the enrollment of needy children in summer camp. A South American Caribbean Cruise for Elks, their families and friends is being planned for next January, with proceeds from the cruise going to the lodge's crippled children's fund.

Not long ago this progressive, active branch of the Order initiated 15 candidates who were honored at a dance following the ceremony, and at the annual membership dinner later on.



PIERRE, South Dakota

. . . Youngsters race off for 1,000 candy Easter Eggs at the hunt sponsored by PIERRE, S. D., Lodge. Gov. Archie Gubbrud and his family were hosts for this annual affair held on the grounds of the Governor's Mansion.

. . . Pictured at the IOWA-ILLINOIS Elks Billiard Tournament at Des Moines Lodge when Illinois won the contest 11 to 5 were, left to right, Iowa players Hal Wabshaw, Harry Anderson, Lee Welsh and third-place winner Al Davis, and State Chairman Fred Erickson, and Illinois players Robert Ameens, 1st place, Art Jacobs, 2nd, Robert McManus and Ducky Wells.



IOWA—ILLINOIS

. . . P.D.D. Henry F. Schultz, left, and his son Robert whom he initiated into HANNIBAL, MO., Lodge.



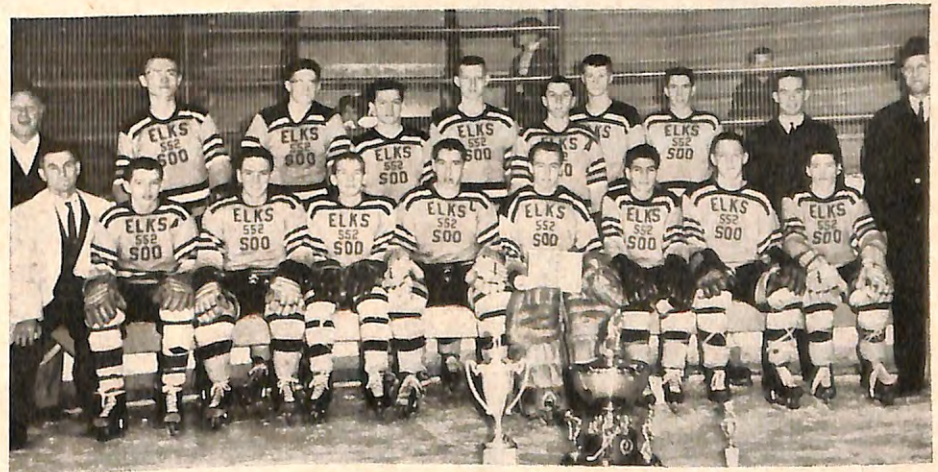
HANNIBAL, Missouri



NATCHEZ, Mississippi

. . . NATCHEZ, MISS., E.R. Billy Priester rewards local scholarship winners John G. Warren and Carol A. Nathanson. In the background are Scholarship Chairman Ed Stiles, high school scholarship counselor Ruth Strahan and principal J. O. Brown.

. . . With the 1963 State Championship and National Runner-Up Boys Midget Hockey Team of SAULT STE. MARIE, MICH., Lodge are, background, Est. Loyal Knight and Team Finance Mgr. Henry Shipman, Team Mgr. Melford Lackey, Coach Peter Warden and E.R. Walter Anderson.



SAULT STE. MARIE, Michigan

. . . Standing behind the lodge officers is the 20-man Carrington Knight class of JAMESTOWN, N. D., Lodge.

JAMESTOWN, North Dakota



1963 Openers



ARIZONA's Youth Leaders are congratulated. Left to right are State Pres. W. M. McMillon, Leader Robert Lanchard, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Miss Marsha Walters. Both students represent Phoenix high schools.



KENTUCKY's new officers were photographed after their installation at Paducah. Left to right, foreground, are Pres. Alfred A. Naff, Vice-Presidents Garlan Guilfoyle and James E. Davis; background: Secy.-Treas. Edward Meier, Trustee Wm. T. Patterson, Vice-Pres. Charles Murray and Trustee Ernest J. DeSoto.



MISSOURI Convention guests, Pres. Wayne Swanson, left, and Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Donaldson, center, are welcomed to St. Joseph by E.R. Richard Walsh.

OHIO ELKDOM's 65th Annual Convention in Columbus, saw over 800 members and their wives participate in a full four days of top-flight activities opening April 25th.

The State's two Past Grand Exalted Rulers, Dr. Edward J. McCormick and Fred L. Bohn, were joined at the conclave by the Order's current leader, Lee A. Donaldson, who enjoyed a busy schedule as featured speaker at the annual banquet and installer of the Association's new officers, in addition to holding a press conference. Lawrence Derry of Barnesville is Ohio's new President, and serving with him are Vice-Presidents Carleton Riddle, Willard, George B. Walker, Willoughby, and E. Paul Howard, Alliance; Secretary-Treasurer James R. Cooper, Newark; Chaplain Sam Fitzsimmons, Van Wert; Sergeant-at-Arms Daniel E. Hartung, Sandusky; Inner Guard M. B. Letzelter, Steubenville, and Tiler Jack Eccleston, East Liverpool. E. W. Reed, Bowling Green, is a Trustee, together with C. Ross Cline, Chillicothe, and Walter Springmyer, Cincinnati. Martin W. Feigert of Van Wert and Henry M. Watkins of Berea were elected to membership on the Cerebral Palsy Training Center Board, and Robert N. Antram was named Administrative Assistant.

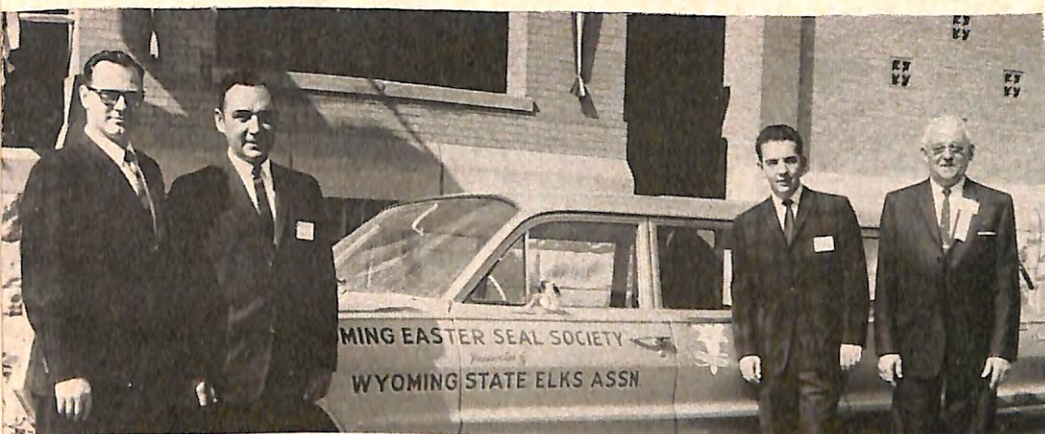
Other Ohio dignitaries at the meeting included Grand Trustee Nelson E. W. Stuart, Chairman E. Gene Fournace of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee and Grand Lodge Committeemen James Plummer and Herschel Deal.

Of deep interest to the delegates was the report made by Tom Price of Zanesville, recipient of the State "Elk of the Year" Award, on the rehabilitation of cerebral palsy victims. During the year, nearly \$34,000 in grants went to the State's C/P Centers, and two new station wagons were presented to the Stark County C/P Board, in addition to the two mobile units the Elks already operate. L. E. Strong gave his usual fine accounting of his Veterans Hospital Committee work, and Ernest Widner reported that individual lodges had spent nearly \$110,000 on community welfare.

Gov. James A. Rhodes addressed a luncheon for nearly 100 leading students when awards were presented to State Youth Leaders David F. Gibson, Warren, and Danielle M. Newberry, Portsmouth. Six \$600 Elks National Foundation scholarships and several other Youth Leadership awards were also made, and it was announced that Mrs. Carol A. McIntyre, an Akron speech therapist, had been awarded her second \$1,000 Elks National Foundation scholarship to continue her studies at the University of Denver.



NEW YORK \$600 Scholarship winner is rewarded. Left to right are Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, Grand Secy. Franklin Fitzpatrick, Susan Clonan of Carthage, Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Ronald J. Dunn of the Grand Forum.



WYOMING's Elks presented this station wagon to the State Society for Crippled Children and Adults, Inc., during their three-day Convention. Left to right are Sheridan E.R. Wm. H. Harrison, Jr., D.D.'s Harold Stump and Douglas Dinsmore, and retiring State Pres. Robert H. Morrow.



OHIO dignitaries watch approvingly as Grand Exalted Ruler Donaldson congratulates Pres. Lawrence Derry. Left to right are retiring Pres. N. A. Bartram, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, Mr. Donaldson, Mr. Derry and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn.

Troy Lodge won the State Ritualistic title, and Columbus was chosen as the site of a late summer reunion on August 23rd, 24th and 25th. Other high spots of the session included the naming of baseball great Billy Southworth, a Kenton Elk, to the Elks' Hall of Fame, Memorial Services at which the Hon. Earl Allison delivered the eulogy, and an Americanism Clinic conducted by Frank Early.

A TOTAL of 850 Elks and their ladies attended the 58th Annual Convention of the Kansas Elks Association at Wichita May 2nd through the 5th, when 19 teams competed for Ritualistic honors, the title going to Ottawa Lodge.

Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Lee A. Donaldson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. H. L. Blackledge, Grand Lodge Committeemen Brooks Bicknell and Lloyd Chapman and former Grand Chaplain Rev. F. W. Zimkowsky who conducted the Memorial Services were guests of honor. A banquet and dance highlighted the several social events which were enjoyed, the banquet featuring an address by the Order's leader. Approximately 20 awards were made to Scholarship winners and Youth Leaders in a total amount of more than \$5,000.

John T. Kirkwood of Galena is the new President of this State group, with Floyd Davis of Phillipsburg as Deputy President, A. J. Root, Jr., of Galena, and Don Ring of Wichita as Vice-Presidents. Forest E. Link of Pratt is Treasurer and Fred H. Kelly of Salina continues as Secretary.

It was decided that this organization would hold its 1964 annual meeting at Wichita on April 30th, May 1st, 2nd and 3rd, with a Fall Session at Pittsburg November 2nd and 3rd.

LOUISIANA's outstanding 1963 Convention at Shreveport May 3rd, 4th and 5th, found Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wm. A. Wall, Grand Secretary Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, Grand Lodge Committeeman Willis C. McDonald and former Grand Tiler Sidney Freudenstein among the more than 300 Elks on hand. Host Secretary Joseph Werner was General Chairman for the Convention, with State Secretary E. F. Heller, Sr., as Program Chairman.

Mr. Wall and the Grand Secretary addressed the crowd attending the annual banquet, and Mr. McDonald spoke on the fine work being done by Louisiana's Elks toward the sponsorship of the Southern Eye Bank of New Orleans. Alexandria Lodge received the State Plaque for its outstanding lodge activities, and Certificates of Merit were presented to nine top Elks of the State.

A moving Memorial Service was held
(Continued on page 50)



Sahara Park, Palm Springs, California. Good friends and good living go together in this beautiful mobile home park.



Mountains and palm trees provide background for this shuffleboard court, also at Sahara Park.

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Guernsey City, Tampa, Florida. This modern mobile home park puts a dock at your doorstep. All aboard for fun in the sun.

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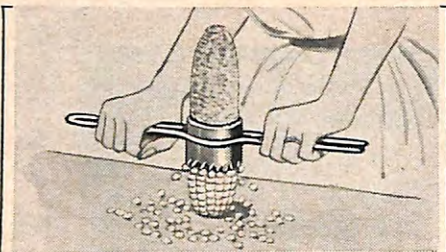
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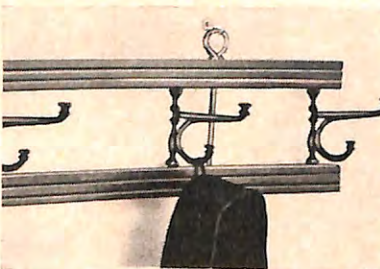
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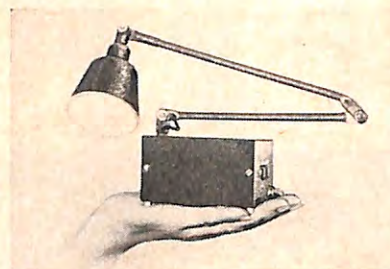


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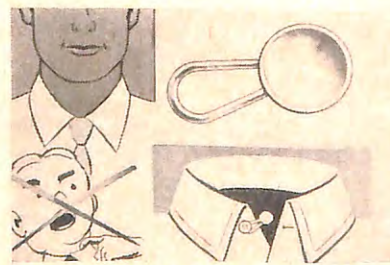
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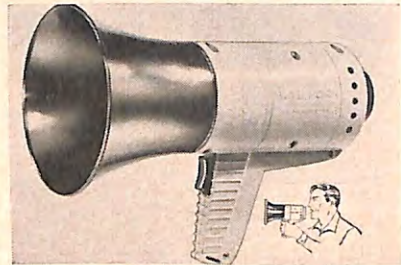
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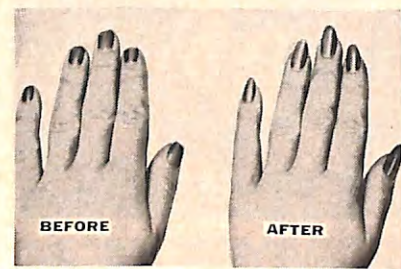
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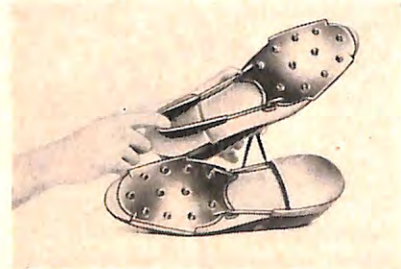
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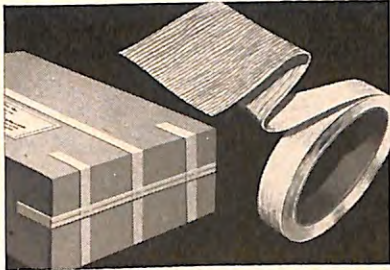
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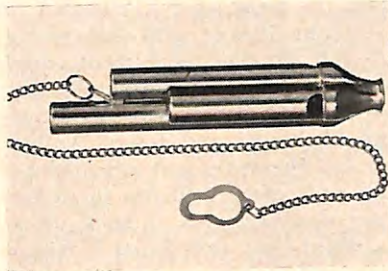
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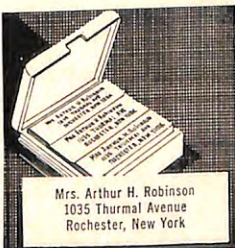
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Even the way he dresses brings him back to the crowd. You can see more stylishly dressed golfers out on any municipal course; not being a clothes-horse himself, Arnie does not try to keep up with his more sartorially conscious fellow pros. He usually wears plainly styled slacks (sometimes with pleats in them) and knit shirts, under which you can invariably see an old-fashioned undershirt. If he has any dressing fetish at all, it is shoes. He travels with about eight pairs.

