

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

MAGIC CITY

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

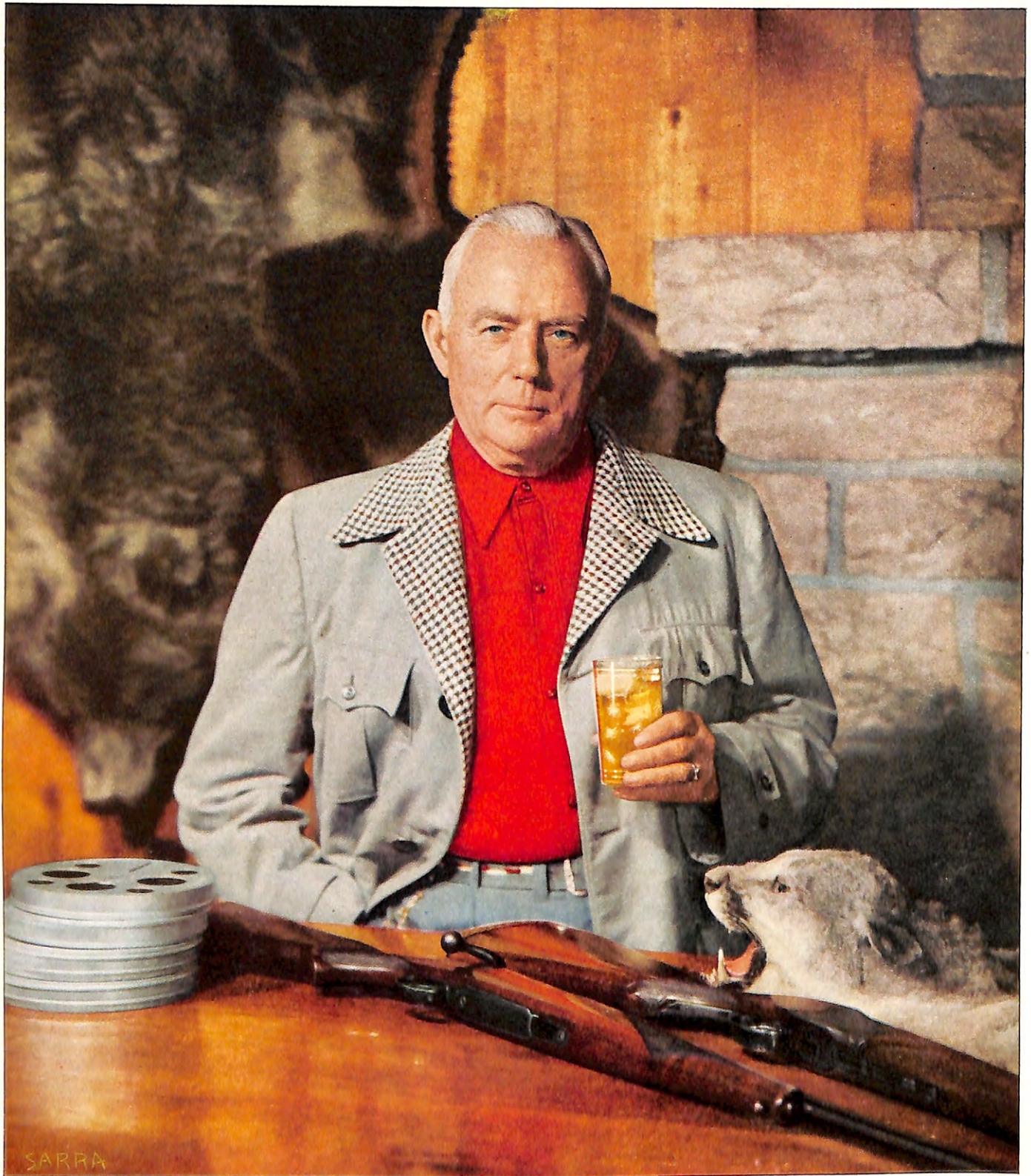
MIAMI INVITES YOU TO FISH

BY PHILIP WYLIE

EASTERN EDITION

JUNE 1950





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OUR GRAND EXALTED RULER

TALKS SHOP

I PLEDGE ALLEGIANCE TO THE FLAG OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

JUNE 14th is Flag Day for every American citizen, and the Order of Elks can and should take leadership in every community where we have a lodge, to give evidence of our faith in America and to prove our devotion to the Flag which is a symbol of all our freedoms.

I sincerely urge appropriate programs that will rekindle the spirit of devotion and patriotism in the heart of every American who prizes his freedom.

★ ★ ★

The United States Treasury Department has asked our full cooperation in the sale of United States Savings Bonds. The more than 1,000,000 Elks can give real service to our Government and demonstrate conclusively our faith in ourselves, our country and our Order by buying a Bond.

Let us all think of our own security and independence and support this Drive with enthusiasm.

★ ★ ★

Nearly a year has passed, and this July we meet in Convention at Miami, Florida, to hear the report of our activities and accomplishment.

Every Committee and Commission will report to you the story of their stewardship.

Every lodge should have its delegate at this conclave to participate in this annual meeting.

Although primarily a business and report session, the Miami Convention Committee has prepared a marvelous program of entertainment for us.

In the natural setting of scenic beauty you will find a cordial welcome; the Elks of Florida will make every hour of the day a most pleasant and memorable one for you.



Every lodge and State Association is invited to complete all plans promptly for participation, and give full cooperation to the enthusiastic and capable Convention Committee.

★ ★ ★

From every section of the United States we have been receiving splendid reports of progress in our fine lodges. Over 1,500 communities are better for having the Elks give leadership to their local activities.

Fine American gentlemen are giving of their time and talent to make our Nation a better one in which to live and work. Our Elks do assume responsibility gladly, and point the way in free America.

Sincerely and fraternally,

Emmett T. Anderson

EMMETT T. ANDERSON
GRAND EXALTED RULER




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THE Elks

VOL. 29

MAGAZINE

No. 1

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

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AND THEY WILL HAPPEN



KNOWING how much Elks like kids and baseball, we thought artist James Lockhart had a splendid idea when he dropped in last January with a sketch for a cover depicting the confusion among the fans when a baseball sails into the stands. Everyone wants the ball, but only Lockhart's 8-year-old sandlotter has the courage to field it. So we asked the artist to go ahead with the idea, allowed three months for the painting and 4-color engravings to be made, and scheduled the cover for June. Through one of those coincidences that are an occupational hazard of magazine publishing, about two weeks before this issue went to press, the *Saturday Evening Post* for April 22 appeared on the stands with a Stevan Dohanos cover showing somewhat the same situation as our cover. As we said, knowing the Elks like kids and baseball, we're running our version, with a nod to the *Post* for beating us to the gun.

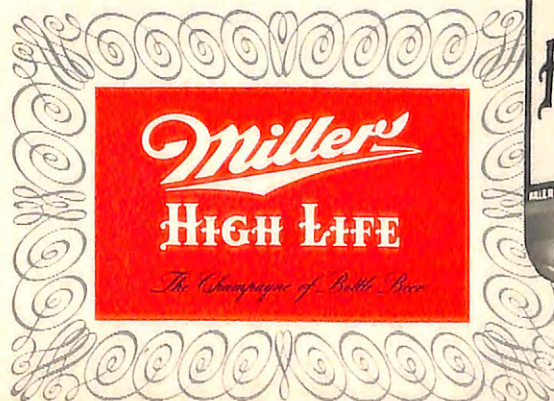
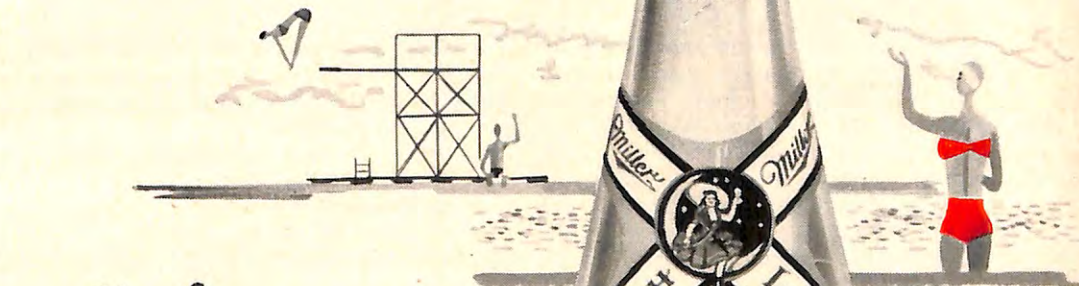
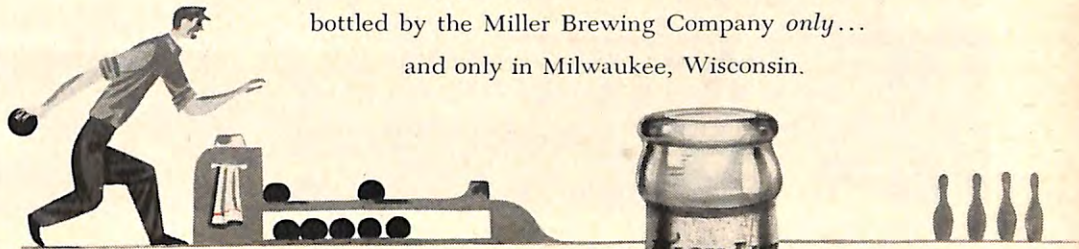


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*There's only
One favorite*

Only *one* stands out! Everyone has his own favorite sport...but when it comes to quality refreshment, the *one* favorite beer is Miller High Life! Selected as *the national champion of quality* by people from all walks of life, Miller High Life is enjoyed by everyone, everywhere! Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company *only*... and only in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.



Miami

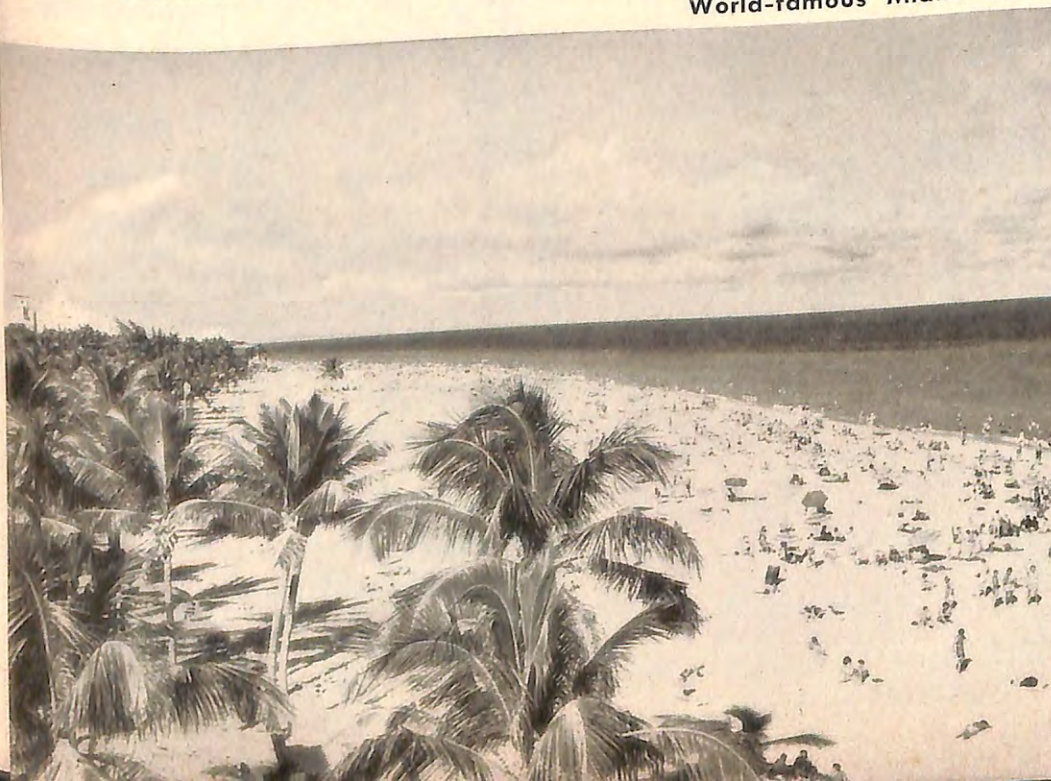


Our 1950 Convention City is a tourist Mecca.

A STORY now going the rounds of prospering Miami is regarded locally as very funny. A doubting businessman from the north was taking his first grand tour of the skyscrapered city. He politely complimented his host on the splendid, functional architecture of the University. He expressed surprise at the hustle-bustle of the business district. He

raised an eyebrow at the smartness of Lincoln Road shops and murmured astonished appreciation of mile-after-mile drives past beautiful homes. He was astonished at the stretch of Biscayne Boulevard that is 14 lanes wide and popped his eyes at the modernistic luxury of Beach hotels. Then he dunked himself in the relaxing blue ocean water, ate relishingly

World-famous Miami Beach



of delicate, butter-broiled pompano and applauded a \$6,000-a-week comedian in a magnificent night club.

The tour over, his host asked, "Well, what do you think of Miami?"

"I think it's wonderful," said the visitor. "But what keeps the place going?"

A hundred times a day that question is asked seriously of Miamians, for indeed the thoughtful visitor is usually mystified. Here is a movie-set unreality of palm trees, bathing beauties and dulcet breezes is a metropolitan city of 400,000 population, apparently busy and prospering though it is hundreds of miles from supporting industry, raw materials and markets. What magic glue holds together the economy of South Florida? That's what hard-headed financiers wondered when the Florida Power and Light Company tried to borrow \$45,000,000 for post-war development. Bluntly they asked, "Are you trying to sell us a bubble?"

Florida Power and Light got the capital for essential expansion and can get more when it needs some, which will be any day now. The company answered the incredulous bankers with facts and figures so convincing one of them later observed, "Miami is the bubble that didn't burst."

What happened?

First, Miami is becoming more important as a year-round resort than as a winter playground. Last summer nearly all

MAGIC CITY

BY DICKSON HARTWELL

of Miami's restaurants remained open. They made more money than at the height of the winter season!

Second, the area is a magnet for Latin American capital; more than \$70,000,000 has been invested there in ten years.

Third, and even more unexpected (except to those who know the economic history of southern California), Miami is steadily becoming a city of small industries. Last year 143 new industries were established there. While the bathing girls have been cavorting on the beaches for the photographers, quietly and without a single fanfare, the number of industries has jumped 250 per cent since prewar and now totals an astonishing 850.

How these industries begin is interesting and infinitely more likely to influence the future of Miami and all of Florida than innumerable tourist-bait attractions. More than two out of three of them follow a pattern that repeats itself almost precisely like this:

A solid citizen we'll call John Smythe, sixtyish, wearing glasses and a serious look, calls on J. Kinnard Johnson, able general manager of the Miami Chamber of Commerce, also sixtyish—an octagonal glasses man—and every inch a solid citizen.

"I've been bringing my family down here fifteen years," said Mr. Smythe. "We like it. Isn't there something I could do that would keep us here eight months a year instead of eight weeks?"

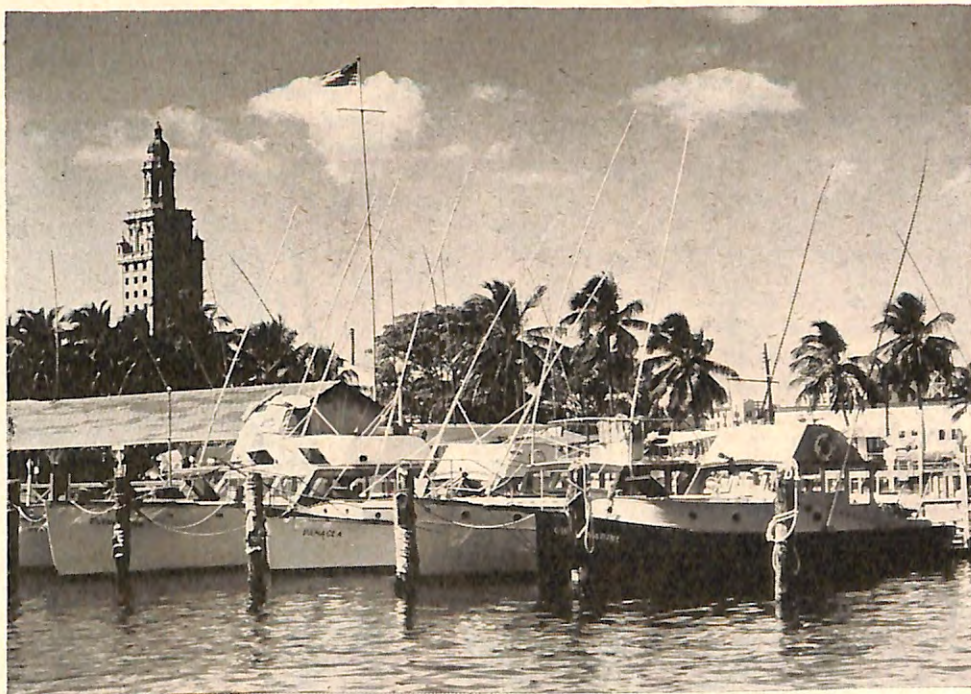
Johnson quickly discovered that Smythe was a Cleveland dress maker whose partner wanted to buy him out. But Smythe wasn't ready to retire. "I'd go crazy," he confessed.

"Why don't you sell and start a small dress plant in Miami?" Johnson asked. "Fewer responsibilities, more time to relax."

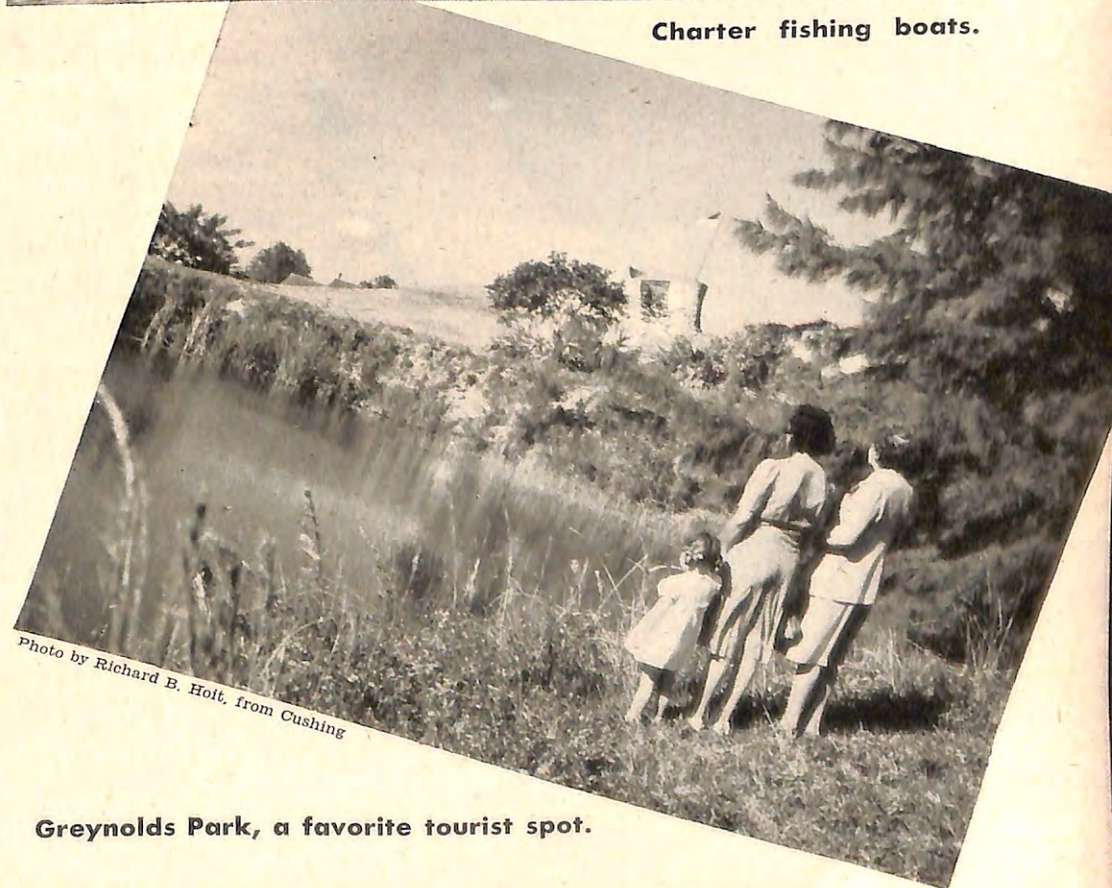
Smythe laughed. "In Miami? This play town? Don't you know making dresses takes skilled machine and hand operations. You've got to have labor and a market—buyers. That's impossible. But," he added, "I thought maybe I could open a little restaurant."

Johnson sighed. Every businessman thinks he can successfully run a restaurant. Miami has 22,000 restaurants. But Johnson reached for his telephone and called his friend Jonathan Bliss of the United States Employment Service. He

(Continued on page 42)

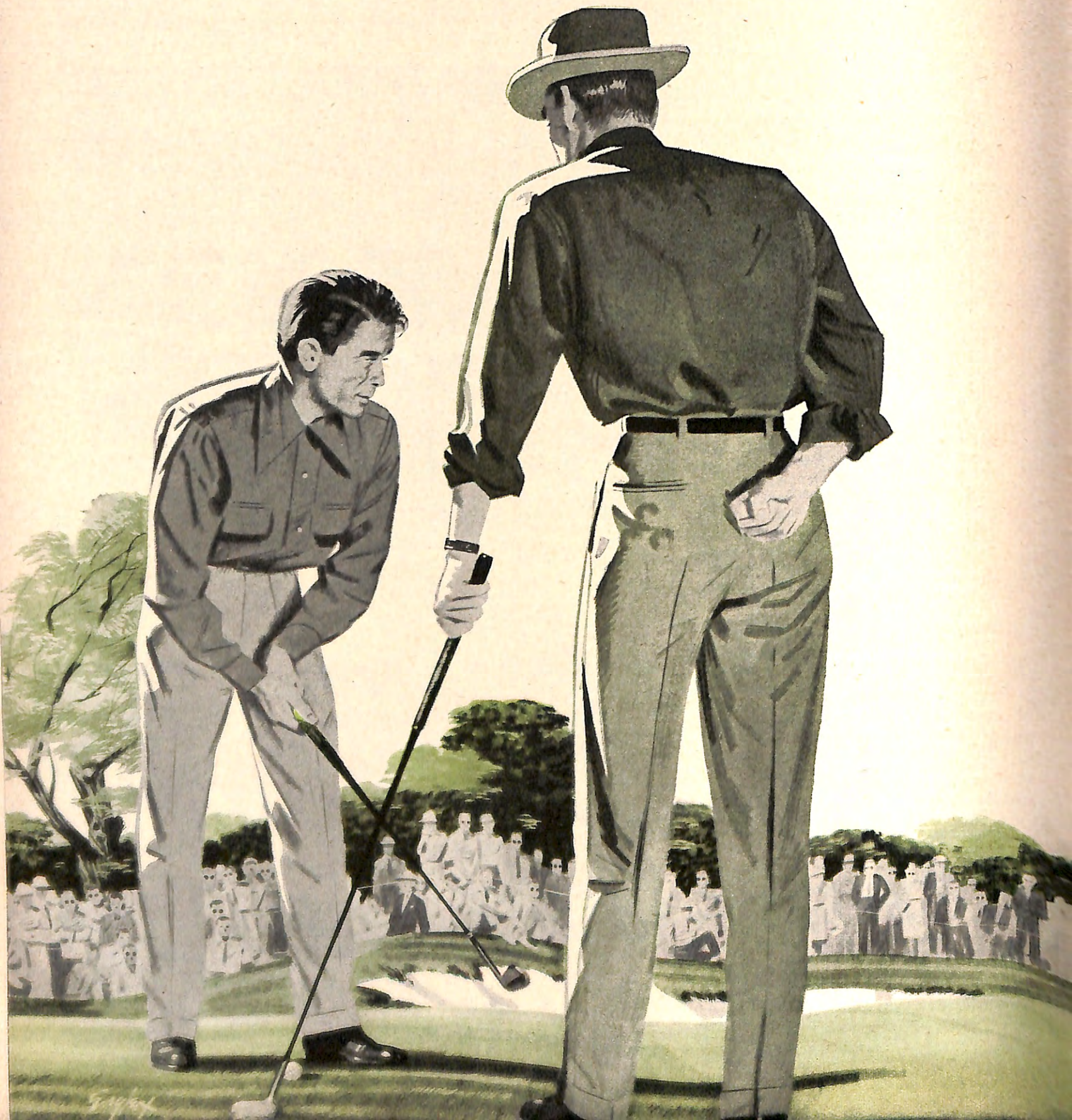


Charter fishing boats.



Greynolds Park, a favorite tourist spot.

Green Dollars



BY WILLIAM FAY

ILLUSTRATED BY
GEORGE ENGLERT

WILLY DALTON, the professional golfer, lay on his stomach in the sweet, soft grass behind the green, thinking of how, at the age of 32, he might well be past his athletic prime. And it was not a happy thought. From where he rested he could watch the other pros hit iron shots from a practice tee a little less than 200 yards away. The effortlessly lofted balls came over the brief span, most of them dropping within an area that could be covered by a blanket.

Now the sun was climbing over the Lorraine Heights Country Club in a suburb of New York. Willy could see the gay flags kicking limply in the soft June breeze. The big crowd, still arriving, promised to get bigger. A huge, bold banner, strung between oak trees, proclaimed to potential customers: THE \$10,000 APPOLO INVITATION TOURNEY, and, in lettering only a little less imposing, SPONSORED BY THE APPOLO APPAREL AND SPORTS EQUIPMENT COMPANY, the firm for whose plentiful green dollars Willy Dalton worked. It had been years since a big-time tournament had been played at the Lorraine Heights Country Club, and the Lorraine Heights Country Club, and it was just as many years since Willy himself had been here. But I'm home, he thought; and it looked like home—these carpeted hills he had labored over as a hip-high caddy when he was growing up and played as a youth with borrowed clubs; home, indeed, though he was not

**Willy Dalton's wizardry at golf
had earned him more dollars
and fame than he had brains
or experience to handle.**

certain how warmly the welcome mat was being spread for him.

"Willy!"

He looked up from his green, dew-dampened resting place into the puzzled face of Felix Murphy, the man who managed his affairs: endorsements (exclusive with Appolo), exhibitions (falling off of late), ghosted literary efforts, and the random rackets a big-time golfer was able to reap in the brief years of his fame.

"I been lookin' all over for you," Felix Murphy complained. "You crazy? You want Mr. MacPhinean down your throat?"

"No, thank you, Felix. I would rather swallow a live eel or a broken bottle." But he rose from the grass, as duty bade, and walked with Felix past the practice green, already abandoned, toward the swarm of people headed for the first tee.

"Look at your pants," Felix said. "Forty bucks they cost. All that dampness, all those creases."

"You look at them, Felix; they're not my pants. My pants and my soul belong to Appolo Apparel."

Felix Murphy failed to find this amusing, since it was one of Willy's duties, by contract, to wear at all times, and with shining pride, the garments of Appolo. "What'll Mr. MacPhinean think?" asked Felix. "You know how he is about personal appearance. What'll he say?"

"Who cares?" Willy said, but this was heresy of the wildest kind. Within the golf profession, if a man was smart enough to know which side of his bread was gilded, he abstained from voicing smart remarks concerning Dudley W. MacPhinean.

"He'll take one look at you and decide you've been drinking again. Suppose that happens?" Felix said.

"I have been drinking. I had a large mint coke the moment I got up. You should try it."

Felix looked at him suspiciously, but the unexciting truth was that Willy had indulged himself in nothing stronger than

chocolate sodas for more than a year; that battle was over.

"Listen, Willy, I want you to be serious now," said Felix. "You're the defending champion in this tournament. A year ago, when it was played in Cleveland, you were the biggest name in tournament golf. But this year? Your contract has exactly three weeks to run and I—well, Willy, let's face it—Mr. MacPhinean is very impressed with Burt Kramer."

"MacPhinean can have him," Willy said, though why he used this derogatory tone in speaking of Burt Kramer was beyond his understanding. Perhaps it was that in the smallness of his nature he could not avoid feeling jealous of the man who was probably the soundest, steadiest golfer in the world.

"You've got to think of your future, Willy."

"I have," he said sadly, "and I'm beginning to think it's behind me." He had wanted so badly to do better, and especially here, for reasons of his own.

THE old grounds, with their rolled and manicured fairways, looked good to him, just the same. If he'd made a clown of himself in Lorraine Heights just five years ago, he'd also known great happiness here. He wondered about the impact of meeting the old crowd at the clubhouse once again. It was this uncertainty that had caused him to dress this morning at his aunt's house in town, and to have kept from sight till now. Then suddenly he stopped. A girl was coming out of the big refreshment tent that had been pitched on a broad expanse of lawn. She was a tall girl, handsome in the morning light. "Kathryn," he said softly, but only to himself.

Some kids came along and asked him to autograph their programs. He did this automatically, his eyes never leaving the tall girl in the white dress. Felix said to him, "What's the matter now?" But Willy didn't hear him. He walked instead toward the girl who wore, he thought, the nicest, softest smile that he had ever seen.

"Katie," he said.

"Hello, Willy."

He looked at her and there was a soft wind in the trees; old memories came alive and they ached inside him.

"It's been a long time," he said finally. "I know."

Five years it had been, really—five years since he'd won the Eastern Open at Lorraine Heights, and then crowned the event by making an All-American heel of himself in front of everyone. But there wasn't time right now for stirring the depths of an old and punctured romance. This was Kathryn, all right, but it was not the same girl he had lost; this was a

(Continued on page 51)

He got it back on the sixteenth,
laying his chip shot fairly close
and then dropping the single putt.