ARNIE'S approach to golf is about as basic as General Patton's was to warfare: attack. Arnie attacks a golf course, and there is simply no other way to explain it. You can see it in every part of his game, from his all-out swing on tee shots, to his bold irons to the green, to his even bolder putting. You will rarely see Arnie putt short of the hole. As he explains it himself, "I guess I putt past the pin more than anybody. I always like to give it a chance." The point is, Arnie is always gunning for the hole. Says pro Dow Finsterwald, a close pal, "When Palmer addresses an eight or a ten-foot putt, by God, he acts like he expects to sink it—which I suppose is the way you ought to think."

Which accounts for Palmer having become the most successful golfer in the history of the game. If he knows nothing else, Palmer knows how to win golf tournaments. Since turning professional eight years ago, he has won more than 35 tournaments and earned more than \$300,000 in prize money. No one has pocketed more, with the possible exception of Snead, the aristocrat of the fairways, who, as legend goes, has his winnings stashed away in old tomato cans buried out back. In a comparable eight-year period, as a matter of fact, Snead won 32 official tournaments to 34 for Palmer.

But money is not a burning obsession. The most important reason Arnie plays golf is to become the greatest golfer in the world. "I simply go into every tournament with the idea of winning it," he says. "That's why I'm there. I never enter any tournament just to win money. When it becomes apparent that I can't win, I have to settle for making money."

"Settling" for money has made him not only the richest man in golf but one of the richest men in sports. This has not been without its complications. Arnie's business commitments so monopolize his time away from the golf course that, friends suspect, it is beginning to affect him when he gets back to it. He requires five lawyers to handle his vast investments and other business interests. He endorses a cigarette, a soft drink, an automobile, and other products in television commercials. He is either wholly or partly in-

The Go-Getter of Golf

(Continued from page 11)

involved in: producing a complete line of Arnold Palmer golf haberdashery and golf practice equipment, driving ranges, par-three courses; he is associated with two golf courses—the Country Club of Miami and Laurel Valley in Latrobe. He writes golf articles for two magazines and a column for a newspaper syndicate, has a book on golf, has acted in a Bob Hope movie, and cut a golf recording. All this, in addition to scores of banquets, golf exhibitions, and personal appearances, as well as golf tournaments, adds up to better than 100,000 miles of travel a year. It also adds up to more than \$400,000 which these side ventures bring Arnie a year.

According to one close friend, Arnie's dilemma is that his business deals are running him dry. Following Arnie's winning performance in the 1962 Masters, the friend told a writer, "The people who control everything he does had him signing deals for an exhibition in a dozen places within the next few weeks. You know how much rest he gets on the average? About six hours a night."

Which may account for Arnie's lackluster performance in this year's Masters and Tournament of Champions. During one of his practice rounds at Augusta, he complained, "It seems everybody is playing better than last year, and I'm not playing as well. I must be getting old. I don't seem to be getting the distance I used to."

The house, then, back in Latrobe, serves as a retreat for Arnie when he wants to get away from the pressures of the tour and the demands of his corporate existence. "He often comes home saying he is exhausted," says Winnie Palmer, Arnie's pert wife, who accompanied him to this year's Masters, "but after a couple of days loafing around, he's like a caged lion, and he's ready to go again."

Arnie has little time for outside pleasures these days, but he gets his greatest satisfaction just being at home with his family—Winnie, whom he met, courted, and proposed to within a space of three days back in 1954, and their two daughters, Peggy, 7, and Amy, 4. When he's around the house, he will hone and refine his golf clubs so that they will behave as he wants them to in a tournament, or else he will work off his tensions on the Latrobe golf course which stands opposite his home. His one extravagance—if it can be called that—is flying his own \$50,000 Aero Commander, in which he travels to keep most of his golf dates.

He might also take in a meeting at

the Latrobe Elks Lodge. Arnie became an Elk in 1957, and according to Alex Gareis, the lodge secretary, "He never fails to visit us when he has a few days at home." Three years ago, Gareis proposed the resolution that made Arnie an Honorary Life Member of Latrobe Lodge. But he absolutely refuses to allow any advance notice of his appearance at a meeting. "I just want to walk in like any other member, say hello, and have a good time," he says.

The Latrobe Elks are golf-minded anyway—they have their own Holiday Acres golf course and hold tournaments—and they are Arnie's most avid rooters. They help swell the gallery whenever they can: At the 1962 Open at nearby Oakmont, more than 200 Latrobe Elks joined Arnie's Army for the three-day tournament. Having a celebrity is a great thing for any lodge; having one who is truly a friend of his fellow Elks and who spends time with them is even greater. Thus, Latrobe Brothers take pride in the fact that they are reciprocating honest friendship, not merely offering adulation.

But all is not completely serene for Arnie when he returns to Latrobe. There are still the occasional side trips and the incessant writers and photographers ringing his doorbell to get at least one more "inside" story. To keep my interview, for example, it took Arnie three days to find time for it. First, after returning from Augusta, he hopped into a shower and was off again, with apologies, to Atlantic City, where he was to attend an annual meeting with stockholders of one of his miniature golf courses. The following day he was back in Latrobe just long enough to pick up Winnie and fly to Somerset, Pa., to look at some land. He paused, though, to instruct his secretary to schedule the interview for 9 A.M., Saturday, "when I'll just be getting out of bed and won't be going anywhere."

SO HERE he was on this Saturday morning, looking up from his newspaper and doing his best to accommodate his caller. Early in his career as a pro, it had been Arnie's ambition to be the best golfer in the world. Does he still feel that way?

"Oh, yes, I still do," he said.

"But don't you think you already are?"

Now he laughed in that affable way he has. "That's pretty hard to say," he answered. "There are so many good players around now that every week it gets tougher and tougher to win."

I inquired about Arnie's Army. When he's out on the course, particularly when he's making one of his patented finishes, they seem to swallow up the landscape. Do large galleries bother him?

"No," he said. "As a matter of fact, I enjoy having large galleries. It gives

you a feeling of wanting to play a little harder, and they can get you charged up. I like to see them out there."

Several weeks before this year's Masters, Arnie cracked his favorite driver and was supposedly having fits trying to find one that suited him. In light of his play at Augusta, did the showing have anything to do with the loss of his driver, or was it something else that went wrong?

"I don't know," he said. "It's just that nothing really went right. It certainly wasn't my driving, or anything else I know of. Sure, I'm disappointed by the way I played. I just couldn't put everything together there, that's all."

Among Arnie's cluster of victories are three of golf's major prizes: the U.S. Open, which he won in 1960, the British Open, also won in 1960, and the Masters, which he has won three times, in 1958, 1960, and 1962. The only major championship that has eluded him so far is the PGA, for which he will be making a strong run July 18-21. Although Arnie would dearly love to win all four in the same year, to score a Grand Slam, his immediate aim is to get his PGA title. Does he regard this tournament as holding some sort of jinx over him?

"No, nothing like that," he said. "The PGA falls just after the British Open, and as you know, I go over there to play it every year. But we use the small ball in the British Open and it's a little hard adjusting to the large one as soon as I come back."

What about the business pressures? Were they keeping him off his game?

Arnie didn't think so. "When I'm playing golf, I try not to look at it," said the man who thinks nothing of shuttling from Pittsburgh to New York to Miami to Paris to Johannesburg to Athens to Rome to Milan and back to New York all within a two-week period.

Arnie Palmer was in a hurry to get to the top right from the very beginning. Growing up adjacent to the Latrobe Country Club, where his father, Milfred "Deac" Palmer, was greenskeeper and teaching pro, he first began playing golf at the age of three with a sawed-off set of clubs. When he was five, he was cocky enough to stand around the sixth tee and wait for golfers who showed trepidation at clearing a drainage ditch that lay 120 yards up the fairway. Then the tow-headed youngster would say, "I'll knock your ball over the ditch for a nickel." Arnie hit a lot of balls over the ditch that way and collected a lot of nickels. When he was seven he was shooting 55 for nine holes. "One of my biggest thrills," Arnie recalls, "was shooting a 71 in my first high school match at 14. I've tried to get better ever since."

With his father working with him, Arnie's improvement was rapid. But not all of his lessons dealt with the overlapping grip. Once, while Arnie was still in high school, he missed an easy shot in a junior tournament and flung his club away in disgust. Later, on the ride home, his father told him that if he ever saw or heard of him throwing a club again, he'd be through with him as a golfer. That did it for Arnie, and he has managed to contain his angers within himself ever since.

Milfred Palmer, by the way, is still pro at the country club and is an Elk.

After twice winning the state high school championship, Arnie won a golf scholarship to Wake Forest. The tournaments and the competition became thicker now, and he won a raft of them while polishing his game to its fine edge. His amateur days reached their climax when he defeated Bob Sweeny in the National Amateur in 1954 by rolling a 50-foot putt dead to the pin on the 36th, then tapping it home.

He turned pro several months later and took off on the tournament circuit that was to lead him to golf's rich prizes. He started off modestly enough, winning only \$7,958 in 1955 and \$16,144 the following year. By 1958, he was the leading money winner on the tour with earnings of \$42,607; he has twice more headed the annual listings, in 1960 (\$75,262) and in 1962 (\$81,448).

Making the kind of money he has over the past eight years could go to some people's heads, but not to Arnie's. Recently, he was out riding in his metallic-blue Lincoln sedan with a friend. Running low on gas, he stopped off at a service station. Maybe the guy at the pump recognized Arnie and maybe he didn't, but when he finished filling the tank with about five dollars' worth he asked the driver if he took trading stamps.

"Yes," Arnie said, "I do."

Now there's a guy without pretensions. • •



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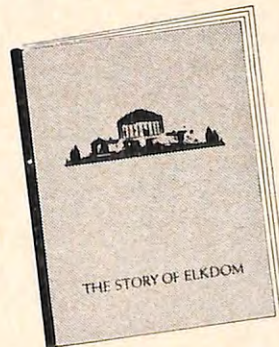
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Illiterate and destitute, a Brazilian peasant shows his longing for a better future as he listens to promises from a supporter of *Fidelismo*. The speaker is Francisco Juliao, a congressman in the northeastern state of Pernambuco . . .

IT IS FOUR in the afternoon in Rio de Janeiro. As the sun dips behind Corcovado Hill, Joao Pinto, an average Brazilian workingman, is barreling down busy Avenida Atlantica in the back of a truck.

Joao is a hard-working and self-respecting man; he is wearing neat slacks, socks, and a shirt made of rayon, nylon, and acetate-cotton fabrics, developed by U.S. textile makers who now mass-produce them in Brazil under local license. In his pockets Joao carries a ballpoint pen, a comb, a plastic wallet, a little notebook, a lighter, a stomach pill sealed in its transparent envelope—all of these items manufactured in Brazil with machines and production techniques imported from the U.S. A pack of Joao's favorite brand of cigarettes sits snugly in his shirt pocket, with a neat, perspiration-proof wrapper of cellophane and foil, made possible by U.S. designed packaging machinery.

Astride Joao's nose glitters his pride and joy—a pair of aviation-type sunglasses, merchandised in Brazil under U.S. patent. On his wrist ticks a sturdy watch—the first model made in Brazil cheaply and dependably for the masses by the Brazilian licensee of a giant U.S. watchmaker. His sense of well-being is topped off by a head of gleaming black hair; despite wind and heat, the hair is kept neatly in place by a made-in-Brazil hair tonic bearing a famous U.S. brand name.

By all appearances, then, Joao Pinto seems to be a walking testimonial to the way living standards rise wherever U.S. mass-production and distribution techniques are put to work. But that isn't the case. Just the contrary. Under orders from the shop steward of his union, Joao is on his way—along with two dozen fellow-workers from the same plant—to an anti-U.S. labor rally to denounce “Yanqui aggression.”

At the Rua Duvivier traffic light, the shiny truck carrying Joao and his companions halts to yield the right of way to a sleek, chauffeur-driven limousine heading downtown from plush Copacabana Beach. In the air-conditioned sedan, Don Fernando Barbosa do Leitao, chairman of the board of a Brazilian metals corporation, is hurrying to attend a cocktail reception at the Rio Chamber of Commerce.

At the reception, a distinguished economist, who also happens to be an old club friend of Don Fernando's, is scheduled to deliver a talk on the urgent need for more U.S. aid funds to develop Brazil. But neither the speaker, nor Don Fernando, nor any of the other wealthy Brazilians at the reception will admit publicly that during the past year they have sent millions of their own funds—potential Brazilian development funds—abroad for safekeeping. No one will allude to the

Alliance, *Sí...* Progress, Still Wanting, in VOLATILE LATIN AMERICA

By ANDREW ST. GEORGE

current economic paradox: Rich Brazilians have been pumping money out of Brazil at the same time that the U.S. has been pumping it in.