For the first time in the sixty-year history of their lodge, Tacoma, Wash., Elks saw their new officers installed by a Grand Exalted Ruler. Emmett T. Anderson had the added pleasure of installing his son, Burritt B. Anderson, as Lecturing Knight. Left to right, foreground:

Secy. E. O. Johnson, Loyal Knight J. S. Roberts, E.R. L.L. Wynans, Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson, Lead. Knight H. L. Duncan, Chaplain Wm. E. Bysegger. Back row: Esq. Arthur Emery, Asst. Esq. Lyle Greer, Lect. Knight Anderson, Tiler Swan Johnson, Inner Guard Jody Harrington.

The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits



Sioux City, Ia., welcomed the Andersons with open arms—Mrs. Anderson as a native daughter and Mr. Anderson as the leader of the country's greatest Fraternity. At the Elks' dinner in their honor, left to right: Mrs. Henry C. Warner, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner, Mrs. Frank Margolin, Past State Pres. Margolin, Mr. and Mrs. Anderson and E.R. and Mrs. Elmer T. Damme.



At Mendota, Ill., Lodge's dinner, left to right: Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner, Mrs. Anderson, the Order's leader and Exalted Ruler Robert Ellingen of the host lodge.

GRAND EXALTED RULER Emmett T. Anderson had the great pleasure and satisfaction of being on hand for the institution of the newest branch of the Order in his State, when, on Mar. 24th, LAKE CITY, WASH., LODGE, NO. 1800, began its life auspiciously with 329 Charter Members at ceremonies attended by about 650 Elks. Many dignitaries were present, among them John E. Drummey, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Past State Pres. Arthur Ochser, P.D.D., and officers of neighboring lodges conducted the institution ceremonies, while E.R. C. C. Chavelle and his officers of Ballard (Seattle), Wash., Lodge were in charge of the initiatory duties, and D.D. James C. Dewar took care of the installation of officers. Washington's foremost Elk delivered one of his most stirring addresses, followed by talks by Chairman E. J. Alexander of the Lodge Activities Committee, State Pres. V. P. McNamara, D.D.'s Dewar, Herbert L. Odlund, and, of course, the new lodge's Exalted Ruler, Arthur R. Smith.

Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson flew to Indianapolis, Ind., on Mar. 27th, to be greeted by Grand Treasurer and Mrs. Joseph B. Kyle, later making an informal visit to INDIANAPOLIS LODGE NO. 13. State Pres. Robert L. DeHority then took over the pleasant duty of being official Indiana host for the Grand Exalted Ruler on his visits to various lodges in the State.



Left: An introduction takes place between four Elk officials at Fort Dodge, Ia., Lodge. Left to right: The Grand Exalted Ruler, State Association Trustee C. L. Mattice, Mr. Warner and E.R. E. L. Berner.



Right: At the Decorah, Ia., Elks' banquet, left to right: Mrs. R. B. McAllister, E.R. McAllister, Mrs. Anderson and her distinguished husband, U. S. Marshal Fred Biermann and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Warner.

Joined by D.D. Joseph P. Murphy, they were welcomed on the 28th at a luncheon attended by approximately 250 members of **PORTLAND LODGE NO. 768** who greatly enjoyed meeting the first Grand Exalted Ruler ever to visit there. Later, over 100 members of one of Indiana's youngest lodges, **UNION CITY NO. 1534**, had the pleasure of an afternoon visit with their leader, when he witnessed the presentation of the lodge's \$35,000 check to the Union City Memorial Hospital Board, and its \$5,000 check to the Randolph County Hospital.

That evening, State Pres. DeHority and his fellow members of **ELWOOD LODGE NO. 368**, entertained Mr. Anderson, Mr. Kyle and D.D.'s Murphy, L. W. Williams and J. T. Williams, all of whom spoke, at a banquet attended by over 200 enthusiastic Elks.

A banquet and meeting, at which over 600 Elks were deeply moved by one of Mr. Anderson's finest addresses, took place on Mar. 29th, with **FRANKFORT LODGE NO. 560** playing host in typical Indiana tradition. The occasion was the 50th Anniversary of this lodge, and marked the rededication of No. 560's newly remodeled home at ceremonies in which the Order's leader participated. On this important visit, Mr. Anderson, Grand Treas. Kyle, Mr. Dehority, former Grand Trustee Arnold Westermann and the District Deputies mentioned previously, with two others of their group, Elmer F. Kauffman and J. F. Beldon, were taken in hand by Claude E. Thompson, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee. The day's program started with a luncheon, followed by the rededication ceremonies previous to the banquet and public meeting at which the South Bend Elks Chorus entertained. Mr. Anderson left Indiana the next day, but the Frankfort celebration continued with a buffet dinner and floor show on the 30th, a dinner and the initiation of the 50th Anniversary Class, with an address by Mr.

Kyle, on the 31st, and a gala Anniversary Dance, with the Dick Jergens orchestra, on April 1st.

CASPER, WYO., LODGE, NO. 1353, was the next branch of the Order to welcome its Grand Exalted Ruler when he spent an enjoyable period there on the 30th, during which he saw 28 men become Elks in his honor at a meeting attended by 250. Among the other distinguished witnesses were Past Grand Inner Guard Hollis B. Brewer, a member of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, State Pres. L. G. Mehse and D.D. Norbert E. Tuck.

Two pleasant visits which gave Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson a very favorable impression of Wyoming Elk enthusiasm were made on the 31st, with luncheon attended by 75 members of **THERMOPOLIS LODGE NO. 1746**, one of the youngest in the Order and one which has made great strides in a very short time, and reception attended by over 100 persons at

GREYBULL LODGE NO. 1431, with Mr. Anderson the only speaker at both affairs.

Bearing out his high opinion of Wyoming Elkdom was the banquet meeting of 600 Elks at **CODY LODGE NO. 1611** that evening. On hand were D.D.'s Tuck and Claude E. Brown and a Deputy from Montana, Dean Chaffin. Mr. Brewer, State Pres. Mehse, officers of many surrounding lodges, and many civic dignitaries, including State Auditor Everett Copenhaver, representing Gov. A. G. Crane. This event marked the dedication of Cody Lodge's handsome new home, at which Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson made the dedicatory address. The proud owners of this edifice invite all Elks, especially those vacationing through Yellowstone Park, to stop by.

The program for the day included a fine band concert, in addition to the banquet, and after Mr. Anderson's departure
(Continued on page 33)



The Order's leader, left, listens intently to the address delivered by Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle, 1950 candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, at the Elwood, Ind., dinner.

**ACTIVITIES SPONSORED
BY THE ELKS
NATIONAL
SERVICE
COMMISSION**



Above: South Orange, N. J., Lodge's Service Committee, with a few performers in the show sponsored by the Elks for veterans at Lyons Hospital. Left to right, in rear: P.E.R. B. A. Harter, P.D.D. J. J. Marion, Robert Hale, C. R. Miller, Walter Hillenbrand, P.E.R. Edward Mitchell and Past State Pres. Charles Maurer, Elks Entertainment Committee General Chairman.



Left: When D.D. H. A. Vollmer visited Bronx, N. Y., Lodge with State Vice-Pres. Walton Gagel, they attended "Queens Night" at Bronx Lodge's elimination contest in the Golden Gloves bouts. The visitors are shown at Kingsbridge Veterans Hospital with a delegation of Bronx and New York Elks and General Ralph DeVoe, Director of the Hospital.



Elk Hospital Committee Chairman W. D. Hutchinson, P.E.R., and his group serve refreshments to Wichita, Kans., VA patients at an Elk party.



Part of the large crowd who attended a bingo game put on for the entertainment of veterans by the Elks of St. Petersburg, Florida.



State Pres. Elmo Angele, right, with Elk Committeemen Fuller Johnson, left, and Walter Ulrich, and gavels for all 28 Oregon lodges, made by VA patients in appreciation of all the Elks have done for them.



Mayor Floyd Housely, an Elk, pays a winning veteran at an Elk party at the Army & Navy General Hospital in Hot Springs, Ark. At rear are P.D.D. J. P. Faye and E.R. Douglas Morrisette of Hot Springs Lodge.



MURRAY HULBERT

Past Grand Exalted Ruler

PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER Murray Hulbert, a member of New York, N. Y., No. 1 Lodge, and Treasurer of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, passed away at his home on Long Island, April 26, 1950, just a few weeks before his 69th birthday.

Born in Rochester, N. Y., the son of Moses H. and Anna Murray Hulbert moved with his parents to the nearby town of Waterloo, where the family resided until 1897, when Judge Hulbert came to New York City to work his way through law school, and to be admitted to the bar in 1902. Four years later he married Regina R. McNenney.

A familiar, vital figure in politics, Judge Hulbert was a Representative in two Congresses, resigning in 1918 to become Commissioner of the Department of Docks of New York City. In 1921 he was elected President of the City's Board of Aldermen for a four-year-term. He returned to private law practice and was appointed a Federal Judge in 1934, a post he held until his death.

The case of 11 Communist leaders convicted of conspiracy to teach the overthrow of our Government first came before Judge Hulbert on a move by their lawyers to dismiss the indictment. They met with stern refusal and Judge Hulbert's order to stand trial. Early this year he reserved decision on the application of these men, who, after their conviction, asked permission to tour our country while their appeals were pending.

Murray Hulbert's Elk career was a record of sincerity of purpose and devotion to the ideals and principles of the Order. Becoming a member of New York Lodge in 1908, he became Exalted Ruler in 1912. In

1919 he was Chairman of the Grand Lodge Special Committee on the reception for the late General John Pershing in New York. The Judge also served as Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Distribution in 1920, and in 1921 and 1922 was appointed to the Grand Lodge Committee Judiciary, becoming a member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Social and Community Welfare for 1923 and 1924. The following year found him a Justice of the Grand Forum, a post in which he served the Order for three terms. He was elected Grand Exalted Ruler in 1928. From 1934 to 1937 he was Secretary of the Elks National Foundation Trustees, a member of that group from 1937 to 1946, and its Treasurer from 1946 until his death.

The Judge's other affiliations included the Amateur Athletic Union of the United States, the American Olympic Assn., the executive council of the International Amateur Athletic Federation, and the Sons of the American Revolution. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Hulbert was President of the Empire State Society since 1944, Trustee of the Alfred E. Smith Memorial Foundation, a member of the American Bar Assn. and the Assn. of the Bar of the City of New York.

Painter of a colorful career, champion of Democracy and a staunch backer of all efforts to promote interest in athletics among the young men of our Nation, Judge Hulbert's life was devoted to action of the most constructive character. The entire Order will miss his great energy, and devoted cooperation.

Judge Hulbert is survived by his wife and daughter, and four grandchildren. To them, and to his thousands of friends, the Magazine staff extends its sympathy.

Millionth Member Classes



KANSAS CITY, MO.

*Another group of our latest initiates,
many pictured with Elk dignitaries.*



EXCELSIOR SPRINGS, MO.



DURANGO, COLO.



BISBEE, ARIZ.



WEISER, IDA.



CASPER, WYO.

Below: FINDLAY, OHIO

W. B. Foster, The Ohio Oil Co.





MESA, ARIZ.



WILLOWS, CALIF.

Below: COEUR D'ALENE, IDA.



Below: IOWA FALLS, IA.

Two groups, FLINT, MICH.



Below: BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

OGALLALA, NEB.



ST. CHARLES, MO.

Ed Faust



Faust opens his file on smart pups that made the headlines by doing the unusual.

in the Doghouse

IT'S A SMALL village, where I live, and everyone knows each other pretty well. There, for most of them, habits are grooved, and one of the grooves is the custom of certain of the community's characters, your writer included, to drop into Sam's place of an evening.

Sam's place is a store. Sam owns it, as did his old man before him. Whether it keeps him or he keeps it is a mystery; as a merchandiser any alert shoe-shine boy would make Sam look silly. But to our village he's a social asset and his place is the nearest thing to a he-man hangout we have, a kind of unorganized, officerless fraternity. You probably know what I mean; you may be one of a group like that in your own home town. It's a place where conversation covers everything from cradles to coffins, where public opinion can really be measured—but let's not get too serious.

One evening, not long ago, one of our group with a mind that's a grab-bag of assorted, interesting—but generally useless—information, tossed off a statement that the wheel was perhaps the greatest of man's inventions. This started a controversy; opinions varied. In communities like ours, generally unaffected by mass-thinking, you'll get surprising new

slants on old subjects. Faust, always the clown, ventured an opinion that the waste-basket was the greatest idea of all, and so help me, I'll argue this on a full-time or part-time basis with anyone, any time. I *know*, because—considering my irritating habit of saving everything but money, I'd have been buried, literally, long ago, without that useful utensil. Among the treasures I might have accumulated are the myriad publicity releases anent Fido that come to me from time to time. You have no idea how many are the things—and Causes—I'm asked to ballyhoo. Many are worthy, some are—well, some not so good, and I might have saved them had it not been for my good old waste-basket.

IN MY daily mail there's always a flood of letters about dogs and, with few exceptions, they're honest, sincere queries, but once in a great while I get one you'd think had been written by someone afflicted with conclusion of the brain. For instance—a writer asks if gunpowder in the dog's diet will make the animal a fighter, a canine tough mug that would be the pride of his owner. Another that reached me not long ago was a 12-page pathological history of the writer's pet

and asked if I thought the vet had given the dog proper treatment because it died—under the wheels of a railroad train. Now, let me say right now that none of these letters came from readers of this Magazine; they were from persons who wrote out of nowhere, as far as I could learn.

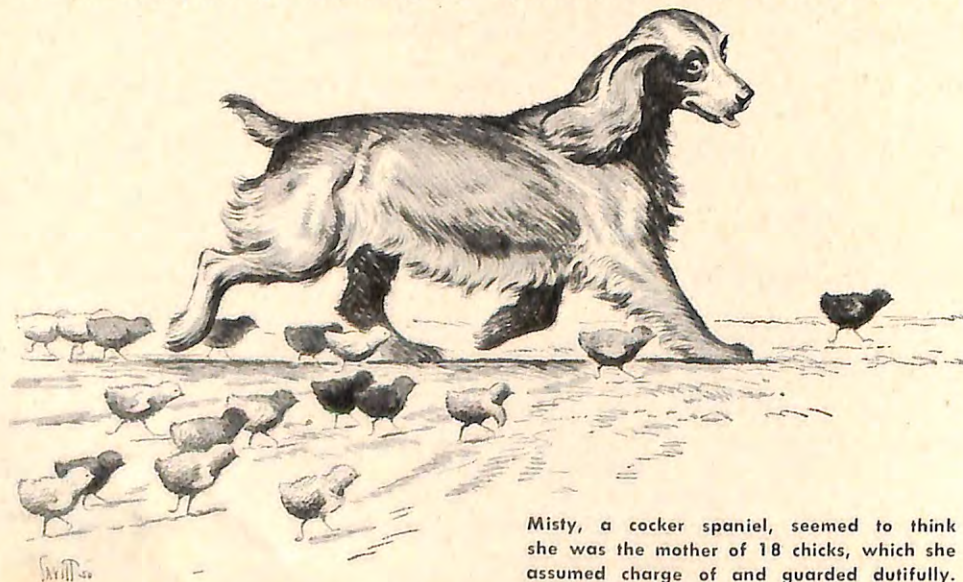
On the constructive side, I get many letters from Elk readers that are sensible and worth saving and, what's more, I'm lucky enough to receive frequent clippings from local papers carrying authenticated stories about unusual items pertaining to dogs. For these I'm grateful, very grateful. They make a welcome addition to my files, as I save all these with the clippings I harvest myself. Let's see what our friends have sent us, and take a look at a few news novelties I've collected.

In far-off Australia there lives the dog, Rip, owned by Dalton Neville of Budge-woi (you pronounce it; my vocal chords won't stand the strain). When Neville goes to Sydney he leaves a package of food for Rip for each day he'll be away. For instance, if he's to be away four days, he leaves four packages. In some way or another, Rip has caught on to the idea that only one package should be eaten each day, and at the end of the stay-away period, when the last of the food has been eaten, Rip takes his stand at the roadside to await his master's return.

Here is a right handy pooch to take with you when you shop in Tiffany's or maybe your bank. It's the dog owned by a Mr. Hansen of Frederikssund, Denmark. The absent-minded Mr. Hansen left his wallet in his car one day, and when he got back the wallet was missing. The car showed no evidence of human tampering and, besides, Jens Hansen had left his faithful, honest dog to guard it. Later, though, Mr. Hansen's grief turned to joy when he found the missing wallet—in the doghouse at his home.

An accident—not an accident you bird-dog owners will deplore, but admire—concerns the dog owned by Ernest Talbert of Mystic, Ia. As he was crossing

(Continued on page 34)



Misty, a cocker spaniel, seemed to think she was the mother of 18 chicks, which she assumed charge of and guarded dutifully.

Welcome to MIAMI

From a Leading Elk

Greetings to my Brother Elks
and their Families:

As one of Florida's 20,000 Elks, I join with them in cordially welcoming you to the 1950 Elks Grand Lodge Session and Convention, assuring you that it is our hope and prayer that every moment of your stay will be most enjoyable, so much so, that you will want to return and return. True Southern hospitality awaits you and yours, for I know that every one of the almost fifty lodges in the State will have a real "welcome" mat at their door step.

Visit every part of Florida, meet its fine people, enjoy its blessed sunshine, its warmth of friendship, and share with us its abundance of fraternal wealth and health.



PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER
DAVID SHOLTZ

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "David Sholtz". The signature is written in a cursive style with a horizontal line underneath.

From the Mayor of Miami



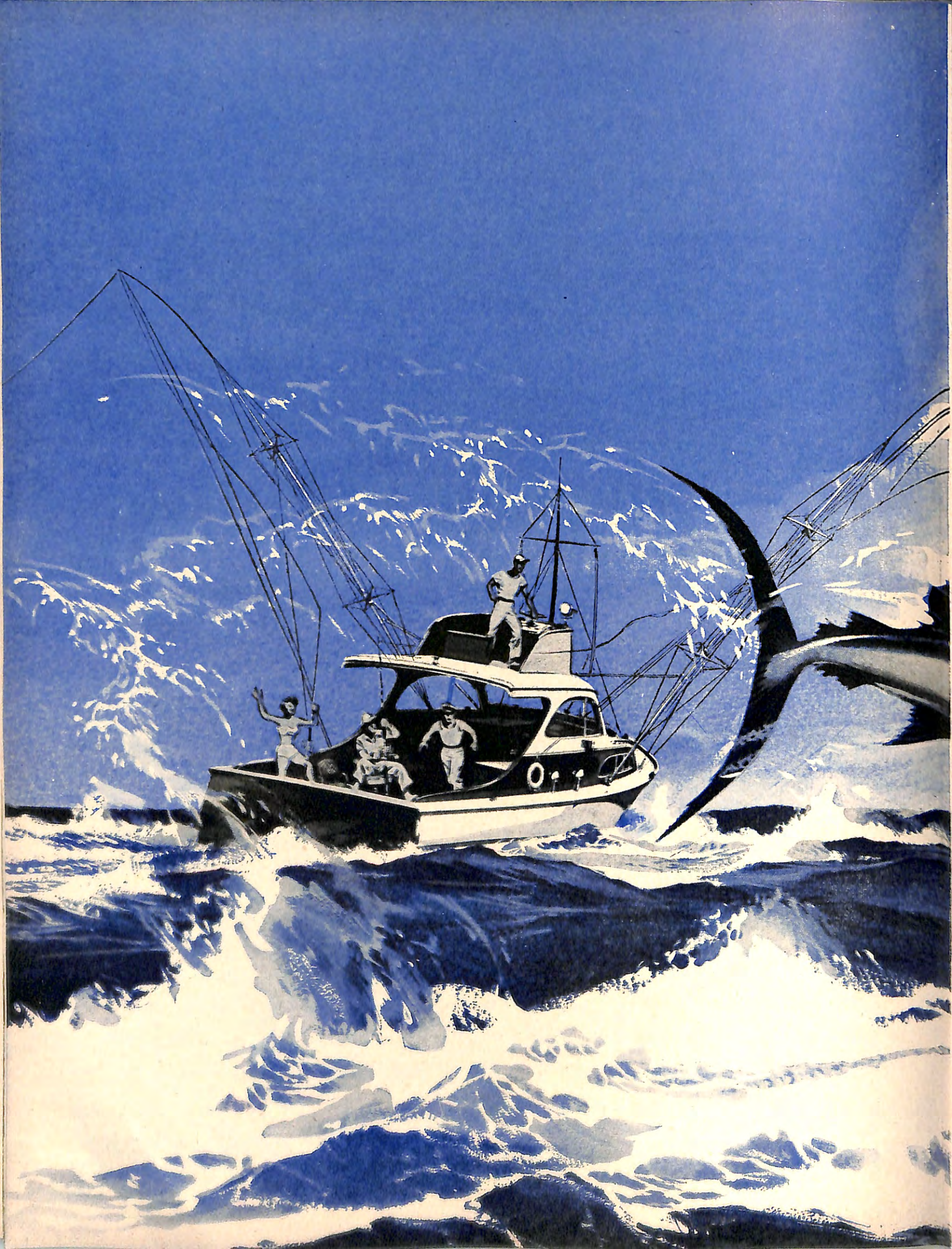
MAYOR WILLIAM M. WOLFARTH

Dear Brothers:

It is my pleasure to be in position as Mayor and Elk to extend to each of you a personal, fraternal and official invitation to attend the July 9-13 Convention in our City.

Miami has had rich experience in entertaining visitors and in making guests feel at home. You may be sure that Brother Elks will be doubly welcome. You will like the facilities, over and beyond the magic of Miami, which have been arranged for you. I am confident that you will find the trip profitable both personally and in business for the progress of our Order.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, appearing to read "William M. Wolfarth". The signature is written in a cursive style.



Miami Invites You to **FISH**

**For a great adventure this
summer, take a fling at
tropical salt water fishing.**

BY PHILIP WYLIE

AMONG the highest of high spots possible to a great many men—ladies, too!—is one which occurs when the freshwater fisherman first casts a fly, or a plug, or trolls a spoon, or drops a bait, in tropical salt water. All angling Elks are hereby invited, while convening in Miami—or afterward—to take a fling at what might well turn out to be one of their greatest adventures. This invitation is also extended to that benighted group of persons who never fished—for, in Miami, anything can happen to anybody. I saw one gent, who had never before wet a fishline in his life, come in from half a day on the Gulf Stream with the only broadbill swordfish taken that year!

What is said in the discussion that follows will be addressed to salt-water novices. There are two reasons for this. Men who have already fished in the sea and who propose to visit Miami this summer will undoubtedly plan a spell of angling—and they will know what kind they want to try. But those who haven't fished there at all, unaware of the true circumstances and lacking suitable information, may miss the kind of fishing they would most enjoy. In some cases, the legends of the prowess required for salt-water angling may scare them off altogether. That would be an unmitigated disaster. For, while it is entirely true that certain anglers get themselves into peak condition so as to be able to struggle for hours with various marine giants, it is equally true that barefoot boys go down to the sea with cane poles and come home with eye-popping strings of this and that.

At the outset, one false impression must be corrected. Any kind of fresh-water fishing that you have enjoyed has a salt-water parallel. Note that *(Continued on page 48)*

**ILLUSTRATED BY
CHARLES EVERS**



ROD AND GUN

Trout fishing in the mountain streams of California is varied and colorful.

BY DAN HOLLAND



CALIFORNIANS boast of many things: the highest mountain, the lowest valley, the biggest trees, the laziest Indians, the prettiest girls, the driest rain, the densest fog and the best trout fishing.

You name it and they'll claim it. Some of these are cold facts and can be so proved; others are open to discussion. For instance, Mt. Whitney is definitely the highest point in the United States; however, I once saw a mighty pretty girl in Memphis. But I won't go into that. The only thing I feel qualified to discuss is the trout fishing.

California's trout fishing is good, plenty good. It's varied and it's colorful. With perseverance and luck a man might

take five varieties of trout there in one day: rainbow, golden, brown, eastern brook and cutthroat. I don't know anywhere outside the Sierras where that is possible. And there is not only variety in species but in size as well. I hadn't been in California a week when I took a five-pound brown in the Owens River near Bishop. Any river where I can catch a five-pounder I'm partial to. Wherever I can land a five-pound trout there are ten-pounders to be had by fishermen a little more skillful or fortunate.

California's greatest contribution to trout fishermen is the rainbow trout, a fish which enhances its own reputation every time one of them is hooked. The rainbow is native to coastal streams all the way from California to the Bristol Bay of Alaska. However, it was from California's mountain streams that rainbow trout were introduced throughout the United States—all over the world for that matter. No trout fisherman will ever take issue on that score.

But California has not been so generous with her golden trout. Years ago she

permitted some golden-trout eggs to be shipped out of the state, and the first golden I ever caught was in the Sawtooths in Idaho. In recent years, however, the state has restricted the distribution of these beautiful trout, and wisely so, for nowhere could they possibly be so brilliant and lively as in the crystal-clear waters of their native High Sierras.

THE golden trout originally was found only in tiny headwater creeks of the Kern River high up on the western slope of Mt. Whitney. Here, in the peculiar combination of high altitude, clear water and volcanic sand surroundings, the golden became one of the most colorful of all trout. Any trout's coloration depends considerably on the water temperature and his environment, and when the golden is introduced into unsuitable water he soon loses much of his characteristic brilliance. Also, the golden doesn't do well in company with other trout, especially rainbows. The rainbow and the golden sprung from the same family tree, and when the two are introduced into the same water they interbreed until eventually the golden gives way to the more dominant rainbow type.

Most of the lakes and streams high up in the Sierras were completely barren of fish life to start with because it was impossible for trout to make their way up past the precipitous cascades and waterfalls from the valleys below. These waters were ideal for golden trout, and, with an eagerness that only a Californian could show for his sport, fishermen and fish culturists back-packed golden trout fry into these new waters. Consequently, from the most meager beginning in the upper Kern, goldens have been spread to hundreds of beautiful lakes and streams throughout the high country.

Golden trout mean work. They don't come easy. They have been planted only in waters inaccessible by road. In other words, anyone who wants to catch goldens has to hike or pack in. Goldens are found anywhere from a couple of hours' to a couple of days' travel from automobile roads. Whether or not this is part of a prearranged plan I don't know, but I imagine California believes in keeping them difficult to attain. That way they are fully appreciated. Then, of course,

(Continued on page 46)

Photo by Dan Holland



The famous golden trout of California flourish in remote waters surrounded by scenery of startling beauty.

THE GRAND LODGE

CONVENTION

MIAMI, FLORIDA, 1950 CONVENTION PROGRAM

**SATURDAY,
JULY 8**

REGISTRATION. Grand Lodge members only at the McAllister Hotel.
RITUALISTIC CONTEST starts at Miami Beach Lodge.

**SUNDAY,
JULY 9**

REGISTRATION continues for Grand Lodge members at the McAllister Hotel.
RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at the Miami Beach Lodge.

8:00 P.M. OFFICIAL PUBLIC OPENING at Bayfront Park Bandshell. Honorable David Sholtz, Master of Ceremonies. Address of Welcome from the Governor of Florida and the Mayors of the Greater Miami Area. Music by Ceasar La Monica's Band.

**MONDAY,
JULY 10**

REGISTRATION continues for Grand Lodge members at the McAllister Hotel.
RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at the Miami Beach Lodge.

9:30 A.M. (morning session only). **OPENING OF 86TH GRAND LODGE SESSIONS** in Bayfront Park Auditorium.

1:00 P.M. LUNCHEON for Grand Exalted Ruler-Elect, Exalted Rulers and Distinguished Guests at Dinner Key Exposition Building (transportation furnished).

1:00 P.M. LUNCHEON. Grand Exalted Ruler with District Deputies (place to be announced later).

1:30 P.M. SIGHT-SEEING BOAT TRIPS around Biscayne Bay (boats leaving Municipal Pier and continuing all day.)

3:00 P.M. BUFFET AND BARBECUE at Elks property on Biscayne Bay and Brickell Point.
TRAP SHOOTING CONTEST at the Peckaway Club.

**TUESDAY,
JULY 11**

REGISTRATION continues for Grand Lodge members at the McAllister Hotel.
RITUALISTIC CONTEST continues at the Miami Beach Lodge.

SECOND GRAND LODGE SESSION at Bayfront Park Auditorium, beginning at 9:30 A.M. (morning session only)

9:00 A.M. GOLF TOURNAMENT at the Miami Country Club.

10:00 A.M. SIGHT-SEEING BUS TRIPS around Greater Miami Area. Buses leaving Elks Lodge, continuing all day.

10:00 A.M. SIGHT-SEEING BOAT TRIPS around Biscayne Bay. Boats leaving Municipal Pier, continuing all day.

2:00 P.M. FASHION SHOW for the ladies at Bayfront Park Auditorium. Music and Refreshments.

8:00 P.M. 86TH NATIONAL CONVENTION PARADE.

9:30 A.M. THIRD GRAND LODGE SESSION at Bayfront Park Auditorium (morning session only).

11:00 A.M. MEMORIAL SERVICES at Bayfront Park Auditorium.

SIGHT-SEEING TOURS AND BOAT TRIPS will continue throughout day.

9:00 P.M. GRAND LODGE CONVENTION BALL at the Harvey Seeds Post of the American Legion. Dancing, entertainment, etc.

**WEDNESDAY,
JULY 12**

9:30 A.M. FINAL GRAND LODGE SESSION at Bayfront Park Auditorium (morning session only).

12:00 NOON. CONVENTION ADJOURNMENT.