Yet on such contradictory behavior by millions of *Latinos* like Senhor Pinto and Don Fernando now hangs the future of our most ambitious foreign enterprise: the Alliance for Progress. It is, in the words of an expert witness, "A monumental commitment which for size and complexity makes the Marshall Plan look puny . . ."

The *Alianza* is great indeed in size and complexity. How much money will it require? No one actually knows; the final cost from outside sources—that is, the United States—may well end up nearer \$40 billion than the initially contemplated \$20 billion, plus an estimated \$80 billion minimum from the Latin countries themselves.

What will it really accomplish? Its

slogans are important and commendable: tax reform, land reform, democratic rehabilitation, social progress—but not two among the dozens of economists and political thinkers this reporter met agreed on the exact meaning of those terms.

For instance, how should taxes be rescaled to be progressive without impairing the all-important process of capital formation? How far should land reform reach to be beneficial without impairing food production? And what precisely is the social effect of "progress"?

But despite all the unresolved dilemmas, the greatest dimension of the *Alianza* is probably its urgency.

There is burning urgency in the humanitarian design to alleviate the wretched lot of the poor, who are often needy and helpless beyond our imagination.

Mere words cannot truly bring alive the plight of the land-working serfs in, say, Peru or Bolivia, or of the slum squatters in the pestilent shantytowns of Caracas or Rio de Janeiro. In the countryside, millions of "forgotten" people not only live outside the kind of economy we know—the so-called "money economy," for many never touch cash from one year to another—but are outside our epoch, the mid-Twentieth Century. The same is true of their slum-dwelling cousins, with the sole exception that they do touch a pitifully small amount of money on rare occasions.

For an indentured Ecuadorian field hand, for instance, living conditions have not changed since the days of his great-great-grandfather a hundred and fifty years ago, when (as now) four *sucre*s were allotted for the daily keep
(Continued on page 45)

PHOTOS BY ANDREW ST. GEORGE/MAGNUM



. . . which with neighboring states comprises one of the poorest areas in the world. A sincere idealist, Juliao is nonetheless an avowed Marxist-Leninist and a threat to a democratic future for Brazil. Above he talks with peasants in a fishing village (white shirt, center—the only man with shoes) as he tries to organize a Peasant League unit.

Elks National Service Commission

The "Blue Bonnet Belles of Texas" prepared for an extended overseas trip for the Department of Defense by putting on a show for the patients at the VA Hospital in Houston, Texas, at a special Elk program for about 500 servicemen. At right background is Louis C. Quoyeser, Houston VA Committee Chairman. Other Elks pictured include members of Houston, Houston Southwest and Pasadena Lodges.



At a recent assembly in the VA Hospital at Clarksburg, W. Va., special awards were presented for contributions made to the hospital for the direct benefit of the patients. One of these was received by Clarksburg VA Hospital Committee Chairman William Perri, W. Va. Elks Vice-Pres., from Dr. A. E. Pugh, Hospital Director. The certificate read: "This certificate is awarded to the B. P. O. Elks in recognition of monetary contributions and cooperative attitude toward the hospitalized veterans." Photographed during the presentation were, left to right, State Pres. Edwin Kimble, William Perri, Dr. Pugh, E.R. Donald Switzer and Chris Perri, also of the Elks Hospital Committee.



A fine selection of hides for the Arts and Crafts Shops at the Veterans Administration Center at Wadsworth, Kans., is presented by representatives of Leavenworth Lodge. Left to right are Hospital Chairman Mel H. Meek, Secy. H. T. Ward, P.E.R. Robert Kalhorn, and the Center's Director J. F. Haile who accepted the gift, and is also a Leavenworth Elk.



Pictured when Tucson, Ariz., Lodge presented 70 pounds of leather to Dr. P. L. Eisele, Director of the Tucson VA Hospital and an Elk, were foreground, Veterans Committee Chairman Joseph E. Petullo, left, and Dr. Eisele; standing are Dr. H. S. Edwards, Chief, Physical Medicine, Rehabilitation Service, left, and Voluntary Services Director Neil B. Snyder.

A Stringerful of Memories

(Continued from page 9)

One of the oarlocks squeaked slightly. I removed it and dipped it into the water, a trick I'd learned many years ago. Then I nudged the boat quietly through the channel. A final pull on the oars and it glided smoothly and quietly to the center of the pond. I had not lost my touch.

I picked up the rod and tested the tension. The bucktail spoon on the end glistened, and my mind went back to the days when the best tackle I could afford was an eight-foot bamboo pole and a chunk of heavy green cord. Spatting, the technique was called. We would stand in the boat to get more distance and cast the bait the full length of the combined pole and line—16 feet. The only skill required was to maneuver the rod so as to hold the bait as far from the boat as possible and still keep it in action. Although the area of coverage was small—a radius of 16 feet—this was compensated for by the ease of placing the bait in almost any spot we wished. Beside a lily pad, near a half sunken log, or at the edge of a weed bed.

Now, with a simple flick of the wrist I watched the bucktail arc majestically through the air at the end of a line so fine it seemed invisible. The spoon plunked melodiously as it met the placid surface of the pond some 100 feet away. A ring formed and spread out. I began to reel slowly when I was sure the bait had gone as close to the weedy bottom as it could without snagging. It wasn't a bad cast. Only a few feet from a large stump which surely must have been the home of a truculent cannibal. As I retrieved the tackle I observed the steady tremble of the rod tip which told me the spoon was working perfectly.

Succeeding casts covered each side of the stump. Each time, the spoon landed within a few feet of the intended target. Years of working the confines of narrow trout streams had made me expert. This would be a great day.

At first I fished enthusiastically and with the thoroughness of an expert. Alternately trying weed beds, stumps and sunken logs, always using the proper bait. But after a while, unable to understand the futility of my efforts, I took refuge in memories of other times when I almost always had come back with my share.

I recalled the day Harry Conklin and I were returning from the Oxbow after a particularly successful catch. We were trolling "killer-devils" on the end of bamboo poles. In the bottom of the boat were eight fine northerns ranging from two-pounders to one fine six-pound specimen, some still alive.

It was a day much like today, I thought, with an overcast sky threatening rain.

We always flipped to see who would row out, and since Harry had taken his turn rowing to the Oxbow, I was at the oars coming back. It was a long haul, and usually the trip back was constant rowing. We trolled, but there was no stopping to fish special spots. No resting. It could be very tiring, except that anybody who spends much time rowing a boat soon develops muscles in the right spots.

All the way back, Harry had never missed an opportunity to tease me about his greater prowess as a fisherman. Suddenly, his line grew taut and quivered. He had a strike. His pole arched considerably, and by the tension on the line I guessed this catch at about three pounds.

"There," he said, as he threw the fish at my feet. "That does it. Pound for pound, you're no fisherman."

He was right. The score stood five to four, and he owned the big six-pounder in the front of the boat. The new catch flopped wildly around my bare feet. Grasping it carefully by the gills, I made a motion as if to throw it

overboard, but instead I laid it gently with the rest in the prow where a little water had kept most of them alive. The gyrations of the new addition caused the rest of the fish to become active and the whole catch began to flop around. I pulled hard on my left oar and the boat swerved into the channel leading to the slough. Harry laughed. I'd told him we weren't going to troll the slough, but he knew we would; it was a shortcut to home.

Suddenly, as we cleared the channel, I saw the end of my pole go still. The action of the bait ceased. Weeds, I thought, and continued to row into the main body of water. The tension on the line grew stronger and I had to take the pole in hand to keep it from slipping from between my leg and the seat. I pulled a little and it gave. No *tunk, tunk* which would indicate I had a fish. I continued the pressure on the line. It drew closer to the boat but the tension was much stronger now. Assuming it to be a large bunch of weeds I pulled hard and brought the bait closer. Still no *tunk, tunk*.

It is a common mistake to think that a large fish will thrash around like a small one. Sometimes the small ones make more fuss than the big ones. A really large one, I was soon to learn, acts more like a log. This is because their great weight makes it unnecessary

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Lodge and State Association Bulletin Editors are invited to reprint this notice

Charles C. Bowie

Elkdom was dealt a severe blow on May 11 when Charles C. Bowie died suddenly, following a coronary attack, in San Benito, Texas. Survivors are his wife, a son, and a daughter.

Brother Bowie was a candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, and his name was to have been presented to the Grand Lodge in San Francisco on July 15. The resolution presenting his candidacy (published in the March issue) was unanimously adopted by his lodge, San Benito No. 1661, and all Texas lodges in turn endorsed his candidacy by resolution.

Charles C. Bowie was born in Ayr, Scotland, the birthplace of Robert Burns. He came to this country with his family in 1904 when he was six years old and grew up in Cincinnati, Iowa. He enrolled at the State University of Iowa, attended the University of Texas for a year when his family moved to San Benito in 1918, and graduated from SUI in 1921. He then entered Harvard Law School, but having received a Rhodes scholarship, he enrolled in Oxford University in England. There he received his law degree in 1924 and a Masters Degree in 1931.

Brother Bowie practiced law in San Benito and also engaged in public service. He was elected County Attorney in 1932 and re-elected to

that office in 1934 and 1936. From 1942 to 1953, he served as Assistant U. S. Attorney for his district.

In 1944, he became a Charter Member of San Benito Lodge and was elected Exalted Ruler the following year. His untiring work in behalf of the lodge later won him an Honorary Life Membership. Brother Bowie was appointed to the almost-new Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee in 1953, serving for six years, the last two as Chairman. In 1959 he was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee on Judiciary and was reappointed each year since. He also served as District Deputy Grand Exalted Ruler in 1951, and in 1956 was elected President of the Texas Elks State Association.

His community also benefitted from Brother Bowie's able service. He had been president and trustee of the San Benito Chamber of Commerce, president of the school board, president of the Rotary Club, and commander of the American Legion Post. Services for Brother Bowie were held at San Benito First Presbyterian Church, where for many years he had been chairman of its board of trustees.



the pleasure of this catch. He would even be able to say he landed him. I grew angry and reached for the pole, but Harry would not give it up.

Suddenly, as I watched, the fish gave one great lunge for the bottom. His huge tail broke the surface and created a maelstrom. Harry should have relaxed his tension to give the fish room, but he didn't.

"Harry!" I screamed, as I reached for the pole. He wouldn't let go. In fact, I think he was petrified. My feelings were a mixture of reverence and anticipation. Respect for his size, strength, and courage; the anticipation of showing this catch to friends and especially to my father. I was sure he would never have seen a fish so big. I was hanging onto the pole with Harry when the fish gave one great heave. The line snapped in two, and in a twinkling the fish was gone with four feet of line and my killer-devil.

Frustration, disappointment, and then bitterness welled within me. I wanted nothing more than to knock the living daylight out of Harry Conklin. I swung from my side. The boat rocked, and I missed. Harry grabbed my arms to protect himself. This was too much for the small boat. It rocked several times and finally overturned, plunging us into the water.

There is nothing like cold water to end a fight. Thrashing about, I saw Harry swimming back toward the boat. It was bottom side up, and it didn't take a college degree to realize that all the fish would be gone. My cane pole with the broken line floated a little ways away. One of the oars had come out of its socket and bobbed nearby.

SOMETIMES the recalling of an incident, particularly in its original setting, can be so realistic that it makes you feel that you are reliving a part of the past. This must have been what had happened to me, for now as I reached down and unhooked a pike minnow I had cast into a lily pad, a slight shiver brought me back to reality.

I rowed back out into the main part of the pond and changed the pike minnow for a killer-devil. Passing the spot where the incident had occurred years before, I recalled how we swam to shore with the boat, beached it, and emptied the water out. On the way home that day, nothing more was said. We had both been losers. Only on rare occasions since had I recalled the fiasco.

I admired the spun-glass rod in my hand. No fish could get away from this kind of tackle, I mused. I had not even thought of where I was going at this moment but the boat seemed to just naturally head for the channel of the mainstream leading to the Oxbow.

for them to wiggle much. I continued to pull and slowly the mass came closer.

I am not sure at just what point I began to realize there was a fish on the end. Perhaps I knew it all along. Perhaps I was afraid to think about it.

Then, the *tunk, tunk, tunk!*

I strained harder, not worrying much about the line or pole. The heavy green woven cord, although old, was at least a 50-pound test and should hold pretty good. I still could not see the fish, for he had gone to the bottom. Another *tunk, tunk!* I kept the line taut. I strained again, and he gave a little. No wild thrashing, no wiggling, just a steady pull. As I think about it now, I don't believe that lunker was worried very much. He just lay there straining against my line. The bamboo pole was bent precariously, and I was standing now. The boat rocked a little but I didn't notice. I would have jumped in if necessary. I eased the tension a little. Nothing happened. He just lay

there. *Tunk, tunk!* I continued to pull for I could think of nothing else to do. I looked around wildly as if help would come from somewhere, and it was then that I think Harry first saw the fish, for he too stood up in the boat and grabbed the pole from my hands.

That was a breach of good fishing etiquette, but I ignored it in my confusion. Perhaps Harry would think of something to do. I let go of the pole, and it was then I saw him. He appeared to be half the length of the boat as he lay parallel to the side and a few inches below the surface, straining against the line. His silvery side shone in the sun and the mottled green spots stood out clearly. He seemed not to be moving at all, yet the pole and line were taut to the breaking point.

Apparently Harry could think of nothing to do either, for he simply stood there and pulled. I could have done that, I thought, and began to resent the fact that he was getting all of

I veered to the left through the channel leading to Lily Pad Hollow. Off the mainstream, Lily Pad Hollow was a large pond, deep in the center but dotted with weedbeds and lilies on either side. I no longer knew just how deep or how shallow these fishing grounds were. My rowing was becoming erratic, too, alternately fast and slowing. I was beginning to discover muscles I didn't know I had. A very large blister formed in the palm of my right hand.