AFTERNOON. Departures by plane and boat for Havana tours.

**THURSDAY,
JULY 13**

1950 GRAND LODGE RITUALISTIC CONTEST BULLETIN

The following men have been selected as officials in the judging of the 1950 Grand Lodge Ritualistic Contest to be held in the lodge room of Miami Beach, Fla., Lodge, No. 1601, July 8th, 9th and 10th.

CHAIRMAN, BOARD OF JUDGES
Cyril A. Kremser, Lakewood, Ohio,
Lodge, No. 1350

JUDGES
A. Guy Miller, Annapolis, Md.,
Lodge, No. 622
Byron Albert, Fort Collins, Colo.,
Lodge, No. 804

CHECKERS
C. Dwight Stevens, Portland, Me.,
Lodge, No. 188
Edward W. McCabe, Nashville, Tenn.,
Lodge, No. 72

Arthur M. Umlandt, Chairman
GRAND RITUALISTIC COMMITTEE



BY TOM WRIGLEY

WRIGLEY WRITES

FROM WASHINGTON



THE Whistle-stop special still draws the crowds. So say the newspapermen who were aboard President Truman's train on the trip to the West. There's something about the rear platform of the President's car—Mr. Truman at the mike or shaking hands, the politicians, reporters and cameramen milling around, loud speakers blaring away—that makes folks excited. It's really quite a show and it's a wonder the President doesn't go on tour more often. On the recent trip the crowds were up to expectations and the big Democratic powwow in Chicago was a whoop-de-do. The Democratic National Committee labeled the Windy City jubilee "the largest and most significant political gathering in the country except the National Convention held in 1948". That's modesty for you. Politicians differ as to whistle-stop pay-offs. They agree, however, that results depend upon the man himself—actually upon personality and showmanship. Any President of the United States commands top attention when he appears at the whistle-stops. After all they don't see a President every day. In Washington it is different. When Mr. Truman takes a walk around town here citizens greet him in passing with, "Good morning, Mr. President." Only out-of-town visitors get goggle-eyed when they happen to see the chief executive. Some of them hang around Blair House where the presidential family lives during White House repairs. Teen-agers hope to get an autograph. Mr. Truman, however, to avoid delays, goes to his executive offices, only across the street, in a White House automobile, and guards in front of the house keep the sidewalk clear. But like the circus and the county fair, the whistle-stop express will go on forever. It's America.

JOB PROBLEMS

Creating jobs is one of the biggest problems now facing the country. Unemployment figures right now are not disturbing, even with nearly 500,000 men and women graduating from colleges and universities. The rub, however, accord-

ing to Leon Keyserling, acting chairman of the President's Council of Economic Advisers, is this: We are not getting the expansion in industry and in investment to absorb the steady increase in the labor force. So, if we do not create more jobs by industrial expansion, there will be a steady rise in unemployment figures. Production of goods, which was at a yearly rate of 258 billions the first quarter, up three billions from a year ago, is going along pretty well. In other words, people are buying. Create more jobs and they'll buy more goods.

WORRIED ABOUT THE FARMER

Down on the farm there's another kind of worry. The farmer's got a steady job but if he can't sell his goods he gets no take-home pay. Any plan dealing with overproduction is bound to raise a ruckus, because paying for surplus crops by Brannan plan or straight subsidies costs money no matter how you finagle. Up on Capitol Hill, senators and congressmen are more worried over the farmer than they are over the industrial worker. They don't want to let the farmer down but there are so many angles to the problem, including a few which are political, that they keep going around in circles.

COPYRIGHT PROTECTION

A copyright a year ago cost \$1. Now it is \$4. A photo to go with the application costs another dollar. Total \$5. The American Artists Professional League has written members of Congress declaring that, even with the cost boosted four times, copyrights do not protect and that cases of infringement drag along for months. They want a copyright which is a "right".

THEY'RE SAVING

GI's are thrifty, according to reports on consumer spending. Instead of squandering the \$2,800,000,000 passed out to them as refunds on insurance, they are spending their checks prudently. Thus far, the spending spree predicted by some has failed to materialize, according to economic adviser reports.

NEW STAMP ISSUE

Stamp collectors can obtain first-day sales of commemorative stamps during June as follows: 3c "Executive Branch of the Government" (Washington Sesquicentennial Celebration) Washington,

D. C., June 12. 3c "Boy Scouts of America", Valley Forge, Pa., June 30. There will be a series of Sesquicentennial stamps. The first, "Freedom", was issued April 20. Another issue, "Legislative Branch of the Government", will go on sale at Washington, Nov. 22. Post Office Department heads say sales of special stamps keep increasing.

CHRISTMAS PRESENT—1951

Diplomats and brass hats and government big-wigs hope what White House architect Lorenzo Winslow says is true. He declares work on rebuilding the White House is going at a snappy pace and the mansion will be finished by Christmas of next year. That means resumption of White House official functions. We wonder if members of the press will be invited to parties like Franklin D. Roosevelt gave. Just to make the boys and gals happy, FDR had kegs of beer in the big front room and glasses with handles. Reason the White House had to be taken apart is this: Every president had alterations made to suit his particular whim. So they sawed and hacked the place until it was a trap. According to Winslow, even the first president to live in the White House, James Madison, complained of a leaking roof, although the cornerstone of the big house had been laid only seven years before. Just another example of post-war construction.

FIGHTAL STATISTICS

Statistics in marriage and divorce are discouraging. Federal Security Administrator Oscar R. Ewing reports 1,585,440 marriages and an estimated 386,000 divorces last year. Bad thing about it is marriages dropped off 12.5 per cent from 1948. Divorces dropped 5.4 per cent. Back in 1946 marriages and divorces were hitting all-time highs. Now wedding bells ring for 30 per cent less and the divorce courts have slowed down 36.7 per cent. What is called the "crude" marriage rate for 1949 was 10.7 marriages per 1,000 population and crude divorces were 2.6 per 1,000 population. Crude in this sense does not mean "unrefined". Sarah Lewit, who gets out these glad and sad statistics, explained that "crude" means in terms of population, regardless of age—in other words, total population, including babies who can't get married and old folks who maybe shouldn't.

Gadgets and Gimmicks



ORGANIZATION is what makes a business successful, so there's no reason why a little organization won't help produce successful fishermen. But before you start building vast storage facilities for the fish you're going to catch, you might give some thought to organizing your efforts to catch the fish. Here's one thing that will help: Called a "Boat-side Cupboard", it is a green, canvas carrying case for storing your lunch, thermos, camera, tobacco, tools and anything else you find necessary to carry on a fishing trip. Assorted pockets with protecting flaps keep all these things dry. Water-repellent and mildew-resistant, this case fits on the side of any rowboat, canoe or duckboat and, when you start homeward, you can roll it up and tuck it in your pocket for easy carrying.

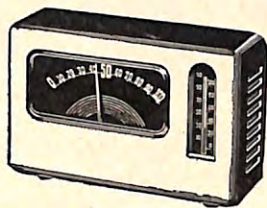


WILL your letter go for three cents, or is it too heavy? To find out you either have to make a trip to the post office or buy a set of postal scales. At least you did before this little desk ruler came out. By wedging the letter in the groove at one end of the ruler and by holding the ruler lightly with the fingers at the indicated position, the amount of postage necessary shows on a small dial. The scale operates on the lever principle; no springs are involved and you come out paying no more than the necessary postage. In addition to giving the mailing information you need and being a ruler, the device also is a letter opener. A very neat item.

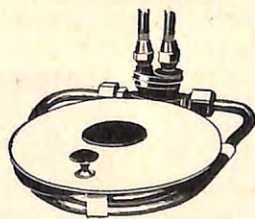


ATREND seems to be under way to relieve the fisherman from the back-breaking burden of carrying all the equipment designed for him. New tools, instruments, measuring devices and what-

nots are designed and manufactured daily. One fisherman who nearly sank under the load decided to design a single instrument to do the work of the eight he'd been carrying. He did it, too, and it worked. When he got through designing and testing, he had one tool that combined the piscatorial uses of pliers, wire cutter, knife, fish-scaler, screw-driver, open-end wrench, hook remover and measuring stick. In addition to all these uses, the tool can act as a bottle-opener, tack-puller and 10-inch caliper measure. The ingenious instrument fits in a small leather case and should also fit the most modest pocketbook.



THIS summer when people go about muttering, "It isn't the heat, it's the humidity," you needn't accept their statement if you don't want to. You can check on it and see if they're right. Here is a neat temperature and humidity indicator that is accurate as all get-out and has a feature we believe to be both unique and exciting. Scientists labored for years and discovered that blond human hair is the best humidity indicator available and the humidity-sensing element in this gadget is composed of 216 inches of fine blond human hair. The easily-read scales are mounted in a small cabinet measuring 5 $\frac{3}{8}$ " by 3 $\frac{5}{8}$ " by 1 $\frac{11}{16}$ ".



PROBABLY the one thing you will be unable to stow in your car as you head for your summer cabin in the hills is your hot-water heater. It is possible, of course, that your wife will make the attempt, but any red-blooded American man will say "No". Besides, there isn't room. The problem of getting hot water in the wilderness, or on a small boat for that matter, is now solved inexpensively. This device consists of a coil of pipes hinged over one of the burners of your

stove. With the storage tank in place and the proper plumbing connections made, you'll have plenty of hot water for normal family use. The stove burner can be used for cooking by raising the coil on its hinge, much like the top of a waffle-iron. In fact, coffee and other things can be kept hot while the coil is heating water. Just place the coffee pot or other food pan on top of the coils themselves. The coil is usable on any kind of stove using any type of fuel.



IF YOU'RE having trouble catching fish there are three outstanding reasons for this situation. One, there are no fish in the stream or pond you're fishing in. Two, the fish are there but are not hungry. Three, you're using the wrong kind of bait. About the first two things, we can do nothing. But the bait business can be solved in a hurry. Here is a plug that has proved most seductive to fish—and with good reason. It has a permanent coat of fluorescent lacquer which glows when it is activated by ultra-violet rays in sunlight. The colors painted on the plug were carefully selected after more than a year's testing under actual fishing conditions. The fluorescent effect of the plug is used most advantageously at dawn or in the twilight when the bright sunlight does not nullify the fluorescence of the plug as it appears in the water.



HERE is a small rubber nozzle fitting for any vacuum cleaner now manufactured. It will get into inaccessible places and devour the lint before it spills out on the floor. For its price, which is small, it would be worth a try to see if you can't transport yourself from the furniture-moving department to the golf links with no loss of time.

SINCE you're going to have to cook outside rather often this summer, you might as well make it easy for yourself. By getting one of these kits you'll be able to have a fire going in the time it takes you to strike one match. Take one bag from the kit, place it in your fireplace, barbecue pit or what have you, punch a hole in the bag at the indicated place, apply one burning match and that's all there is to it. One bag makes enough of a charcoal fire to cook food for a party of eight people. Each kit contains 12 bags, enough for several good nights of cooking out of doors.



Exalted Ruler R. N. Antram, second from left, presents the Alliance, Ohio, Elks' Trophy to William Armstrong, Captain of the Louisville, Ohio, High School Debating Team which won the Tournament sponsored by Alliance Lodge. Looking on are Debating Coaches Karl Boyle and Virginia Geddert. This event attracted nineteen teams consisting of 200 students from high schools all over northeastern Ohio.



At Owego, N. Y., Lodge's dinner honoring Past State Pres. John T. Gorman, third from left, at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan, second from left, was the principal speaker. Left is State Pres. G. A. Swalbach; right, P.D.D. A. B. Stiles, Toastmaster. Other speakers were Past Presidents J. Theo. Moses, J. Victor Shad, W. E. Fitzsimmons, F. H. Marx, H. R. Darling, L. R. Dowd, H. A. Swartwood.

News of the Lodges

● **BOULDER, COLO.,** Lodge, No. 566, joined by Elks from five adjoining States, celebrated its Golden Anniversary, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis on hand to deliver the principal address, and to introduce another former leader of the Order, John R. Coen, and Gov. Walter W. Johnson, a member of Pueblo Lodge. Local stores decorated their windows in keeping with a theme of the National Retail Merchants Assn. and the Elks Committee: "Recalling the Past—Planning the Future", carried out by No. 566's recently completed \$30,000 remodeling program on its home.

Highlights of the four-day event included a vaudeville show attended by 1,500 persons, a Memorial Service honoring the more than 500 local Elks who have died since its institution, an open lodge meeting, fashion show for the ladies, a free barbecue and a football game between two of the Colorado Uni-

versity outstanding gridiron squads.

During the past 20 years Boulder Elks have donated over \$110,000 to charity, earmarking \$50,000 for a proposed hospital addition. Each of the 1,400 members has contributed \$3 to the State Assn.'s project of a \$40,000 building fund for a Denver school for mentally retarded children. The Assn., meeting at this reunion, announced subscriptions of nearly \$20,000 to this program.

Two of the three surviving Charter Members of the lodge, Frank Jordinelli and Moses Meyer, were on hand for this celebration during which a scroll was given the lodge by a representative of Ward C at Fitzsimons General Hospital, in appreciation of the monthly entertainments No. 566 has provided for the veteran patients there. The State's "Most Valuable Student Contest" awards went to J. A. Criswell, \$350; R. W. Mayer, \$250, and Anita E. Shirley, \$200.

● **WHITTIER, CALIF.,** Lodge, No. 1258, is the owner of one of the finest lodge buildings in the West. At impressive ceremonies attended by hundreds of interested local and out-of-town Elks, this spacious \$200,000 home was dedicated with Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis as principal speaker.

Past State Presidents R. Leonard Bush, Stephen A. Compas, C. B. Hebenstreit, D.D. W. J. Hawkins and Asst. D.D. Vern Moore with P.D.D. Thomas McCue, made up the team of officers for the ceremony.

The first class, of 174, initiated in the lodge home marked the dedication and was named in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson.

Whittier Lodge has always been one of the most active in the Order, with a fine record of interest in the youth of America, evidenced primarily through its sponsorship of a tremendous Boy Scout program.



Past Pres. Hollis B. Brewer, E.R. W. T. Bullard, Gov. Walter W. Johnson and Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, left to right, pictured at the four-day celebration of Boulder, Colo., Lodge's Fiftieth Anniversary.



This distinguished group of Elks is Pennsylvania's State Elks Championship Ritualistic Team. They are Exalted Ruler Frank E. Ferren of Charleroi Lodge, center, surrounded by his capable fellow officers.



Left: At the dinner celebrating the opening of Poughkeepsie, N. Y., Lodge's new bowling alleys and recreation room, left to right: Monsignor Michael O'Shea, Co-Chairman Joseph Ruscher, Albert Dyer, D.D. Sol R. Werner, E.R. R. H. Martin, Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, R. L. Claus and P.D.D.'s E. L. Tinkelpaugh, P.E.R., Chairman, and J. E. Vigeant.

Right: Kendallville, Ind., Lodge honored Grand Treas. Joseph B. Kyle at a banquet recently. Left to right: North Dist. Secy. Floyd Saxon, Secy. C. R. Wert, P.E.R. Dale Kimmell, D.D. L. W. Williams, Mr. Kyle, P.D.D. Merritt Diggins, State Vice-Pres. Roy Jorg, E.R. Robert Kurtz and P.E.R. A. M. Milnar.



● **NUTLEY, N. J.**, Lodge, No. 1290, inaugurated a charity program during the past year which has earned it the highest praise. A 27-man committee, under the leadership of Mayor Wm. J. Jernick, former Chairman of the Lodge Activities Committee, collected \$1,000 for charity purposes and late in March, at a public ceremony to which the pastors of all churches, regardless of denomination, were invited, Nutley Lodge held its first annual Pageant of Charity. St. Mary's Children's Choir sang during the ceremony, and E.R. M. J. Coyle welcomed the lodge's guests.

Every church shared in this generosity, as did the Red Cross, Cancer and Heart Campaigns and many similar organizations. This splendid gesture evoked a highly laudatory editorial in the *Nutley Sun*, which was commented on in the House of Representatives in Washington, D. C., on April 4th, by Hon. Peter W. Rodino, Jr., a member of Newark Lodge. Congressman Rodino's remarks and the *Sun* editorial were incorporated in the Congressional Record.



Nutley, N. J., Lodge's Exalted Ruler M. J. Coyle, seated center, is pictured with his fellow officers. These men are the Ritualistic Champions of the Northwest District of New Jersey.



P.E.R.'s and officers of Evanston, Ill., Lodge, at their St. Patrick's Day Party and Dance, when they honored P.E.R. W. F. Schneck, Northeast District official, with a gift from individual members of that section.



Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, center, congratulates E.R. Ivan Hooker, Sr., at the ceremonies marking the dedication of Whittier, Calif., Lodge's new home, as Chairman Roy Griggs, P.E.R., looks on.



E.R. W. R. Carty and Social and Community Welfare Committee Chairman R. N. McCutcheon present Needles, Calif., Lodge's check to Mayor Alvin P. Conant to furnish a room in the new Needles Hospital.



These well-equipped young skating enthusiasts comprise the Junior Hockey Team sponsored by Virginia, Minn., Lodge.

● **CHICO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 423, has been anything but idle lately. The initiation of its most recent class was quite an event, with 21 men in the group that No. 423 designated as the "One in a Million Class".

At an impressive all-school ceremony held in the high school gymnasium, Chico Lodge presented a 15'x25' American Flag to the Student Body, with E.R. Ray V. Pierce making the presentation speech and Elk Carl Green, Chairman of the Board of Education, accepting the Flag for the school.

Another gift to the young people of Chico was the \$800 playground equipment donated by No. 423 to the Rosedale Grammar School, and put into immediate use by the grateful youngsters.

● **PASADENA, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 672, has been saddened by the passing of

William E. Sanborn who served as Tiler for 38 years. One of the best known officers of the lodge, he was a Charter Member when it was organized in 1901, and for a number of years had been an Honorary Life Member, based on his loyal and devoted service and regular attendance. Mr. Sanborn had missed only nine meetings of his lodge since becoming its Tiler.

Mr. Sanborn was 85 years of age, and a resident of Pasadena for 53 years. A group of Past Exalted Rulers of his lodge served as pallbearers, and lodge officers conducted the Elks services in his memory.

● **SAN BERNARDINO, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 836, had a very pleasant evening not long ago, when the 19 members of its lodge who reached their 35th year as Elks during the past year received their 35-year pins. E.R. B. Gregory McPhate made the presentations in the presence of a large group of other San Bernardino Elks.

● **TOLEDO, ORE.**, Lodge, No. 1664, has been taking good care of the visually-handicapped children in its community. During recent months Secy. E. E. Anderson has driven many times to Portland with a group of these youngsters who were treated at the Elks Eye Clinic there.

The lodge's highly exhilarating "Teen Age Dance" came off with a bang, as scheduled, with the youngsters having a wonderful time, in spite of the fact that a large number of Toledo Elks horned in on the fun, and have no regrets—any more than do the young folks.

● **RICHMOND, CALIF.**, Lodge, No. 1251, entertained a huge crowd on "Swedes' Night" this year. Always a big attraction the 1950 event was handled by a capable committee who covered four billiard tables with smorgasbord, the like of which has never been seen this side of Stockholm.



Above: Officers of Phoenix, Ariz., Lodge, pictured with several distinguished Elk visitors, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall, Past Grand Est. Lead. Knight M. H. Starkweather, Gov. John E. Garvey of Tucson Lodge, D.D. S. O. Morrow, State Pres. H. D. Moore and Charter Member John J. Klages of Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge.

Below: Paraplegic veterans of World War II who were the guests of Los Angeles, Calif., Lodge on its Annual Circus Night. Also pictured are E.R. George Beck, Jr., and the lodge's Veterans Committee Chairman, Harry Trogman.



ELK FAMILY ALBUM

More of these family pictures will appear later.



Here are the eight Ferri brothers, who are fraternal Brothers too, all proud of having membership in Providence, R. I., Lodge.



A three-generation group, the Meidenbergs of Miami Beach, Florida, Lodge. Left to right, the first generation first: Morris, Al and Paul.



Six Conroy brothers, veteran members of Newton, Mass., Lodge, present an Elk pin to their father, 83-year-old Mark Conroy, on his initiation into the Order. Left to right: Colman, Francis, Martin E., Mark E., Sr., Joseph, Kerrin and Mark E., Jr.



On State Vice-President Elmer E. Stell's homecoming visit to Newark, N. Y., Lodge, he took part in the initiation of his two sons, Glenn and Edwin, standing. Seated, left to right, are State Pres. John Sweeney, Mr. Stell, and Exalted Ruler W. W. Colby.



The four most recent Bobinski initiates brought the family's membership in Stamford, Conn., Lodge, to eight—seven brothers and a nephew. Seated, left to right, Jerome, nephew; Leo, Edward, Paul; standing: Sigmund, Dr. Harry J., John, William.



Lyons, N. Y., Lodge is proud of the Boenheim Family. Background, left to right, three P.E.R.'s, Frederick G. Boenheim, center with his two elder sons, James and Frederick, on the night the youngest sons, twins Charles and John, became Elks.



Edward K. Campbell, Past Exalted Ruler, foreground, and Trustee of Tarentum, Pa., Lodge, with his six Elk sons. Left to right: Edward K., Russell, Edwin, Edward, Robert, William and Howard.



E.R. W. Stevens, standing center, with his fellow officers, and his two sons, Robert and Charles, seated, when the young men were initiated into Hanford, Calif., Lodge.



Left: H. R. P. Miller, who donated the Harry-Anna Home for Crippled to the Florida Elks, receives a certificate of appreciation from Eustis, Fla., Lodge, in recognition of his magnificent generosity and 50 years' devoted service to the Order. Left to right: State Vice-Pres. Willis McCall, Congressman A. S. Herlong, Jr., of Leesburg Lodge, Mr. Miller, D.D. W. P. Buning and E.R. F. R. Stevens of Eustis Lodge.

Right: Pictured with Dr. Luis Prieto, fourth from left, are the committeemen for the Old Timers' Charity Baseball Game sponsored by the Elks of the Panama Canal Zone, which netted nearly \$2,000 for Dr. Prieto's Flying Caravan, a group of medical men who bring medical and dental care by plane to native residents in otherwise inaccessible towns in the interior. The Elks Charity Fund was also augmented by proceeds of the game.



NEWS OF THE LODGES

● **OREGON ELKS** and their State Assn. deserve a great deal of credit for the splendid pioneer work they are promoting at their children's eye clinic in Portland. Great strides have been made through this Elk project, which is located in the Doernbecher Hospital. Recently it was announced that the first successful treatment of malignant tumors in the eyes of small children, in the western part of the country, had been recorded, making medical history in this vital work.

Since the inauguration of this program, the Oregon Elks have received a great deal of deserved publicity for the many remarkable steps their assistance has gained. A little girl named Mary Hope Hodgdon, whose story has received national recognition, experienced a remarkable recovery after a delicate eye operation in the Elks Eye Clinic; this, the Oregon Elks hope, is only the first of many more cures their assistance and interest will effect.

● **PRESCOTT, ARIZ.**, Lodge, No. 330, is one of the most rapidly growing branches of the Order. Always ready with a healthy number of men as can-

didates for any national class, No. 330 rarely lets a month go by without initiating a group on its own. One of the most recent classes was the one initiated in honor of the official visit of D.D. S. O. Morrow, when a large number of Elks were present among them P.D.D. Lester Ruffner, Sr.

● **EUSTIS, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 1578, welcomed D.D. Wm. P. Buning on his official visit not long ago, when a class was initiated in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson. A highlight of the evening was the presentation of a scroll to H. R. P. Miller, one of the Order's most generous members, an Elk for 50 years and donor of the famous Harry-Anna Home for Crippled Children maintained now by the Fla. Elks Assn. He recently presented a valuable piece of business property to the Home. On hand were many former leaders of various Florida lodges, State Vice-Pres. Willis McCall, and Congressman A. S. Herlong, Jr., a member of Leesburg Lodge, who made the presentation.

● **NEW JERSEY ELKS** always come through with flying colors on whatever

project they set their minds to. The recent wheelchair basketball campaign, the proceeds of which went to the Paraplegic Fund and the Crippled Children's Fund, was no exception.

With their eye on \$10,000, the New Jersey membership reports an overwhelming sum of \$21,000, the gross proceeds of these games. Over 35,000 people saw the ten games played from wheelchairs. More than 400 Gold Star Mothers of various New Jersey Chapters were guests of the Elks, as were many disabled veterans from base hospitals.

A most unusual program, it shows once again the determination, inspiration and selfless effort of the New Jersey Elks.

● **McMINNVILLE, ORE.**, Lodge, No. 1283, reports that the cast of its 2nd Annual Minstrel Show played to over 3,000 applauding citizens, at no cost to its audience. In a good-will gesture of No. 1283, to promote pleasant relations between the lodge and the community, this show displayed talent right out of the top drawer. Presented by Esq. Paul D. Newton as Interlocutor, the performance closed with a curtain address by E.R. Win Fraidenburg.



P.E.R.'s Night at Manila, P. I., when a class was initiated before P.E.R.'s N. O. Noah, D.D. W. H. Rennolds, P.D.D.'s T. J. Wolff and E. B. Ford.

● **QUEENS BOROUGH, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 878, following its custom of many years, held its 1950 Program of Annual Charitable Distributions in the lodge room of its lovely home, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler James T. Hallinan presiding.

On hand were many dignitaries of the Order, including Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and George I. Hall, as well as ranking officials of many of the hospitals and charity organizations which benefited in this year's program. Chairman John F. Scieppi of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee and Scout Committeeman William Fitzgerald, both members of No. 878, were Co-Chairmen of this auspicious event, at which the Catholic Diocesan Choristers of Brooklyn gave of their talents. E.R. Wm. J. Fitzpatrick welcomed the assemblage, among whom were Dr. H. I. Fineberg, Medical Supt. of Queens General Hospital; Deputy Commissioners M. H. Matzkin and Philip Zichello, Administrating Asst. of the Dept. of Hospitals, Wm. A. Ettel, Dr. Jerome Schwartz, former Asst. Director of Creedmoor Hospital.

Donations were made in the staggering sum of nearly \$250,000, and Associate Judge Charles W. Froessel of the Court of Appeals and Borough President Maurice A. Fitzgerald, in closing the program, were lavish in their praise of the generosity of the Elks of Queens, as were the recipients delegated to accept the donations for their organizations.

The distribution of this magnificent sum is as follows:

\$2,500 each
 St. John's L. I. City Hospital
 Flushing Hospital
 Jamaica Hospital

Mary Immaculate Hospital
 St. Joseph's Hospital
 Rockaway Beach Hospital
 Wyckoff Heights Hospital
 St. Anthony's Hospital
 Queens General Hospital
 Triboro Hospital
 Queensboro Pavilion for Communicable Diseases
 Catholic Charities of Queens County
 Police Athletic League
 Protestant Charities of Queens County

\$2,000 each
 Committee of Queens Borough
 Lodge in charge of Entertainment of Veterans
 Boy Scouts of Queens County
 Child Caring Institutions of the Roman Catholic Diocese of Brooklyn for Children of Queens
 Jewish Charities of Queens County

\$1,500 each
 American Red Cross
 \$750—Central Chapter
 \$750—North Shore Chapter
 House of Calvary
 Child Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.
 The Particular Council of Queens,
 Society of St. Vincent de Paul
 Building Fund of L. I. Jewish Hospital in Queens County
 Welfare Fund of Dept. of Hospitals
 Ozanam Home

\$1,250 each
 Salvation Army
 Otilie Home of Queens
 Social and Welfare Program of Creedmoor Hospital for Mental and Nervous Diseases
 St. John's Home for Orphan Boys of Queens County
 Y.M.C.A., L. I. City Branch for use in Youth Program
 St. Joseph's Home for Orphan Girls of Queens County
 Israel Orphan Home of Rockaway

\$1,000 each
 Tubercular Hospital at Neponsit
 Y.M.C.A. at Fort Totten
 Bowne House Historical Society
 Dominican Sisters
 American Legion Welfare Fund
 Community Service League of Queens Borough, Inc.
 Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor L. I. City
 Queens County Cancer Committee
 Visiting Nurse Service of Queens County
 Girl Scout Council of Greater New York, Inc.
 Guiding Eyes, Inc.
 Nursing Sisters of the Sick Poor, Jamaica
 Building Fund Drive of L. I. College of Medicine
 Building Fund Drive of N. Y. University-Bellevue Medical Center College of Medicine
 Dept. of Welfare of the City of N. Y. for Taking Children of Queens to Summer Camp
 Florence Crittenton League, Inc.
 Queens Speech and Hearing Center

\$750 each
 College Point Community Ambulance Corps, Inc.