As I resumed casting, a few drops of rain began to fall. I caught a hammerhead—a grasspike too small to keep—and remembered the many times I had fished through the heaviest downpour. Taking my handkerchief, I tied it around the right oar loosely to keep my blister from peeling. Then I began to troll. The raindrops turned to a drizzle, although in the distance the sun was shining brightly. No use turning back, I thought, and then wondered why I was even thinking about it. I had come to fish, but I would have been glad to trade a fish stringer for the raincape resting in the trunk of my car. And I would have given a level-wind-no-backlash reel and a large blister for a pair of gloves.

By the time I reached the shallows leading to the Oxbow, a blister was developing on my left hand. The rain spattering on my bifocals had long since forced me to remove them, so I did not notice that the water was shallower than it used to be. Before I knew it the front of the boat was mired in the mucky bottom. I changed seats and rowed backwards as hard as I could but she remained stuck.

After wiping my glasses clean, I gazed ahead through the drizzle and determined that these shallows were impassable. Time had changed them, too, as well as my shoulder muscles, which by now were aching as though I had been put on the rack. The drizzle came harder, and I sat many minutes pondering my dilemma. Finally it occurred to me that I had the choice of sitting here forever, or taking off my shoes and climbing overboard into the muck.

Sopping wet now, I decided that I would fish instead. This was a wise choice simply because I couldn't get any wetter; I couldn't feel any worse; I couldn't go anyplace; I couldn't be any madder. I soon found, also, that I couldn't see anything. I caught another hammerhead, which only gave me the dubious pleasure of having to take him off the hook. On the next try I overthrew, and landed smack in the middle of a clump of bushes on the opposite shore. It held fast and I knew my fishing was finished.

I removed my shoes and socks, rolled up my pants legs and swung over the

side. The water was warm and turbid, and I sank to my knees in the ooze. The rain had stopped, and the sun shone through the clouds in spots.

My weight out of the boat now, it floated free and I gave it a shove to the center of the pond and clambered aboard. It glided slowly in the direction of my silver spoon, which looked like a red-headed woodpecker with silver wings. If red-headed woodpeckers had silver wings, I thought, maybe that wouldn't be my silver spoon hanging so shamefully in the tree branch.

I unhooked it and started back, but not before I cleaned the mud and silt from my legs. I looked like a superannuated Huckleberry Finn, and I hoped the old man wouldn't be in his yard when I returned the boat.

I didn't think about much of anything on the way back, except my sore muscles, aching back, blistered hands, and humiliated ego, or whatever you call it.

As I neared the landing, with my glasses now cleaned and in place, I saw people standing around the dock. I could make out the old man, and he was talking with a couple of boys whom I guessed to be in their middle teens. They saw me coming and looked up. Quickly I removed the handkerchief from the oar and placed it in my pocket. I wouldn't be a complete washout if I could help it.

Drawing nearer, I could tell that they were either going fishing or had just returned, for out of the rear of the boat extended two eight-foot bamboo poles. I knew the rest. There would be a good heavy line attached to each pole and one would have a bucktail spoon, the other a killer-devil.

I allowed my boat to run up on the shore beside the dock and my first wish was that the bottom would drop out. I had a desire to disappear into the murky depths of the river. They had been fishing, because six nice north-erns were flopping around in the prow of the boat.

"Any luck, mister?" the old man asked. "They're bitin' today. The boys here just came back with a few." He smiled kindly and I knew he wanted me to have a catch.

"A few," I told him, "but I threw them back. No place to cook them. No place to clean 'em, so I let them go again."

This wasn't a lie, exactly, and it made both of us feel better. "Nice catch you have there, boys. Where did you fish?" I asked.

"Over in the bayou, there, up by the bridge," the younger of the boys replied. In his hand was an old piece of rope and he was in the process of stringing this through the gills of the fish in the boat. Searching through a tackle box, I produced a stringer.

"Here," I said to the older boy, "try this." The boy hesitated a moment.

Climbing into the prow of their boat, I opened six of the wires on the stringer and fastened one to the soft part of the mouth of each of their fish. I lifted them from the boat and dipped them in the water alongside. Altogether they must have weighed nearly 15 pounds, and as I hefted them I felt real good.

"Now, boys," I said, "all you got to do to earn this is promise that you won't let any more fish die in the bottom of the boat, and help me carry my tackle up to the car."

"Sure, gee, thanks, mister," they said, almost together.

"We'll sure use it," the older one added.

They helped me carry my paraphernalia up to the car and load it in the trunk. The older boy seemed to want to be especially helpful. The young one was now back at the boat watching the fish on the stringer.

"What's your name, son?" I asked, closing the trunk lid.

"Harry," he replied. "Harry Conklin."

"Junior?" I asked. He nodded.

I hesitated but a moment and then thanked the old man for the use of his boat. As I returned to the car I heard him say, "Boys, there's a real sportsman. Did you hear how he threw back what he caught instead of keeping them to die and go to waste? A real sportsman."

As I drove away, I realized I had just had a lesson in charity. I wasn't quite sure he really believed what he said, but I was glad he'd said it. • •

For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 7)

Onion and the hungry i. In the latter embroidered joint, stars like Mort Sahl, Shelley Berman, and the Kingston Trio got their start.

For many Elks who shall go there this month for the Convention, returning to San Francisco will be like greeting an old flame. Many knew her during World War II when San Francisco was the principal port of embarkation for troops moving to the embattled islands of the Pacific. It was a mixed-up, hysterical place—a city of sad farewells and joyous reunions.

There was a time when sections of San Francisco were as evil as Macao used to be. What today is called the Embarcadero—a three-mile string of half a hundred docks between Fisherman's Wharf and China Basin—was a wild waterfront area in the late 1800's, overflowing with splintery boarding houses, boxed-in gin mills, brothels, Chinese laundries, stables, and black-

smith shops. All of it spilled over into what now is the financial district and the produce market. The Barbary Coast? It no longer exists. But there was a time when the notorious Shanghai Kelly worked this section of the waterfront, pouring slugs of bourbon down the throats of unwary seamen, rendering them senseless, and then passing their limp bodies on to ships' captains for the booty they'd pay.

SAN FRANCISCO grew on the gold the '49ers piled at her feet. The ore gushed forth from the Mother Lode country. Later, the stages of Wells Fargo & Co. rattled back into town with still more riches—the silver produced by Virginia City. It was this wealth that built San Francisco. It created millionaires, and they in turn created San Francisco. These men thirsted for the creature comforts. New hotels rose. The most elegant of them all was the old Palace. It shared its station with none; nothing compared with it anywhere in San Francisco. The Palace opened its doors in 1875 and continued as a show place until that fateful dawn when the earth pitched and San Francisco toppled.

The earthquake and fire that destroyed San Francisco on the morning of April 18, 1906, began at precisely 5:13 o'clock. The tremor lasted for exactly 48 seconds. Then fire flashed across the city. There was no stopping it. The earthquake had ruptured the water mains, and fire hydrants coughed forth not a single drop of moisture in some areas. What hadn't fallen now burned.

Three years after the disaster, San Francisco had been rebuilt. Among the buildings that rose again was the Palace, known today as the Sheraton-Palace. It and three others—the St. Francis, the Mark Hopkins, and the Fairmont—are considered the "big four" of San Francisco. (The latter two are co-headquarters for the Convention.)

Although the Sheraton-Palace is still aglitter with crystal and gold (a truly elegant hotel that smacks of the city's rich past), my favorite is the Fairmont, up there on Nob Hill with its splendid view of the city. Not long ago the Fairmont built a skyscraper addition, the Fairmont Tower. Crawling an outside wall is a glass elevator that deposits visitors in the Crown Room, a cocktail lounge on the top—a 24-story high perch. There was a time when tipplers across the street at that famous saloon in the sky, the Top o' the Mark, looked down their noses at the Fairmont. They were higher in the heavens. Now, though, tipplers in the Fairmont's Crown Room can gaze smugly down at customers over at the Top o' the Mark. This has displeased the owners of the Mark Hopkins to such a degree that they are threatening to

build a new addition that will rise seven stories above the Fairmont's Crown Room.

Anyway, while in San Francisco, take my advice and take the glass elevator up there to the Crown Room. Go at the twilight hour and sip a drink and watch the lights of the city flash on. In the Crown Room, instead of walls there are big picture windows and the center of the place revolves. Unless the night isn't clear, there is no view in the world to compare with it: Although Alcatraz is deserted now, the searchlights atop the prison still sweeps the bay and the Golden Gate shimmers in the dying light of the day; floodlights outline Coit Tower across on Telegraph Hill, and a million other lights wink back like little diamonds as the darkness becomes complete.

No matter where you stay in San Francisco—a city snuggled inside a compact 47-square-mile tract—you can't possibly be very far from any place you may wish to visit.

Before I forget, let me caution you that July and August are usually the foggiest months in San Francisco, although generally the skies clear in the afternoon. So, while I wish you a clear night for the sake of that marvelous view from the Fairmont's Crown Room, take heed and bring along sufficient warm clothing. For men a topcoat over any business suit should do the trick. A warm coat and tailored dresses or suits are suggested for the ladies. This being one of the dressiest cities in America—it's a hat-and-gloves kind of town—seldom is a man seen wearing a sports shirt, and no woman would dare be seen on the streets in slacks.

A tradition among the city's diamond-studded dames is an institution called the "Monday lunch." Attended by socialites and pseudo-socialites, it serves but one purpose—to prove that those who attend are financially able to let the maid worry with Monday's washday woes. Kipling once wrote: "San Francisco is a mad city, inhabited for the most part by perfectly insane people whose women are of a remarkable beauty." I agree—a bit wacky at times, perhaps, but perfectly beautiful and likewise charming.

NO VISITOR to San Francisco feels his trip is complete without going to Fisherman's Wharf. Thus, if you check in at one of the hotels near Union Square or at the Mark Hopkins or the Fairmont up on Nob Hill, merely hop aboard the Powell Street cable car. It goes directly to Fisherman's Wharf. And you can't possibly miss it; that's the end of the line. Nearby, a group of free-lancers who call themselves Artists Associated hold outdoor exhibits along Jefferson Street, between Jones and Leavenworth. They refer to their

display as "Art on a Fence," which is where it hangs. On Standard Oil's fence. Original watercolors: \$7.50 and up.

Across the street, in front of Hogan's Fish Market, huge crab pots send up little curls of steam on the sidewalk. Walk-A-Way Crab-Shrimp Cocktails cost 60 cents each, clam chowder is 50 cents a pint, and Hogan's Sour Dough French Bread is sold not by the loaf but by the pound. A sign overhead says Hogan will ship clams to your friends "anywhere in the U.S."

Sometimes tourists stop off at the Tokyo Sukiyaki, where the specialty isn't sukiyaki at all, but a sake-martini called Fisherman's Delight. After this, providing he can still see, the tourist usually waddles across the avenue to spy through powerful telescopes at Alcatraz at a dime a peek. What with the prisoners gone now, though (among them the famous Bird Man), it's not nearly as exciting as it once was.

Try to get to Fisherman's Wharf at the lunch hour. The leading restaurants are Tarantino's, Dimaggio's, Alioto's and Castagnola's. From these names you might expect spaghetti and an operatic aria. But don't fret, it's seafood instead. Meals at Tarantino's cost from \$2.50 to \$4, and there is a marvelous view of the harbor, docks, and the fishing boats tethered to their moorings.

It is at Fisherman's Wharf that the sightseeing boats leave with visitors for one and two-hour rides around the bay, passing Angel Island, Alcatraz, Treasure Island, Yerba Buena Island, the Ferry Building, Coit Tower, the Army transport docks, the Presidio (headquarters of the Sixth Army), and Golden Gate Bridge.

No doubt you will want to stroll or ride across the Golden Gate, which connects San Francisco with verdant

Travel Notes

NAGASAKI is a city reborn. Japan's southernmost seaport was decimated by the bomb that ended WW II, but the city's been completely rebuilt and is a big tourist attraction today.

IF YOU WANT to relax in a rural atmosphere on your vacation, there's a unique directory available that describes 200 inspected farms, ranches, lodges, inns, and country homes in 31 states and three Canadian provinces. The directory gives locations, acreage, recreation activities on and off the farm, culinary specialties, ages of hosts' children, rates, etc., and may be obtained from Farm Vacations, 36 E. 57th St., New York City 22. The price is 50¢, plus 15¢ postage.

Marin County across the bay. Built at a cost of \$35 million, the bridge opened in May of 1937 and is able to accommodate nearly 300,000 cars every 24 hours. To get a picture of the sea power beneath it, take note: During ebb tide, 4½ million cubic feet of water per second flows from the bay into the Pacific. To withstand the tremendous force, 80,000 miles of cable wire went into the bridge's construction, along with 106,000 tons of concrete. Weight of the main cables alone is 22,000 tons; the towers rise to a height of 846 feet. While being built, a giant sling was stretched beneath the bridge to protect whoever fell. Those who did, and survived, were given membership in an exclusive organization known as the Halfway-to-Hell Club.

The bridge was built to withstand brute winds or violent earthquakes. Its center deck will rise or fall 16 feet to absorb expansion or contraction created by sun or cold. It will also safely withstand a 28-foot sway. But it's expensive to maintain. The tab for a single day: \$2,000. One force alone of 25 painters does nothing else but brush on coats of orange paint.

When you visit the bridge I suggest you continue across the bay to the picturesque little artists' colony of Sausalito. About a 30-minute drive from downtown San Francisco, it offers on a clear day—or evening—an incomparable view of the city, of Angel Island, Alcatraz, and the bay. (I can think of no more romantic setting in the world, even in the fog.)

Back in San Francisco, only minutes from the city, Golden Gate Park is the site of band concerts, an aquarium, museum, picnic facilities, and a delightful Japanese tea garden that is as near to Japan as you can hope ever to get without crossing the ocean.

The Gray Line operates the following tours, most of them emanating from the major hotels: San Francisco general tour, 3½ hours, \$3.80; Chinatown after dark, 2½ hours, \$2.95; Sonoma, the Petrified Forest, Valley of the Moon (Jack London country), and the wine area, 10 hours, \$9.40; Muri woods (the redwoods), 3½ hours, \$4.30; and, finally, a night-life tour lasting from 8:45 P.M. to 2:15 A.M. for \$14.50. The latter includes visits to four clubs: Bimbo's, Forbidden City, the Venetian Room (at the Fairmont), and Finocchio's.

For a really good look at the city there are one-hour helicopter rides at \$10 per person from the World Trade Center. I should also point out that the Broadway musical *Camelot* will be playing at the San Francisco Opera House during your visit. For theater buffs there are also the Geary and Curran houses at 415 and 445 Geary Street.

Should you arrive early or remain after the Convention, one-day charter boats sail after salmon both from San Francisco and Sausalito. While hubby casts, his lady may amuse herself browsing in the wonderful shops that surround Union Square. They include: I. Magnin's, Saks Fifth Ave., Brooks Bros., Macy's, and Gump's. The latter is the number-one store in the nation in Oriental art and would be worth the visit even if they charged an admission. Prices run the gamut; you can purchase a \$5 ash tray or the \$25,000 jade incense burner we saw the day we stared bug-eyed at this warehouse of treasures. Founded during the gold rush days, Gump's is more than 100 years old—its Tansu, Jade, and Lotus rooms being repositories for treasures of the Orient.

AS FOR DINING, good restaurants in San Francisco are so numerous that it would be impossible to mention them all. If, however, you plan to splurge—just for one evening—you might try Alexis' at 1001 California, the Blue Fox at 659 Merchant, Ernie's at 847 Montgomery, the Red Knight at 624 Sacramento, or Trader Vic's on Cosmo Place off Taylor. They are superb, but expensive. Medium-priced but also good are Omar Khayyam's at 196 O'Farrell, the Shadows at 1349 Montgomery, the India House at 629 Washington, and Veneto's on Mason at Bay. Downright inexpensive are the Four Seas at 731 Grant and the Fly Trap at 73 Sutter. (For a late-evening snack—burgers and hot pastrami sandwiches—try the Doggie Diners at Van Ness and Golden Gate or on Market near 6th.)

Nighttime in San Francisco is an absolutely frolicsome period that should include—no matter what else you may miss—a wacky place called Varni's Roaring Twenties. Here fetching young things slide down a brass fire pole to fetch drinks for the customers while two sisters-in-brief swing back and forth—yes, on swings—above the heads of everybody. At midnight everyone comes down the brass pole to the tune of a five-alarm fire bell. Meanwhile, off in another corner a piano player turns out rinky-tinky, turn-of-the-century tunes, and elsewhere silent movies flicker on a screen behind the bar.

There is considerable gunplay at another saloon, the Hotsy Totsy Club, where a villain, name of Big Al, shoots up the joint every half hour or so, just like in the days of Al Capone. In fact, a picture of Al hangs framed on a wall.

It's a crazy, mixed-up, beautiful town, this San Francisco. As I said earlier, it's my adopted city. And once you've seen it I'm willing to bet that you, too, will leave your heart there. ● ●



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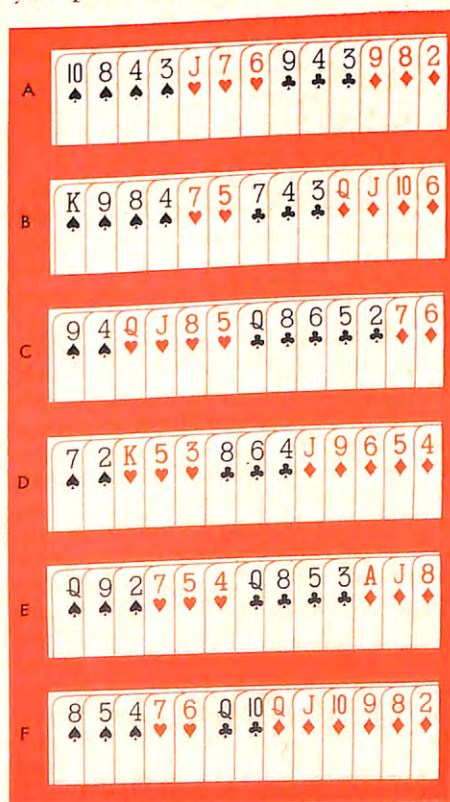
Redoubling to Your Partner's Double



MY TWO MOST RECENT articles discussed in detail the many advantages of the take-out double. The successful handling of these hands, however, depends largely on correct action being taken by the partner of the doubler when it's his turn to bid.

Remember as partner of the doubler you have a good idea of what your partner holds, but he has no idea of the true value of your hand when you make a simple response. Let's say your left-hand opponent opens the bidding with one diamond, your partner doubles, the next hand passes, and you bid one spade. Now on that sequence of bidding, you know your partner has a good hand and probably support for your spade bid. But what does he know about your hand? Almost nothing. You might have four or five or six spades (or even three, as we will see later). You might have very few points (even no points is a definite possibility) on up to a sound opening bid yourself. Therefore, it is of vital importance not only to show the proper suit, but also that you make a strong-sounding bid if you have a good hand. Remember one important point: When your partner makes a take-out double, he is allowed to pass any response that you make. In point of fact, he very often should pass, if your response isn't encouraging. Let's look first at what suit you should show on the following hands when your partner has asked you to

bid. The bidding, remember, has been: one diamond on your left, double by your partner, and pass on your right.



A. One spade. Don't let the fact that you have only one point deter you. Your partner is forcing you to make a

bid, and, since your only four-card suit is spades, you just go right ahead and show it. Remember your partner knows that he has forced you to bid and that you may have a very poor hand.

B. One spade. Note that you don't bid one no-trump, even though you have the diamonds well stopped. What your partner wants to hear is your best suit. Particularly a major suit.

C. One heart. Generally you show your longest unbid suit (in this case clubs) when your partner doubles, but this is the exception. Bidding one heart instead of two clubs accomplishes two things. First, it shows that you have something in a major suit; that's the news your partner is most interested in hearing. Second, it keeps the bidding at a lower level, making it easier for your partner to bid again if he wishes.

D. One heart. Not pass and not one no-trump. This may seem like a drastic bid, but it's the least dangerous. If you pass one diamond doubled, your opponents will almost surely make it, very possibly with overtricks. You can't bid one no-trump, because that is a *positive* bid and shows a minimum of about eight points. A good partner realizes that in making the cheapest possible bid, one heart over one diamond, you probably have a very poor hand—conceivably only three hearts.

E. One no-trump. This is an ideal hand for such a response. It's an encouraging one, promising a minimum of eight points and showing at least one diamond stopper. A one no-trump response to a take-out double used to be a negative bid and promised nothing. But today all recognized bridge systems play this response as a positive bid.

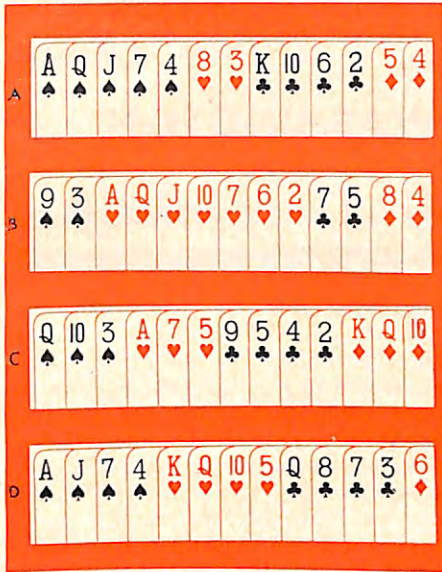
Note: In this case you don't show your four-card club suit. It's more important to show your strength—a hand suitable to play no-trump.

F. Pass. This is the exception rather than the rule. Generally, don't pass your partner's take-out double. With this particular hand, however, the best strategy is simply to pass and play to set one diamond. With your solid diamonds (except for the ace, king) and your partner's high cards, you should be able to stop the declarer from taking seven tricks. A valuable tip here: Against a one contract doubled, the opening lead should nearly always be a trump. It's important to stop the declarer from making his small trumps by ruffing. You do this by leading trumps, forcing out declarer's high ones, and then eventually pulling trumps yourself.

As important as it is to show the proper suit in response to your partner's take-out double, it's even more important to show the strength of your hand. Keep in mind that unless your partner has a very strong hand, he'll often pass your response.

Here are some examples on the same

sequence of bidding as before: one diamond on your left, double by your partner, pass by the next hand.



A. Two spades. Only 10 points in high cards, but a good five-card major suit and good distribution. This hand is worth a jump bid. It will almost surely make a game, providing your partner has any sort of reasonable double. Here's a good general rule: Any hand containing 10 points and a five-card suit is strong enough to warrant making a jump response to your partner's take-out double. You even jump in a four card suit if you have eleven or more points.

B. Four hearts. True, not much in high cards, but tremendous playing strength. With the high cards your partner needs for his double and your semi-solid seven-card suit, you must be laydown for game. You should jump right to game to show that you have an independent suit and tell your partner not to worry if his heart support isn't very good.

C. Two no-trump. A very sound 11-point hand with a double stopper in diamonds. Jumping at once says: "Partner, I think we have a game. I have a good all-round hand with diamonds stopped and no-trump distribution." Incidentally, if your partner next bids three hearts or three spades, you should bid four. However, if your partner bids three clubs, then it's wise for you to go back to three no-trump.

D. Two diamonds! This may not seem very expert, but it's the perfect bid to describe your hand. This cue-bid of your opponents' suit says: "Partner, I want to play at a game contract, but I'm not sure in which suit." Holding this wonderful 12-point hand with perfect distribution opposite a partner who has doubled, you know you have a game, or possibly even a slam. You cue-bid for two reasons. First, to insure that you get to game (a cue-bid is forcing to game); secondly, to let your part-

ner show his suit, even if it's only a four-card suit, so that you can go right to game in that suit.

Jumping the bidding to show a good hand appears even at the higher levels. Here is an example. The bidding goes: Three diamonds on your left, double by your partner, and pass by the next hand. You hold:



Your bid should be four hearts. This time you have only eight high-card points, but you have a six-card major suit that your partner can surely support. In addition, since your partner has doubled at the three level, his hand will be worth at least 16 points in support of your hearts. Suppose you don't jump right to game on this type

of hand, but rather bid only three hearts. How can your partner tell that you have the hand you do? A three-heart bid might lead him to believe you have a hand such as this, on which you would also have to bid three hearts:



Discussion of the hand below has recently appeared in several publications devoted to bridge. It was widely publicized as a result of being the last hand of a crucial match in the recent National Championships held in St. Louis.

Unfortunately, it involved my team.

We were playing against a team captained by Clifford Russell; my team was well ahead when he picked up this final hand of the match.

NORTH

WEST

EAST

SOUTH

South dealt; both sides were vulnerable. The bidding:

SOUTH	WEST	NORTH	EAST
1 Heart	Pass	4 No-trump	Pass
5 Hearts	Pass	5 No-trump	Pass
6 Clubs	Pass	7 No-trump (!)	Pass
Pass	Pass		

The play speaks for itself. At some time during the play North must take the diamond finesse, which loses. Thus, we went down one.

The bidding needs a little explanation, to say the least. I was South and bid one heart. My partner's four no-trump bid was Blackwood, asking for the number of aces I held. My five-heart response showed two aces. Then my partner bid five no-trump, still Blackwood. My bid of six clubs showed

him I didn't have any king's. He then bid seven no-trump. Why? He thought I had responded six diamonds, showing one king!

If only that had been the case, of course, we would have been laydown for 13 tricks. If we had just played this hand in six and made it, we would have qualified to represent America for the play-offs next year in Europe.

Who said experts don't goof? • •

Tom



Wrigley

WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

MORE NEW GOVERNMENT buildings are on the way. A \$47.6 million Labor Department building will provide a central home for the department's 4,600 employees now scattered over 22 locations. The site being considered is at Pennsylvania Avenue at 7th Street, N.W. A \$48.2 million Patent Office Building is also planned.

THERE ARE A RECORD 1½ million women now going to college. Furthermore, lady scholars comprise 38 per cent of the American college population, according to Assistant Secretary of Labor Esther Peterson. The clamor for higher education has prompted many women's colleges to undertake big expansion programs.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTES of Health plan to set up several regional offices in cities around the country to administer grants for research, thereby speeding up the process. The first office will be opened in Boston this summer. Others are slated for San Francisco, Los Angeles, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Chicago, and New York.

THE FEDERAL HOUSING Authority is rigidly inspecting new housing going up in such cities as Washington, Hartford, Atlanta, Minneapolis, Birmingham, Memphis, and Richmond. Inspectors drop in unannounced. The



FHA is also arranging private financing for the sale of foreclosed homes in Indianapolis, Philadelphia, Boston, Dallas, and other cities. The authority now has a 41,000-home backlog.

NEW FAA CONTROL CENTER—a \$6.5 million affair in nearby Loudoun County, Va.—has increased the safety margin for all air flights over 100,000 square miles of the eastern states, ranging from Delaware to the Carolinas. Employing four huge radar installa-

tions, the center tracks every plane in the area to prevent collisions. The center is out of the prime nuclear target area of the capital. The agency plans to provide 20 other centers throughout the country, which also will not be in prime target areas.

NEW DIRECT MAIL trick lost some revenue for the Post Office Department. An American company, located in Illinois, recently posted a huge mailing of postcards from Ensenada, Mexico, for 20 centavos (1.6 cents) per card. The U.S. bulk mailing rate is 2.6 cents and 4 for first class cards.

COUNTERFEIT \$50 and \$100 American bills, emanating from Cuba, have turned up in Miami. It's believed that they were brought into the country by Cuban refugees, who had to leave behind all they owned. The bogus bills are so crude they're easily detected.

THERE'S A STEW here over cherry pie. Michigan Senator Phil Hart has criticized a frozen product for its package, which shows a luscious piece of pie containing 34 cherries; there were, he said, only 40 in the entire eight-inch pie. The Senator opined that the Senate cafeteria would get 108 cherries into an eight-inch pie, for their 10-inch ones have about 150. He is sponsoring a "truth in packaging" bill. Also, his state produces 60 per cent of the nation's cherry crop. Every year around this time, Michigan's "Cherry Queen" personally presents the First Lady with a Michigan cherry pie. No skimping on the cherries in that one.