Whitestone Community Ambulance Service
 Queensboro Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, Inc.
 St. Rose's Free Home for Incurable Cancer
 Dr. Reuling—Dr. Fineberg Program for Handicapped Children
 Youth Consultation Service, Church Mission of Help, Episcopal Diocese of Long Island
 Little Sisters of the Poor

\$650 each
 Catholic Guild for the Blind
 Industrial Home for the Blind
 Queensboro Council for Social Welfare
 Holy Name Centre for Homeless Men

\$500 each
 Social Service Auxiliary of Queens General Hospital
 Auxiliary of Triboro Hospital
 Veterans of Foreign Wars Welfare Fund
 Queensboro Home for the Blind, Inc.
 Motor Corps of Queens General Hospital
 Lutheran Charities, Inc.
 St. Charles Crippled Children's Hospital
 Urban League of Queens County
 Ridgewood Y.M.C.A. Youth Program
 St. Francis Sanatorium for Cardiac Children
 Bellevue Hospital for its Program on Behalf of Retarded Children

\$350 each
 American Social Hygiene Assn., Inc.
 Western Queens Nursery School
 Apostolate for the Deaf and Hard of Hearing
 Big Brother Movement, Queens
 Y.W.C.A. of the Borough of Queens
 Poppenhusen Institute
 Catholic Day for the Blind
 Jewish Day for the Blind
 Protestant Day for the Blind
 United Hospital Fund

\$250 each
 Queensboro Tuberculosis and Health Assn.
 Lavelle School for the Blind
 Camp Fire Girls
 Dominican Sisters of the Sick Poor
 National Assn. for the Advancement of Colored People
 Greater New York Fund
 Seeing Eye Foundation
 National Infantile Paralysis Foundation

\$150
 Emerald Society
 Nearly \$150,000 was allocated to the use of the Queens Borough Elks, with \$10,000 going to the Youth Program of No. 878, headed by Judge Scieppi; \$5,000 for the Elks Hospital Room; \$1,000 to the Elks National Service Commission; \$6,400 to the Elks National Foundation, and \$25,000 to Charitable and Relief Activities of Queens Borough Lodge for the ensuing year. A donation of \$100,000 went to the Charity Reserve Fund of the lodge, accepted by Est. Lead. Knight Thomas J. Gray.



A view of the Queens Borough, N. Y., Elks' stage at the Annual Charitable Distribution Program when nearly \$250,000 was donated by the lodge.

The Scouts and the Order of Elks



H. E. May, Jr., selected as the outstanding Boy Scout for his annual report to President Harry A. Truman, but to the entire Order of Elks, who sponsor his Troop, but to the entire Order. He will meet the President, and to New York City to meet the President, and to New York City to meet the President. In this photograph, Scout May was feted by his sponsors and is fourth from left, seated with Scout officials, with...



LAS VEGAS, N. M.



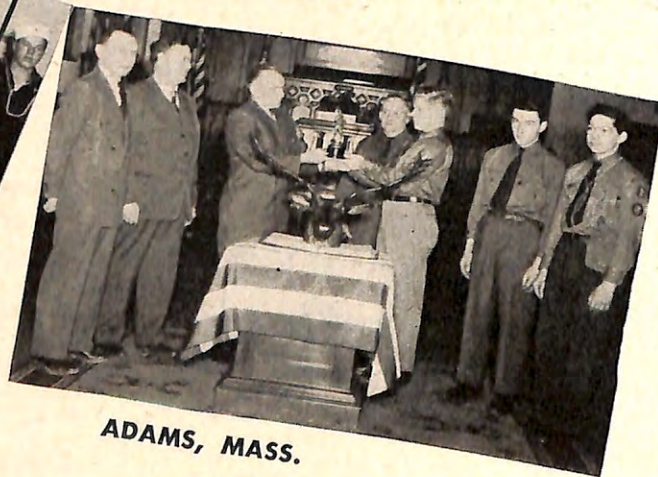
NORFOLK, VA.



NEWCOMERST



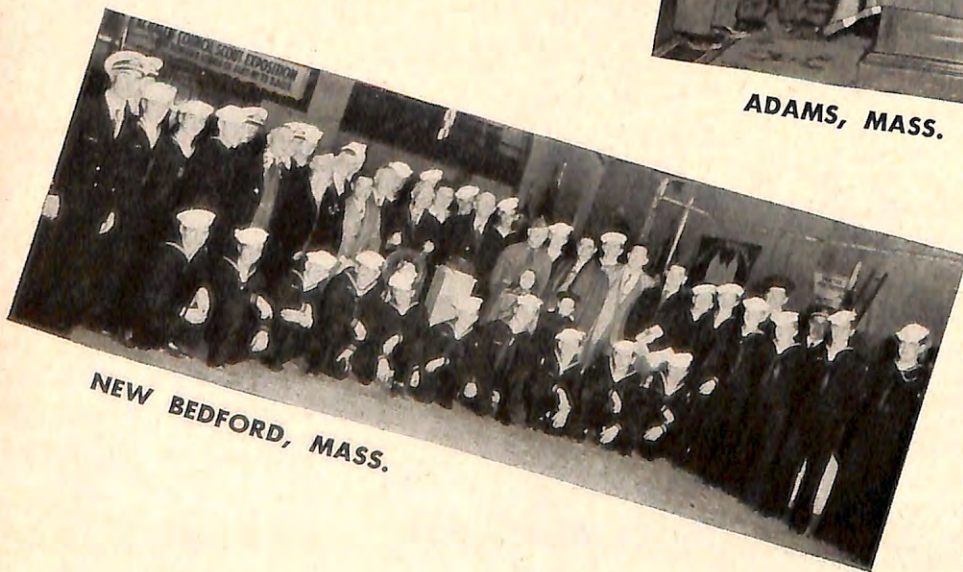
REDONDO BEACH, CALIF.



ADAMS, MASS.



REDDING



NEW BEDFORD, MASS.



ALBANY, GA.

Here is a selection of pictures which are representative of the Scout activities of each lodge.



Scout of Region 6 to present the organization's highest honor not only to the Winston, N. C., Elks After his thrilling trip to Washington, D. C., to Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Emmett T. And the Scouts of his State. He is pictured here, with Elk Committeemen standing behind them.



PORTERVILLE, CALIF.



OWN, OHIO



ORANGE, CALIF.



BURLINGTON, IA.



CALIF.



WEST PALM BEACH, FLA.



BAYTOWN, TEX.



READING, PA.

NEWS OF EASTERN LODGES



Above: Terre Haute, Ind., Lodge's \$5,000 pledge card is presented by E.R. Joseph Walker, left foreground, to Inner Guard Lester Kniptasch, Chairman for the United Hospital Project to collect \$800,000 to remodel two Terre Haute hospitals, in the presence of other officials.



Above: Watertown, Mass., Lodge's "400" Club, well known for its generosity, presents a \$300 check, bringing the total donation to \$400, to the Mass. Elks Scholarship, Inc., only one of its many philanthropic activities for the past year. Left to right: Lead. Knight R. J. Hannen, P.E.R. Louis Caporiccio, Honorary Chairman of the Club; Loyal Knight D. S. Cohen; State Vice-Pres. W. F. Paquet; Treas. P. J. Walker; E.R. E. M. Quinn and Trustee Chairman F. A. Fitzpatrick.



● **WATERTOWN, MASS.,** Lodge, No. 1513, is understandably proud of a certain group of its members who comprise the "400 Club", whose philanthropic work is widespread and over and beyond the call of ordinary charitable duty. Its contributions for the past year amounted to \$2,136; for the past four years, \$7,026. For 1949-50 the "400 Club" presented 13 combination hospital tables and cabinets to Holy Ghost Hospital in Cambridge, a Norge electric blood bank refrigerator to Jewish Memorial Hospital in Boston; paid to have the entrance hall and two lobby ceilings of the Booth Memorial Hospital in Brookline treated acoustically; presented a \$200 check to the local chairman of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis, and a \$300 check to Vice-Pres. W. J. Paquet of the Mass. Elks Scholarship, Inc., sponsored by the State Assn., bringing its total gift to \$400 for the year, and making No. 1513 the first lodge in the State to make such a donation.

● **KNOXVILLE, TENN.,** Lodge, No. 160, won't be at fault if the John Tarleton Institute baseball team doesn't win its share of games this season. The Elks have seen to it that it is the best-dressed and most completely equipped amateur aggregation in town.

Billy Meyer, manager of the Pittsburgh Pirates and a Life Member of the lodge, left his own club to present the handsome purple and white uniforms, and other diamond paraphernalia to the 15 boys on the team, at a ceremony attended by many Elk and civic dignitaries, and a huge crowd of students and school officials.

Left: On hand for the burning of Silver Spring, Md., Lodge's \$20,000 mortgage, left to right: P.D.D. Ambrose J. Durkin; P.E.R. Andrew Kessinger, State Trustee; Howard R. Davis, Board of Grand Trustees; E.R. H. Brooks Perring; Chairman H. Earl Pitzer of the Grand Lodge Committee on Credentials; State Assn. Secy. R. Edward Dove, and P.E.R. Henry A. Schuoler of Frederick Lodge.



The Pittsfield, Mass., High School Band stands proudly before the home of the local Elks who raised \$4,000 to purchase their uniforms.



Left: These Elks of over 25 years' standing attended Appleton, Wis., Lodge's 1950 Old Timers Night.

Right: Trull Hospital Assn. officials and staff receive a Watson delivery and operating table with accessories, from the membership of Biddeford-Saco, Me., Lodge.



Right: These former Millinocket, Me., Exalted Rulers were honored at a recent banquet and later initiated 14 men into the Order.



● **PALATKA, FLA.**, Lodge, No. 1232, is the proud owner of a beautiful silver punch bowl and cocktail set. The donor of this useful and beautiful gift was P.E.R. Howell A. Davis, former President of the Fla. State Elks Assn. and present State Assn. Historian. E.R. Causey S. Green accepted the gift on behalf of No. 1232.

● **ALLIANCE, OHIO**, Lodge, No. 467, made a big thing of its P.E.R.'s Night this year. Fourteen of its former leaders were on hand for the occasion, and a fine class of candidates was initiated in their honor.



Above: Leominster, Mass., Lodge's "All American Night" found these dignitaries on hand, left to right: Public Relations Chairman W. I. Knowles; D.D. W. C. Thompson; E.R. L. R. Ciccolini; Major D. G. Rees, Provost Marshal at Fort Devens, a member of Leavenworth, Kans., Lodge; John F. O'Grady, U. S. State Dept. Attache in Adelaide, Australia, and John P. O'Grady of Boston Lodge.



Above: Inspecting the variable frequency wave generator donated to Sunny View Hospital by Schenectady, N. Y., Lodge, are Elk Board of Governors Chairman Frank Bottleberger, Hospital Directors Chairman C. W. Coneway, E.R. Eric Karlson, Secy.-Treas. F. G. Madill of the campaign to raise the \$1,560 for the machine, and P.E.R. J. H. Furlong.



Above: Gov. G. Mennen Williams, facing camera, with E.R. Gillis DeGraff, right, talks things over with a group of Grand Rapids, Mich., Elks at the initiation of Grand Rapids Lodge's class of twenty-four men in honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson. Governor Williams recently became affiliated with Lansing, Mich., Lodge.

NEWS OF THE LODGES



Above: These P.E.R.'s of Rock Island, Ill., Lodge were guests of honor at a recent dinner. They include Past Pres. Dr. M. M. Archer, former Lodge Activities Committeeman, seated left.



Monroe Evening News



Above: E.R. John Hardwick presents an \$875 check to John Campbell for the local hospital, the proceeds of Barnesville, O., Lodge's third include Past Pres. Dr. M. M. Archer, former Lodge Activities Committeeman, seated left.

Below: P.E.R.'s of Petoskey, Mich., Lodge, with members initiated in their honor recently. Seated left is Congressman C. E. Potter.



● **NEWPORT NEWS, VA.**, Lodge, No. 315, has a terrifically talented Minstrel Show group whose ability was unmistakably appreciated in its recent three-day run at the local high school auditorium. The performances greatly enlarged the coffers of the lodge's Charity Fund.

This hard-working group also put on a show for the veterans at McQuire Clinic in Richmond, under the sponsorship of the Elks National Service Commission, and at the VA Hospital at Kecoughtan, Va. The Acting Manager, D. S. Slade, of the latter Administration, sent a heart-warming letter of thanks to the lodge's Committee, letting them know that the show was thoroughly enjoyed by the 600 veterans who watched it, as well as by the hundreds of other nonambulatory patients who heard it over the Station Radio.

● **MEDINA, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 898, initiated an outstanding group of men in its Emmett T. Anderson Class not long ago. This group of 42 representative citizens was received into the Order in the presence of a distinguished company of Elk officials, including State Pres. George Swalbach, State Trustee Lee J. Skinner, D.D. L. G. Voigt, and P.D.D.'s Charles Niland and Wm. L. Kennedy.

● **BINGHAMTON, N. Y.**, Lodge, No. 852, has seen a great deal of activity recently, not the least newsworthy of which was the ceremony during which Ben Cohen and Henry Merz, Co-Chairmen of its Youth Committee, had the pleasure of presenting gifts to an outstanding group of nine students who competed in the local preliminary contest, forerunner of the competition for the Elks \$300 Scholarship. Miss Helen Freer was selected as the student with the most outstanding leadership qualities by the Binghamton Elks. She and the eight other scholars were dinner guests of No. 852 the evening the awards were made.

● **MONROE, MICH.**, Lodge, No. 1503, had over 200 members and guests at its Silver Anniversary dinner and entertainment. E.R. Robert Glover made the welcoming address at this event, for which J. D. Vensel was a capable Chairman.

On hand were D.D. W. O. Kline, State Vice-President A. R. Frank and a large number of Charter Members who received 25-year-Elk Pins in the most important ceremony of the affair. Many P.E.R.'s were present, from both the host lodge and others, with P.E.R. R. J. Hilty of Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, tracing the history of No. 1503. Mayor Norbet F. Yeager extended his city's congratulations.

Below: Officials of Bath, Me., with State Pres. Leon F. Jones, seated second from right.





Left: The Grand Exalted Ruler registers approval, with State Pres. Robert L. DeHority, D.D. Joseph P. McCarthy and other Elk and hospital officials, as he watches E. R. J. A. St. Myers present to Hospital Board Pres. P. J. Keck, Union City, Ind., Lodge's \$35,000 check for Memorial Hospital and \$5,000 for the Randolph County Hospital.

Right: On his visit to Oelwein, Ia., where the Elks welcomed him at an outstanding meeting, Mr. Anderson, right, was greeted by these representatives of the Boy Scouts, the organization in which the Grand Exalted Ruler and the entire Order are so vitally interested.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's Visits

(Continued from page 9)

the following evening, a banquet and ball attracted 2700 Elks and their guests.

Apr. 1st found the Order's leader in the company of 50 Elks for luncheon at BILLINGS, MONT., LODGE, NO. 394. The group included E.R. W. Lee Mains, Jr., and his officers, D.D. Chaffin and many former lodge leaders.

This visit wound up a breathtaking period during which Mr. Anderson was the guest of ten lodges in five days, a record he will probably break in the next

few months of his term.

Back home later in the month, Emmett T. Anderson experienced just as much of a thrill as did the members of his lodge, TACOMA, WASH., NO. 174, when, for the first time in its 60-year History, a Grand Exalted Ruler installed its officers. Mr. Anderson's greatest pleasure in this important function lay in the fact that among this fine group of Americans taking up the reins of leadership in his own lodge was his son, Burritt B. Anderson, who is now serving No. 174 as its Est.

Lecturing Knight. This impressive ceremony, in which the Ritual has never been better exemplified, brought out 900 members to see their own Emmett T. Anderson preside as installing officer for the first and only time in his term as leader of our great Fraternity.