LOW D.C. AUTO TAGS intrigue visitors and residents alike. In case you visit Washington this summer, here are some you might be on the lookout for. Numbers 1, 2, and 3 are those of the three District commissioners. Tag 10 is that of Supreme Court Chief Justice Warren. Senator Anderson (N. Mex.) has 24, Supreme Court Justice Douglas 31, and Vice-President Johnson 111.

THE GOVERNMENT PRINTING Office annually welcomes thousands of browsers and purchasers to its "book store." It also does a lively mail-order

business. There are over 25,000 government publications available, covering everything from raising babies to growing string beans. Plenty of technical publications, too. For instance, for \$1.50 you can get a profusely illustrated sterotaxic atlas of the squirrel monkey's brain.

THE FAMOUS ARMY JEEP, always noted for its simplicity and ability to go almost anywhere, has become complex. Army Secretary Cyrus Vance says



so many gadgets have been added to it that to drive one soon may require an engineering degree. One new costly addition gives the jeep a "deep-fording capability."

SUMMER SHORTS . . . The Joint Chiefs of Staff recently conducted a study of comic strips to see if any of the funnies were making fun of the Armed Services. . . . The Senate restaurant has stopped calling its crabcakes "Maryland Crabcakes," since Maryland Senator Beall complained that they were long on bread crumbs and short on seafood. . . . Representative Schwengel of Iowa has introduced a bill that would require all new District employees to reside in Washington. . . . Some of the photographs in Mrs. Kennedy's new White House guidebook were taken from atop a 90-foot fire department ladder by George Mobley of *National Geographic*. . . . Congressmen who object to the cost of Washington's proposed subway transit system have been reminded that their own new subway, running just a little over a block and connecting the Senate office buildings with the Capitol, cost more per foot than any other in the country. . . . Engaged girls were recently puzzled by a local newspaper ad that read: "For You Alone! This Bridal Bedset."

Volatile Latin America

(Continued from page 35)

of a riding horse, but only two *suces* a day for a farmhand and his family.

Economic reform, then, is urgent. But it is no secret in Washington that the planners, strategists, and experts, both in the executive branch and in Congress, who approved the blueprints of the *Alianza* after it was drafted at the Punta del Este conference in Uruguay in August, 1961, are most urgently concerned with the unprecedented menace to U.S. national security rising from the south.

This time around, our defenses are not merely threatened as happened in Europe at the inauguration of the Marshall Plan; they have, in a sense, been bashed in, for the first time in our history by the rise of what is in fact a Soviet satellite off the coast of the United States in Cuba.

In the everyday lingo of strategic intelligence, the key term denoting loss of control over an area to an unfriendly competitor is "denial." And not since the days of Spanish influence, has a foreign power been able to inflict its "denial policy" upon our hemisphere. Not until now.

Now the picture is radically different. For everyday intelligence gathering, for the purposes of tactical operations and strategic planning, for political, economic, and even psychological purposes, our very Southern gateway has been denied us by a powerful coalition of our opponents.

Moreover, our opponents are in an aggressive and expansive mood. Cuba, the Soviet Union, and Red China have launched an unprecedented wave of political and psychological warfare against the U.S. position in Latin America. U.S. experts estimate that hundreds of millions of dollars are being expended by the Havana-Moscow-Peking axis on fostering propaganda, subversion, and armed rebellion against pro-U.S. governments.

Just how effective this communist campaign has been can be observed in the daily press. It marches doggedly on, surmounting all setbacks. One such rebuff that seemingly should have been fatal occurred last fall when Khrushchev, seeing that the U.S., contrary to his expectations, was ready to fight over his missiles, pulled the weapons out of Cuba without even a face-saving word of consultation with Castro. Despite this body blow to their collaboration, Castro and Khrushchev were back to embracing publicly again within months, and the anti-U.S. drive was as vigorous as ever.

To meet the threat of a Cuba suddenly become the second most powerful militarily of all American republics,

the U.S. has been forced into a complete and continuing revamping of defense strategy. Intelligence and counterintelligence programs are being re-drafted. For despite Cuba's relatively small area and population, what has happened on the island nation has, as one Washington observer put it to this reporter, "shoved us smack against the wall."

"That's because if a sole additional Latin country, say Chile or Venezuela, goes Cuba's way and joins the Soviet bloc," a strategist high in U.S. councils explains, "our supremacy in world affairs will go under." An exaggeration, we might hope, but we can't count on it.

In Venezuela, *Fidelista* (i.e. Castroite) guerrilla activity once reached alarming levels, with frequent clashes between rebel patrols and government troops. Now guerrilla strategy has switched, at least temporarily, to terrorism. There has been a number of bombings of *Yanqui* petroleum installations, oil pipelines, even an American-owned department store warehouse.

There have been somber reports of growing *Fidelista* guerrilla strength in another nation, Colombia. There rebels once were strong enough to set up a mountain broadcasting station called "Colombia Libre."

While most of these guerrilla bands are small and in an early formative stage, their strategic importance is great. Red Chinese and now Cuban doctrine holds that guerrillas, no matter how small, can create "revolutionary conditions," i.e. set off a general conflagration, even in countries that are by and large not in a revolutionary mood. And U.S. military experts agree. Defense Secretary McNamara has remarked that, "It is quite possible that in the decade of the '60s, the decisive struggle will take place in the arena of sublimated guerrilla wars."

To get in our licks in this new contest, the U.S. has transferred part of its elite counter guerrilla striking force, the Eighth Special Forces Group, to Latin America. This 1,262-man combat group of irregular warfare specialists set up camp in the Panama Canal Zone at the first of the year. From there it will be ready to fan out in new-style paramilitary support force teams to demonstrate, to Latin governments that ask such help, how to quell guerrilla brushfires.

Also noteworthy is the U.S. Army's Jungle Warfare Training Center in the Canal Zone, where GI's learn the latest wrinkles in this type of combat. The U.S. Army runs yet another installation in the Zone designed to aid with these

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problems. That is the Caribbean School, whose students are servicemen from Latin allies.

Yet the greatest threat to free Hemispheric governments may not lie in armed revolt at all. In Chile national elections are scheduled next year. The aggressive Communist-Left Radical coalition headed by *Fidelista* Senator Salvador Allende is given fair odds of ending up in power the constitutional way.

Huge Brazil has long been twisting and turning through political crises. The specter of violence hangs over the nation, South America's largest and the world's fourth biggest. "The one thing we know is that anything can happen," a Rio editor told me sadly. Little has happened since that is likely to change this estimate.

The Alliance for Progress was designed and organized specifically to combat these continuing crises. Ironically, Argentina, the progressive, prosperous, literate nation intended to be the very cornerstone of the Alliance, was responsible for one of the organization's earliest setbacks.

To understand what has happened in Argentina, we must sit back a bit and take a sweeping look at the length and breadth of the view now confronting us from South America.

The core of the matter is that Latin nations are ailing from a basic economic deficiency. To achieve progress, they need more industry and better distribution, which require capital goods. To acquire capital goods, they need investment. To make investments, they need savings. And savings are small, partly because the impoverished masses have no reserves and their

populations are now growing too fast to permit the accumulation of such surplus, and partly because the rich, fearful of political turmoil, tend to send their cash abroad instead of sinking it into long-term investments at home. Or because these same rich, the relatively large proportion of them who do not send their money abroad, are inclined to invest in such hedges against inflation as land rather than putting their capital into venturesome investments.

By and large, Latin nations have evolved three ways to cope with this dilemma, however unsuccessfully: The first is by a combination of standpat authoritarian rule and genial politicking as, say, in the Paraguay of President Alfredo Stroessner, who may be an iron-fisted dictator but who campaigns for elective office just as though he permitted a real opposition.

The second is by inflationary economic expansion. This is the road followed by giant Brazil, where the national product is growing at a rapid annual rate of 7.4 per cent. But living costs are growing even faster, at an ever-increasing rate—49 per cent in 1961, over 50 per cent in 1962, and a nearly incredible 60-plus per cent this year, according to official statistics. Housewives say living costs are rising even faster than this. This, of course, adds up to staggering inflation. The Brazilian government has stopped issuing 1 and 2 *cruzeiro* bills. It turned out the paper was worth more than the finished banknotes.

And, perhaps most ominously, uncontrolled inflation tends to leave wretched pits of poverty side by side with patches of prosperity. In Brazil,

southern Sao Paulo is booming, but in the blighted Northeast, 20 odd million impoverished peasants are deep in want and misery. This huge area, where only a beginning has been made to cope with periodic famines and endemic poverty, is now known to be the Chinese communists' choice for starting a Mao Tse-tung-style revolution in the Western Hemisphere.

"Remember, our own communist revolution started in Yen-an, in the Northeast of China," a bespectacled Sin-Jua newsman once told this reporter in Havana. "And the Brazilian Northeast is very like Yen-an. It is very large. It is very hungry. It has no hope. All it needs is a leader."

And now the Brazilian Northeast has a pro-Castro peasant leader who talks very much like Mao Tse-tung: Francisco Juliao. Currently a deputy in parliament, Juliao is armed with immunity from arrest and is free to travel widely to participate in *Fidelista* "hate Yanqui" meetings. Among his Peasant League followers have been reported young organizers who have visited China under undisclosed circumstances. But about the time they showed up, thousands of copies of Mao Tse-tung's famous, hard-boiled little manual on guerrilla warfare ("... political power stems from the rifle muzzle") were circulating among the peasants. The booklet's effects may prove more intoxicating than *cachasa*, the countrymen's cane gin.

The third alternative is orthodox financing and national austerity. This is the prudent approach, the road recommended by U.S. experts and the International Monetary Fund. It involves cooperation with foreign capital, sound

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Supt. Thomas F. Brady stands at center background with officials of the Elks National Home Lodge who welcomed visiting Grand Trustees. Left to right, foreground, are Grand Trustees Nelson E. W. Stuart and Joseph F. Bader, Grand Est. Lead. Knight Edward A. Spry, Grand Trustees Jacob L. Sherman (Chairman), R. Leonard Bush, Edward W. McCabe (Home Member), George T. Hickey, Edwin J. Alexander and Arthur J. Roy. In the second row are Home Lodge Esq. G. G. Besore, Secy. Al J. Haymon, Chaplain H. F. Hazard, E.R. Wm. C. Chapman, Treas. A. Pearson, Wm. A. Heim and T. J. Kelly; third row: R. D. Ward, G. J. Klein, W. C. Kautz and R. B. Shipman.

currency and fiscal policies, the elimination of artificial price and exchange restrictions, and holding wages steady.

In the days of President Arturo Frondizi, Argentina tried this road and had some success in cleaning out the Augean stables of its economy and finances. The austere Argentine rehabilitation program seemed so promising that the brilliant Argentinian economist who was responsible for it, Raul Prebisch, 61, executive secretary of the U.N. Economic Commission for Latin America, was named coordinator for the nine-member committee set up to counsel policy planning for the entire Alliance for Progress.

This is a crucial task. The study and thinking done by Dr. Prebisch and his fellow theorists are intended to result in policies that will, in time, change the face of Latin America. As one of the most influential political economists in Latin America, Prebisch believes and brought President Frondizi to believe: "Once the people of Latin America realize that social and economic problems are yielding to a vigorous attack . . . the economics of private enterprise can succeed."

Yet this credo, symbolic of the entire Alliance, has been spurned by Argentine voters when it appeared, in effect, on the ballot. Instead, Argentinians voted in favor of demagogic, dictatorial, anti-U.S. *Peronismo*.

Peronismo is the reckless, rowdy doctrinal heritage of former Argentine dictator Juan Domingo Peron, a sort of Jimmy Hoffa in jackboots who now lives in exile. *Peronismo* has been a banner of many colors to many bitter, rebellious men—social revolutionaries, fascists, World War II Nazis, and communists.

But lately, the doctrine has evolved into a left-radical movement, heavily infiltrated by communists and radical socialists and aggressively supported by the Castro regime. Havana is the principal base for clandestine *Peronista* activities in the Hemisphere; in the same way, the Cuban capital is headquarters for many other subversive movements in other Latin countries. The extent to which Cuba has become the bankroller and training and staging grounds for subversives was spelled out recently in a Senate subcommittee report.

In Argentina, it was the military's fear that such elements would take over the government through the ballot box that led to President Frondizi's downfall. He was deposed and put on a prison island after *Peronista* candidates won landslide victories. Unrest and turmoil have characterized Argentina's politics ever since. And Latin experts throughout Washington, from Foggy Bottom desk officers to White House advisors, were caught up in an agonizing reappraisal of our approach.

What had gone wrong?

Although, as we noted earlier, Latin ills are rooted deep in economic realities, the current crisis stage, the fever, and the convulsions were set off by the outbreak of Castro-communism in Cuba. We, in turn, in attempting to immunize the rest of the Hemisphere against this plague, began with the assumption that the Cuban revolution was caused by widespread poverty, backwardness, and economic stagnation, due in part to U.S. neglect.

Apparently it was the wrong assumption. Poverty and want are strong social explosives lurking near the surface all through the underdeveloped Southern Hemisphere. Cuba had its pockets of poverty, its share of backland poor. But as a nation, it was a lot less impoverished than the rest of her Latin sisters. In fact, by Latin American standards, Cuba was well off and making real advances toward full development. The key term in considering the bustling little island nation should not have been "poverty" but "progress."

A thorough re-examination of Cuban affairs reveals the curious fact that, particularly in the years before the Castro revolution, Cuba had made amazing economic strides.

Per capita annual income was nearing \$400, the second highest in Latin America. (Venezuela, with its oil wealth, is first with \$900. It is interesting to note that Cuba's per capita income was just about equal to that of Spain—the nation of which it was a colony only two generations ago.) The economy was booming, employment was rising, and social legislation protecting workers was strong.

Moreover, industrialization and urbanization were making such unprecedented strides that by 1958 less than half of all Cuban workers were living on the land; the country was on its way toward a higher stage of development.

The daily industrial average wage stood at 6 dollars, second highest in Latin America, and there was a TV set for every 18 *Cubanos*, a radio for every five. Latin America's first color TV station was in operation in Havana. A car was rolling for every seven families. Infant mortality, at a low 37.6 per thousand, was the most favorable rate for all Latin America. And, this being Cuba, a statistical 50% *puros*, or fine Havana cigars, were consumed per capita, i.e. by every man, woman, and child, during 1958.

The crucial, yet slowly recognized fact is that the revolution in Cuba was not the product of stagnation. It was the product of progress, or perhaps of that mixture of poverty and progress typical of the most advanced Latin nations.

A bizarre claim? Not really. Let us explore another little-known detail: the



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The Latin American paradox: Well-dressed residents of Montevideo, Uruguay, backed by a bus and buildings that bespeak comfortable living, are interested in leftist literature that advocates a change in their system. The newspaper headline reads: "Yankee Assassins"; the youth's magazine is Bohemia, a Cuban publication with a militawoman on the cover.

real circumstances of Castro's triumph in January, 1959.

Who, other than the small *Fidelista* guerrilla units, which began to advance in earnest toward Havana only when the government's will to resist collapsed, were the key men instrumental in the victory of the revolutionary forces? It may sound incredible today, but they were Cuba's most knowledgeable professionals and businessmen: the chairman of the board of Cuba's biggest industrial corporation, the leading private banker in the construction (F.H.A.-style) field, the top magazine publisher, the owner of Havana's biggest concrete construction firm, a U.S. educated engineer in charge of structural steel work at the newly built Havana Hilton hotel, Havana's leading coronary specialist and physician of the U.S. Ambassador's wife, salesmen, engineers, physicians, industrial executives, and businessmen. These were the people who did the actual underground work for Castro, broke the Batista government's will to resist, promoted the U.S. embargo on arms shipments to the government forces, and thus laid the ground for the arrival of Castro's gun-toting *barbudos*. Without them, Castro would still be lurking in the bush, feeding his forces on twenty bananas a day.

Of course, Castro betrayed these well-intentioned men. Today most of them are in exile, some in prison. But that is not the most urgent lesson of their tragedy. The lesson is that industrial progress, mechanization, urbanization, and mobility can be as difficult and traumatic as stagnation. It may lead precisely those who benefit from it, the new middle classes, into reckless revolt.

The ramifications of this crucial fact are now being explored in Washington.

"The middle groups make up the most volatile element in Latin America today," Walter Guzzardi Jr. has written in a significant article in *Fortune*. "Even where their numbers are preponderant, Central America, Peru, Paraguay, the peons remain largely inert. The man pressing for change, generating the friction, throwing off the sparks, is the middle-class man. . . . The stage is set for the necktie revolution. The explosive material comes not from the *sansculottes* (the trouserless poor) but from the *avec cravates* (the tie wearers)."

Toward the end of his remarkable analysis, Guzzardi depicts a typical Argentine man-in-the-middle: a manager of the local Pepsi-Cola bottling plant. He makes good money, owns a car, a washing machine, TV set, record

player, lives in a modern city apartment, and remarks: "Personally, I am Peronista."

"Stagnation is harder on the larder," Curt Owen, a Michigan State University sociologist who is familiar with the problems of Northeast Brazil, told this reporter, "but progress is sometimes harder on the nerves. There is not a bit of doubt that here in Brazil and all through Latin America, reforms are urgently needed. Change is needed, and change of one kind or another is coming. We have come to recognize this in the U.S. What we plainly fail to see is that rapid change, industrial upheaval, the displacing of groups, the demolishing of tradition, the quick whetting of appetites for goods that can be only supplied slowly, such social alterations are also very upsetting. Perhaps the most upsetting of all. And unless we push on prudently, we may be bringing about the very revolutions our aid programs are intended to forestall."

There is growing agreement among observers familiar with the Latin scene that before we can expect progress to do a predictable political job for us, we must make sure people, the man-in-the-street and the privileged alike, understand the nature and meaning of progress. The patience and self-discipline it entails, the sacrifices it exacts, the long-range meaning of its promise. "When that is accomplished," Roberto Freyrem, a young Argentinian economist has told this reporter, "your Alliance for Progress will have its second chance, and a real one." • •

Business: 1963

(Continued from page 13)

who acquire a car for the first time. With the outlook for business rather favorable, one may expect that consumption expenditures for durable goods, automobiles and others, will continue at a high rate for the remainder of the year.

Capital expenditures for plant and equipment by corporations during the remainder of the year will increase and for the last quarter may be from 8 to 10 per cent higher than during the same period a year ago. Several factors are at work here:

(1) A more favorable outlook for business now than was the case at the beginning of the year; (2) A moderate increase in profit margin; (3) The liberalized depreciation provisions of the Internal Revenue code have increased materially the cash flow of corporations; and (4) the tax credit on new investments and plants passed last year by Congress. These factors combined will lead to an increase in capital expenditures in the months ahead.

Inventories are not likely to play a very important role in the trend of

business activity during the remainder of the year. Business in general has adopted a policy of hand-to-mouth buying, and inventories are relatively low compared to sales. It is possible that in the second half of the year a moderate increase in inventories may take place. If this happens, it will further contribute to the uptrend of business activity.

Total construction will be at a high level and should exceed that of a year ago. However, the trend will not be uniform. Home starts, in all likelihood,

will be greater than a year ago. On the one hand, there is a possibility that the construction of luxury apartments, hotels, and supermarkets will tend to decline; on the other hand, public construction for highways and other public works should remain at a high level.

Other factors, too, will contribute to the moderate improvement in business activity. There is ample bank credit available to meet all the legitimate requirements of industry, trade, and agriculture. While it is quite possible that later on in the year a moderate increase in short-term rates of interest may take place, this will not be pronounced and should have no adverse effect on business conditions. The supply of long-term capital is large, and long-term interest rates, particularly on home mortgages, have tended to decline. The liquid savings in the hands of the people are very large, and individuals at present are saving less than was the case a year ago when the outlook for business was less favorable. Basically, the economy of the country is sound and no major maladjustments exist, with the possible exception of the balance of payments.

The pattern of business. While business conditions will continue to improve, industry will continue to operate below capacity, competition will remain keen, and the squeeze on the margin of profits will continue. Unemployment will continue to be a problem, and it will be rather difficult to find job opportunities for the unskilled, notably among the young and untrained. In spite of the large deficit of the federal Government, the forces of inflation are likely to remain dormant. Domestic as well as international competition will prevent any substantial increase in prices of commodities. No important changes in the index of wholesales prices is to be expected during the remainder of the year. On the other hand, the consumer index will continue to rise, reflecting primarily the constant increase in the cost of services. On the whole, one may expect a fair degree of labor tranquility. This will apply primarily to manufacturing industries which are subjected to the discipline of domestic as well as international competition. On the other hand, no such discipline exists in the service and construction industries, and labor unrest may be expected. The volume of retail trade will be higher than a year ago, but competition in the retail field will continue to be keen and may become keener in the not distant future.

Problems. Although the general level of business activity will continue to improve, the country is confronted with a number of serious problems which await solution. The balance of payments deficit is still too large, and,

while measures have been taken to prevent a dollar crisis, the basic causes for the balance of payments deficit are still present. One of the principal reasons for this deficit is the fact that the federal Government is spending more than the nation can afford to transfer abroad on defense expenditures and on foreign aid. Great efforts will be made by the Government to induce foreign nations to assume a greater portion of these burdens. As stated, no nation, no matter how powerful, can continue to operate with a large balance of payments deficit indefinitely.

Unemployment, particularly among the unskilled, is another serious problem. Research not only hastens obsolescence of machinery and equipment but also makes many jobs obsolete. Many tasks previously performed by human beings are now being performed by complicated and automated machinery. The solution of the unemployment problem is not easy. An improvement of business will create new jobs. However, to solve the unemployment problem, particularly of the unskilled, retraining of older workers and training of the young for jobs where employment opportunities are good will be imperative. The international political situation has been an element of uncertainty for many years and has exercised a considerable influence on business sentiment and business activity. The Cuba problem remains unsolved and serious. Economic and political conditions in some Latin American countries are fraught with great danger. Similarly, the situation in Southeast Asia is cause for great concern. There can be no prediction as to what impact the international political situation may have on business activity in the U. S.

Yet it is gratifying to note that the postwar period did not witness a major depression as occurred after every major war. The cyclical swings during the postwar period were of relatively short duration and were not pronounced. There is every reason to look to the future with confidence.

In conclusion: The economy of the country is sound; no serious maladjustments in any sector of the economy exist. Yet the country is confronted with some serious problems which will have to be solved. The balance of payments deficit remains a serious problem, and so far the causes of this large deficit have not been removed. In spite of this, however, a dollar crisis is not to be expected and there certainly will be no general increase in the price of gold. The unemployment problem remains serious. However, an acceleration of the rate of economic growth will contribute materially to the solution of this problem. A reduction in individual and corporate taxes would speedup the economic growth rate. ● ●



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The Charleston Story: A Hard-hitting Membership Push



At Charleston, S. C., Lodge recently, P.G.E.R. and Elks National Foundation Trustee John L. Walker of Roanoke, Va., second from left, signed up then Charleston E.R. Lawrence M. Ridgeway as a Foundation participating member, at the kickoff of the Lodge's Foundation membership drive run by its "Committee of Fifty." Looking on are Committee Co-Chairmen D.D. Henry F. Garvin Jr., left, and P.E.R. David S. Goldberg.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Elks National Foundation Trustee John L. Walker of Roanoke, Va., was guest of honor at Charleston, S. C., Lodge early in March when the lodge officially initiated its Elks National Foundation membership drive, spearheaded by a "Committee of Fifty," with a dinner at which Mr. Walker was principal speaker. He took the occasion to outline the importance and scope of the Foundation's activities. In addition to signing up the then Exalted Ruler of Charleston Lodge, Lawrence M. Ridgeway, as a Participating Member of the Foundation, Mr. Walker presented Charleston Past Exalted Ruler Robert M. "Buster" Wood with a Golden Antler Award Certificate for being the first

member of the Lodge to purchase a second \$100 Foundation subscription. Sometime after his visit, Mr. Walker received a communiqué from District Deputy Henry F. Garvin Jr., Co-Chairman of the "Committee of Fifty." In it, Brother Garvin said that the number of new Foundation members who had signed up subsequent to Mr. Walker's visit indicated that Charleston Lodge was well on its way to realizing its most successful Foundation membership drive to date. To underscore to its Brothers the significance of the drive and its underlying purpose, Charleston Lodge featured a story on the Elks National Foundation in an issue of its bulletin, published concurrently with the drive.

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State Association News

(Continued from page 25)

during this meeting, and a District Deputies' Clinic was conducted jointly by Deputies Al B. Culliton and Nolan J. Cunningham. A Secretaries' Clinic had Grand Secretary Fitzpatrick in charge. Baton Rouge Lodge was the recipient of the Ritualistic Trophy and the following are the 1963-64 officers of the Association: President Charles B. Emery, Shreveport; Vice-President B. L. Champagne, Baton Rouge, and Charles R. Champagne, Plaquemine. Veteran Secretary E. F. Heller, Sr., was re-elected and Ross Brunson, Sr., is Treasurer—both are from Alexandria. Retiring President George Lupo of New Orleans is a five-year Trustee; Theo J. Duhon, Jr., of Baton Rouge is Chaplain and Alexandria Elks Frank Hromadka and Emanuel F. Rodriguez, Sr., are Sergeant-at-Arms and Tiler, respectively.

PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER George I. Hall opened the 51st Annual Convention of the New York State Elks Association in New York City May 16th, and Grand Secretary Franklin J. Fitzpatrick delivered the general eulogy at the Memorial Services which immediately followed. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan presented scholarship and Youth Leadership awards totaling \$16,000 to 44 young people who, together with their parents, had been luncheon guests.

A clinic for Exalted Rulers and Secretaries in which the Grand Secretary and Ronald J. Dunn, a member of the Grand Forum, actively participated, was presided over by Grand Lodge Committeeman James A. Gunn, and State Youth Chairman John F. Schoonmaker conducted a popular Youth Activities Seminar for Exalted Rulers and lodge Chairmen during which it was announced that 260,000 junior citizens had participated in 51 programs sponsored by the State organization during the year.

Elks National Foundation Chairman Frank R. Blauvelt for New York reported record-breaking contributions of \$10,734 from the lodges, and \$21,107 from individuals. Watkins Glen Lodge again won the Ritualistic title, and Syracuse got the nod for the 1964 Meeting May 21st, 22nd and 23rd.

In addition to those already mentioned, distinguished Elks in attendance included John F. Scileppi of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Grand Lodge Americanism Committeeman Martin J. Traugott and former Postmaster General James A. Farley, a Past State President.

Officers for 1963-64 are President John J. O'Brien, Whitehall; Vice-Presi-

dents C. P. Rivenburg, Herkimer, H. J. Moltzen, Levittown-Hicksville, Wm. H. Stevens, Beacon, F. M. Stiles, Whitehall, F. D. Giuliani, Potsdam, G. L. Bricker, Colonie, J. J. Gardner, New Rochelle, Chester Mead, Cortland, Richard E. Miller, Great Neck, D. R. Harvison, Olean, G. J. Francis, Albion, and H. L. Limner, Geneva. Long-time Secretary Wm. R. L. Cook, Queens Borough, was again reelected, and Treasurer Wm. C. Petzke of Elmira also remains in that post. Trustees are H. J. Schaus, Southampton, John McLaughlin, Potsdam, Eugene Warrington, Mamaroneck, G. R. Weigand, Elmira, E. G. Heffernan, New York, and A. G. Kreiss, Newark.

WITH MORE THAN 800 Elks and their ladies in attendance, Phoenix was host to the 48th Annual Meeting of the Arizona State Elks Association May 8th through the 11th.

Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Donaldson was welcomed along with an impressive delegation of Californians including Past Grand Exalted Rulers L. A. Lewis and Horace R. Wisely, Grand Treasurer John B. Morey, Grand Trustee R. Leonard Bush, and Calif. Major Project Trustee Vern R. Huck.

The opening session was highlighted by a stirring address by the Order's leader and the second session featured the election of the following: President Dan F. Thompson, Prescott; Vice-Presidents Wm. D. Bonham, Bisbee, Lowell Marler, Mesa, and Harold Nimitz, Winslow. Arnold Knuth, Prescott, is Secretary and Edward Laulo of Kingman is a five-year Trustee.

The final session, open to the public, saw the presentation of awards and installation ceremonies. State Youth Leaders Marsha Walters and Robert Blanchard, both of Phoenix, were introduced by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Lewis, and it was announced that Bisbee's Ritualistic Team had won top honors. The Convention closed with the Memorial Service with Past President L. Cedric Austin as speaker.

THREE DAYS IN MAY, the 17th, 18th and 19th, found the Elks of Vermont gathered at Windsor for their 36th Annual Convention. Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Edward A. Spry was the guest speaker at the annual banquet which was followed by the Convention Ball.

Brattleboro Lodge won the Ritualistic Championship, Montpelier captured the Membership Award and the Cribbage title, and Hartford's bowlers won their contest.

For the second consecutive year, over \$28,000 was raised for the Association's Major Project, the Silver Towers Camp for Retarded Children where two more cabins will soon be erected. The 1964 session will be held at

Burlington in May. Until then, these officers will handle the Association business: President John A. Audley, Burlington; Vice-Presidents Frederick Goebelle, Hartford, Armand Beltrami, Barre, and Leo F. Keefe, Rutland. Roger J. Sheridan of Montpelier was reelected Secretary, and R. Newton Owens of Rutland will continue as Treasurer. Burlington Elks Howard W. Delorme, Lyle W. Savage and Paul Lauzon are Tiler, Chaplain and Sergeant-at-Arms, respectively, and three-year Trustees are E. A. Cram, Rutland, J. A. Canavan, Burlington, G. E. Aulis, Hartford, J. M. Tolaro, Bellows Falls, and T. H. Buck, Newport; a one-year Trustee is M. J. Fraher, Jr., Bennington. These officials were installed by Grand Lodge Committeeman Raymond J. Quesnel.

JOHN L. WALKER of Virginia, Past Grand Exalted Ruler, was the principal speaker at the banquet held in conjunction with the three-day meeting of the North Carolina Elks Association. A total of nearly 300 persons registered for the session which opened in Raleigh May 23rd.

Reports on various projects, notably the Elks National Foundation, revealed wide-spread interest and cooperation among the State's lodges. Of North Carolina's 41 branches of Elksdom, 39 had contributed a total of \$16,473.11 to the Foundation during the year. Per capita, Rocky Mount's contributions were tops, and the largest donor of lodges of more than 400 members was Kinston, followed by Rocky Mount for lodges of from 200 to 400 members, and North Wilkesboro for those of less than 200.

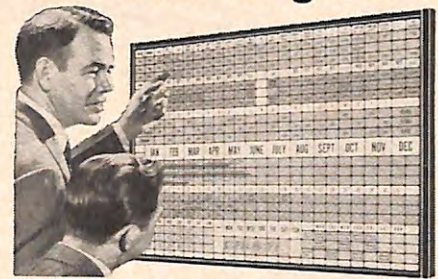
Mr. Walker was an eloquent speaker in presenting a \$1,000 Elks National Foundation Certificate to Norman Y. Chambliss, Sr., Co-Chairman of the Association's Foundation Committee, in appreciation of his untiring efforts in behalf of this great philanthropic Elk program.

Newton Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest and Durham will be host to the 1964 conclave. Officers elected are President Dr. Walter Hill, Raleigh; Vice-President-at-Large H. F. Finck, Brevard; Vice-Presidents Warren Litten, Newton; Kenneth Knight, Winston, and Albert Parrott, Goldsboro. E. H. Phillips of Winston is a three-year Trustee, G. C. Killian of Gastonia continues as Treasurer and A. A. Ruffin of Wilson is Secretary once again.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS

STATE	PLACE	DATE
Montana	Livingston	July 24-25-26-27
Virginia	Onancock	Aug. 10-11-12-13
West Virginia	Morgantown	Aug. 14-15-16-17
Md., Dela., D.C.	East n. Md.	Aug. 22-23-24-25

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LORD RUSSELL'S REDDENING VIEWS

For several years Bertrand Russell, British mathematician, philosopher, and intellectual, has spearheaded a peace-at-any-price propaganda campaign that has hewed more and more closely to the Moscow party line. Despite basic contradictions in his position over the years, which would seem to be inadmissible in such an intellectual giant, his leadership has given great support and impetus to the "better Red than dead" approach to peace and disarmament. Recently, however, Lord Russell delivered himself of statements at once so pro-communist and anti-Western and obviously false as to thoroughly discredit his views in the eyes of intelligent men.

A brief review of some of Lord Russell's major pronouncements will be helpful. When President Truman was trying, without success, to get Russia to agree to international control of the atomic bomb, Lord Russell recommended to the President that he drop a few of them on Russia if the Reds refused to go along with the control plan. Fortunately, the man from Missouri displayed greater intelligence than did the distinguished philosopher.

As late as six years ago, Lord Russell, with more wisdom and understanding than he had displayed earlier, spoke up in defense of NATO, warning his countrymen that NATO was all that prevented Russia from overrunning Europe and Britain as well. This was at a time when Khrushchev was indulging in one of his frequent bomb-rattling episodes.

Then Lord Russell's views began to change. Last year, in his book *Has Man a Future?* the extent of the shift was made abundantly clear when he advocated that Britain withdraw from NATO and

disarm unilaterally, urged the West to accept Khrushchev's disarmament terms, derided the freedom of the Western world in comparing it with communism, and denounced those who disagreed with his stand.

It came as no surprise when, in an article in *The New York Times Sunday Magazine* earlier this year, Lord Russell assured the world that communism was no menace and that the real danger to world peace came from those who opposed communism. By coincidence, the *Times* the next day published a letter from Lord Russell in which he twisted the war in Vietnam into aggression by the United States as a prelude to an invasion of communist North Vietnam.

Labeling the letter a "travesty of justice and a mockery of history," the *Times* in an editorial on the same page had this to say: "Bertrand Russell's letter on this page reflects an unfortunate and—despite his eminence as a philosopher—an unthinking receptivity to the most transparent communist propaganda." Reviewing its own criticisms of our handling of the Vietnam problem, the *Times* added: "But Lord Russell's letter represents something far beyond reasoned criticism. It represents distortions or half-truths from the first to the last sentence."

And that it did. It is to be hoped that Lord Russell's flagrant espousal of the communist propaganda line will serve to open the eyes—and the minds—of those who may have been influenced by his reputation to accept and support his views in the past. Intellectuals have an honored tradition of leadership in the ancient struggle for a world where mankind can live in peace and freedom and dignity. Lord Russell's stand is a disservice to that tradition.

San Francisco

The city of San Francisco has such a strong fascination for so many people that it has taken on the aura of a legend. Unlike the legendary Cities of Cibola, however, San Francisco is very real, carpeting its majestic hills with a radiant splendor and a stimulating beauty that shame the storied prize of Coronado's quest. It is understandable, therefore, that in unusually large numbers Elks and their families, succumbing to the lure of this renowned City, are planning to attend the 99th Grand Lodge Convention there this month.

We waited until 1957 to hold our first Convention in the City of the Golden Gate. But so great was the enthusiasm of all those who attended that back we come only six years later,

looking forward to the return visit with much pleasure. In many areas special tours have been organized for large delegations of Elks and their families, some of whom are anticipating their first visit to San Francisco and many others who welcome this opportunity to return and savor once again the many pleasures afforded by this remarkable city.

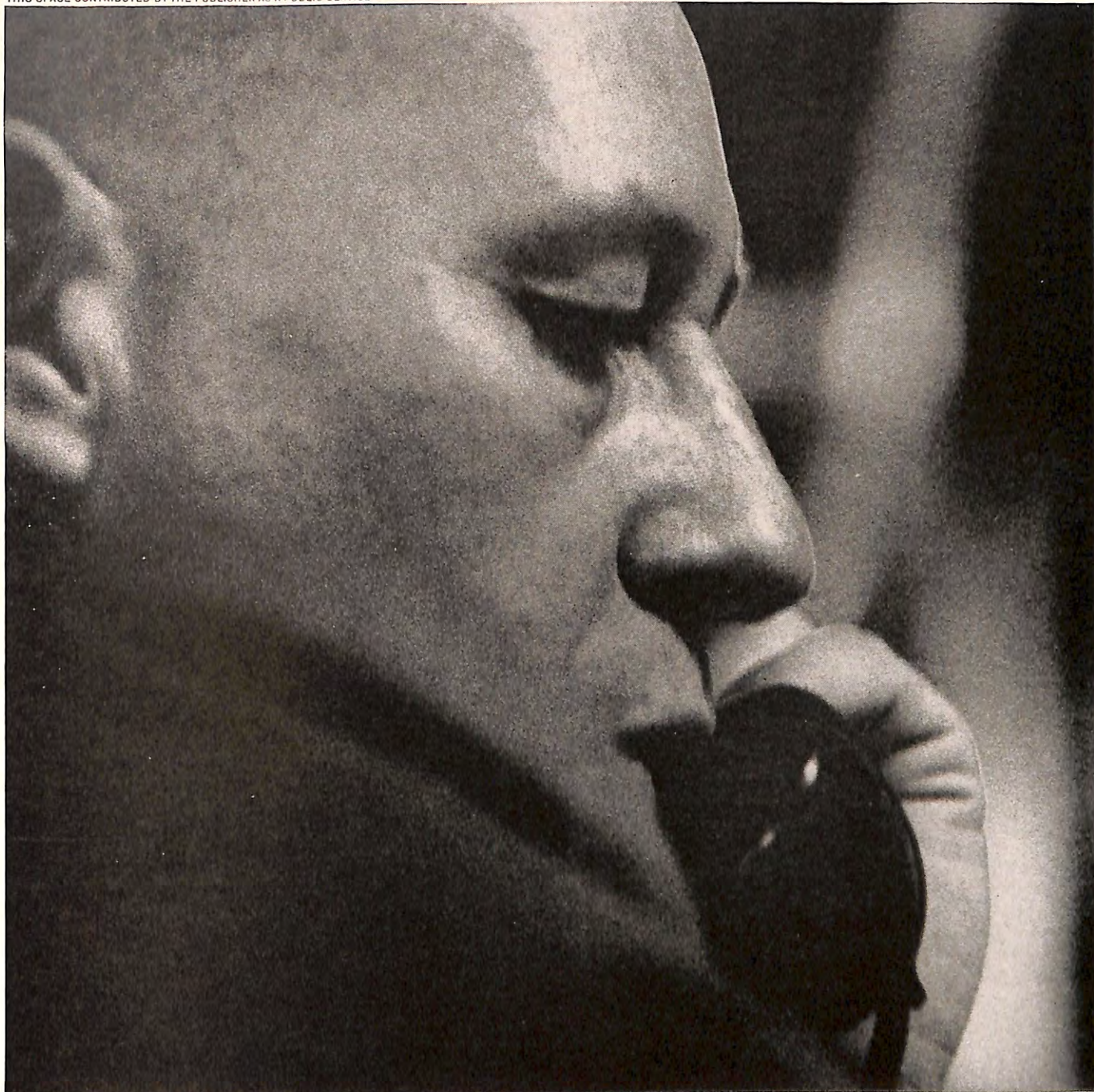
We are pleased that Elksdom long has been a part of the urbane and cosmopolitan life of San Francisco. San Francisco Lodge No. 3 was instituted in 1876, just eight years after the Order was founded and but six years after the Grand Lodge was created with power to charter lodges beyond New York City. From this first lodge, Elksdom in the Golden State has grown to 155 lodges with a membership surpassing

150,000, whose magnificent major project—mobile cerebral palsy units serving more than a thousand afflicted youngsters—makes California a leader not only in lodges and members but also in that benevolence for which this Order is so widely respected.

San Francisco Lodge occupies a handsome and spacious home in the heart of the City. Among its features is a swimming pool with salt water that is piped from the distant Pacific for the enjoyment of the lodge's more than 3,000 members.

Not the least of San Francisco's attractions, especially to a fraternity that assembles always in July, is the magnificent weather that turns the torrid month into a cool delight.

Our only criticism of San Francisco is that it is so far from home.



**This is George McMullen,
a man American Cable and Radio couldn't afford to lose.
And didn't.**

In November, 1950, he had cancer. It started with hoarseness of his throat that persisted. He went to his doctor. The diagnosis was cancer and he was operated on. Soon after, he was back with his family. He was back on the job. He is cured of cancer.

George McMullen is Supervisor in Charge of Maintenance and Traffic at American Cable and Radio Corporation in Washington, D.C., a subsidiary of the International Telephone and Telegraph Corporation. He directs 28 men. He's a man American Cable couldn't afford to lose. And didn't.

Over a million Americans living today are cured of

cancer. More could be saved if they went to their doctors *in time*. In one year, cancer keeps over 300,000 workers off the job. Medical expenses and loss in wages are estimated at more than \$400 million a year.

Promising research projects requiring millions of dollars more could not be undertaken during the past year because necessary funds were not available. Your company has a stake in the success of this Crusade. Give money. It's for you.



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7 Crown & Seven-Up: 1½ ozs. 7 Crown over ice, add Seven-Up to fill.
7 Crown Collins: Juice one lemon, tsp. sugar, stir, add ice and 1½ ozs. 7 Crown, fill with soda.
7 Crown & Cola: 1½ ozs. 7 Crown over ice, cola to fill.