Another duty Mr. Anderson enjoyed in Tacoma was rechecking the list of lodges which reported that they had no delinquent members. Among these was Jamestown, N. Y., Lodge, inadvertently omitted from the list published in our April issue.

GRAND LODGE CONVENTION BULLETIN

Chairman Edwin J. Alexander of your Lodge Activities Committee invites all delegates and visitors to the Grand Lodge Convention to stop by and look over his Committee's interesting Display which will be set up in the Headquarters Hotel in Miami.

* * *

The Grand Lodge State Associations Committee announces that a Barbershop Quartet Contest will be held in Miami Tuesday afternoon and evening, July 11. It will be open to all State winners and lodge groups. For further information write the Committeeman nearest you; Chairman N. H. Feder, 126a E. Main, Belleville, Ill.; Hollis B. Brewer, 1337 E. 2nd St., Casper, Wyo.; J. P. Gilbert, 78 Town Hill Ave., Danbury, Conn.; R. M. McDuffie, 206 Court House, Atlanta, Ga.; T. Emmett Ryan, 138 State St., Albany, N. Y.



The dedication address at the opening ceremonies in Cody, Wyo., Lodge's new home is delivered by Grand Exalted Ruler Anderson. In the background, left to right, are P.D.D. W. B. Cooper of Colorado; Wyoming State Auditor Everett Copenhaver, Past State Pres. Hollis B. Brewer, a member of the Grand Lodge State Associations Committee, and State Assn. President L. H. Mehse.

In the Doghouse

(Continued from page 14)

railroad tracks, this dog scented a covey of quail—or is it partridge, you folks who gun?—pointed, froze and kept the point, until a fast-approaching train cut him down. The tracks didn't mean a thing; game did.

AN INCIDENT that never found its way into the newspapers, but rates mention, is the black Scotty that once bossed the home of our Past Grand Exalted Ruler Charles Hart in Bronxville, a small community in New York's Westchester County. One night Brother Hart drove a guest from the Hart home to a hotel in the upper part of New York City. The little Scotsman went along for the ride, only to vanish, leaving his owner bereaved as well as footsore from trying to find him. Early the next morning the dog arrived in Bronxville to scratch the door for admittance to his home. The distance between the Hart home and the place the dog went AWOL is about eight miles. Now, the marvel of a dog's finding its way home from distant places usually can be credited to traveling a road of familiar scents, but in this case there was no back trail; the dog rode to its place of disappearance by car. How did it "feel" its way home? Don't ask me.

In Waterloo, N. Y., there's a dog named Prince, a Boston terrier owned by F. J. Allen. Prince is a gabby guy—that is, for a dog. He can say, and very distinctly, "Mama", also "I want more." The Associated Press is credited with carrying the story over its network. Commentator Morgan Beatty wanted Prince's

voice for a quick broadcast. This was done, we read, over Station WGVA at Geneva where a record was made.

Now, here's one that is not authenticated. For some reason I could never understand, I can't get anyone to believe it, but it's a skeptical world. My dog Imp, of whom you may have read in these pages before, was a very knowing Welsh terrier. So wise was he that in growing up he acquired an understanding of about 30 words. These, of course, were words mostly pertaining to him, such as "out", "lunch", "leash", etc. It got so that he became a nuisance when we had to use such words in his hearing but not in connection with him. So we, the family and I, were forced to employ the ruse of spelling out the words. To our astonishment the dog became a pretty good speller himself—so good, in fact, that one time I spelled the word "mutt" with one "t", and he tried to bite me in reproof. As I say, this is not authenticated.

You may recall recent news stories and pictures about a dog that abandoned ship at a Maine port, only to walk up the gangplank of the ship when it docked at a Massachusetts port several sailing days away. You can't call this habit, because neither port was familiar to the dog.

DOWN in Texas, for which I've coined the name "The Lone Star State", although I never get credit for it, there's a hen, or maybe now she's a was, that played foster-mother to a litter of Dalmatian puppies. The hen is, or was, owned by H. B. Noble of Louisville. We

read that Mr. Noble's bird guards the pups when their mother has to leave them. Having bred and raised chickens I never would have thought those feathered lunatics would produce a canine-loving cackler.

For a turn-about, read this: a blond cocker spaniel, Misty, resident of Atlanta, Ga., seemed to think she was the mother of 18 chicks. Shortly before her owner brought the chicks home, Misty's one puppy died, but Misty's maternal instinct continued to flourish. She took charge of those young chickens and guarded them so dutifully that not even the owner's baby was allowed to examine them.

Ever see a dog put on its own collar? I did. Lay that pistol down until you read further. This was in the news, but secondary to the event of which it was a part. It happened a few years ago at a Madison Square Garden dog show. This big canine clambake was the show itself, so the stunt I mention was overshadowed by it in the papers, but it was part of a little theatrics this show always stages for better box-office the last night of the show. It happened before a packed house, and I think the Garden accommodates about 20,000 people. There was a dramatic lull in the proceedings; spotlights were centered on the cleared ring; a man appeared with a sleek, glistening Doberman pinscher. Attendants brought a large chest into the ring, one about the bulk of a good-sized desk. The trainer displayed the dog's collar, showed it to the dog, then he opened the lid of the chest, threw the collar into it, gave a command and the dog jumped in, too. The lid banged down and in a moment it was pushed open by the dog who leaped out with its collar on. The open chest was exposed to the audience to prove it was empty, that no confederate was hiding in it. Then the trainer showed how the trick was done; it's simple, once you see it. The collar was a flat one, something like a tiny barrel hoop. The trainer scaled it along the floor, gave a command and the dog darted forward, tipped the collar upright and quickly thrust its head into it. Did you ever step on a barrel hoop, have it rise upright and smack your shins? That's pretty much what the dog did—nosed the collar upright and the rest was easy.

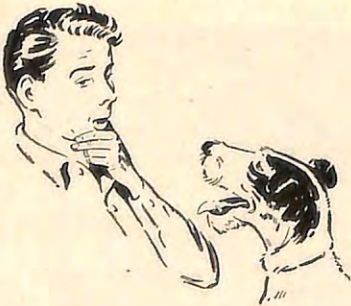
But tell me this, won't you? How was the dog trained to do this while in solitary confinement in the closed chest?

I dunno. Do you?

* * *

Any questions about your dog? Ed Faust will be very glad to answer your inquiries regarding the care, training or feeding of your dog. Please address letters to Ed Faust, *Elks Magazine*, 50 East 42nd Street, New York City.

What's your dog problem?



Here's a book by Ed Faust, *In the Doghouse* writer, that answers all usual problems of feeding, common sicknesses, tricks, training and general care of the dog. Its 48 pages are well printed and are illustrated with pictures of popular breeds. One authority says, "It is the most readable and understandable of all books on the subject."

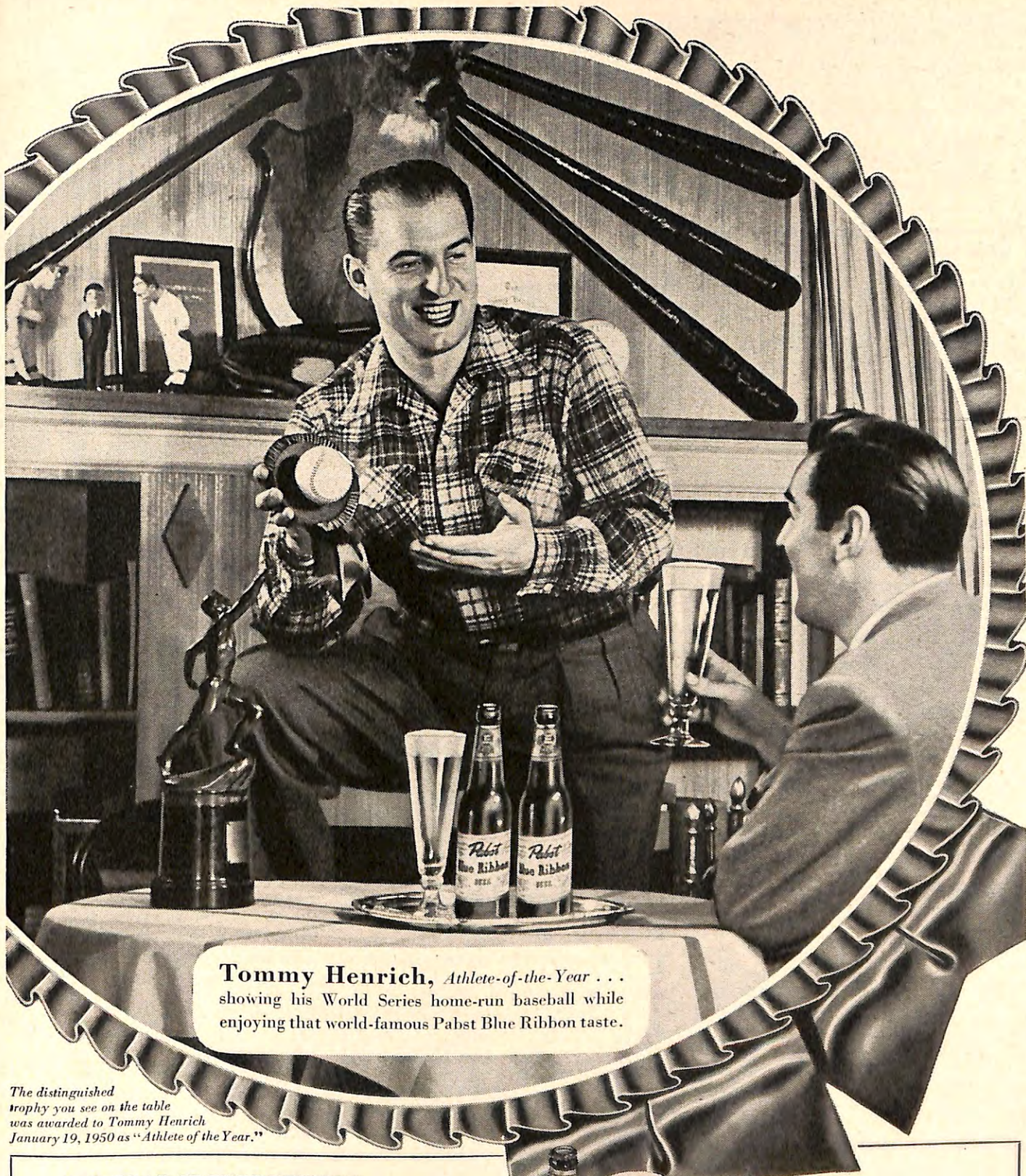
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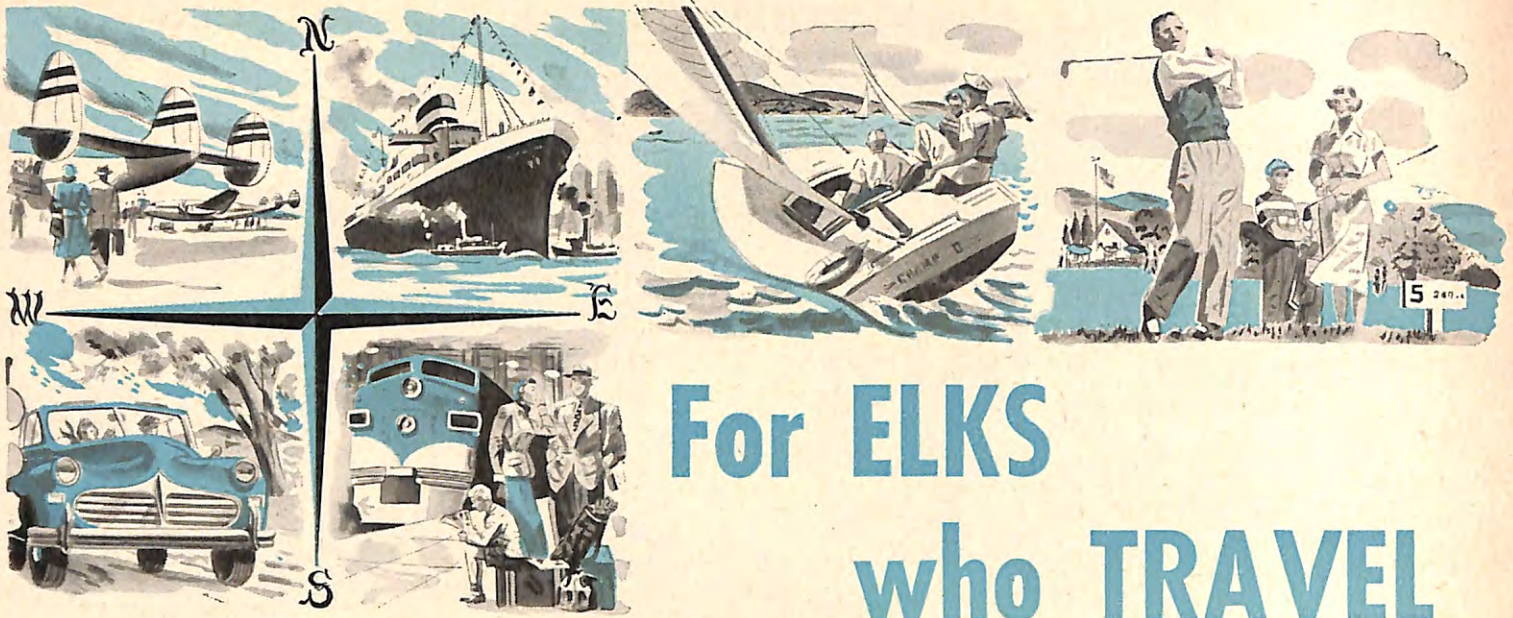
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For ELKS who TRAVEL

BY HORACE SUTTON

**France is ready and waiting for its
biggest tourist season this summer.**

FRANCE is a middling sized country, about as big as California and Florida together. Aside from the land used for growing the grapes for wine, champagne and cognac, and not counting what they need for themselves, the French devote a whopping chunk of the remaining real estate to the entertainment of the foreigner. Of France's 40,000,000 Frenchmen, about 1,500,000 are, one way or another, in the tourist business.

No less than 325 cities are resorts. An army of 300,000 could sleep, one man to a room, at one time in all the hotel rooms available in France. There are 8,000 hotels in the land—1,000 of them in Paris. Not all the French restaurants of the world are located in the side streets of New York. France herself has 45,000 of them. There are also 165 casinos scattered about the country where you can bid farewell to your francs in one of a dozen different ways. In spite of these facilities that would seemingly house a convention of the world's nomads with plenty of room to spare, those without a room reserved in Paris this summer will have just as easy a time taking a nap in the White House.

The average man, unless he becomes bewitched into staying longer, will spend two weeks in France, about five days of that time in learning about life from Paris. Coming by ship from the States, the boat-train will bring you to the capi-

tal from Le Havre or Cherbourg. Air France and TWA, both of whom fly direct, land at Orly Field, a short drive from town. Once a week Air France unwraps the de luxe "Parisian" for a nonstop twelve-hour flight from New York to Paris. Stewards provide course-by-course table service. When you're through eating and drinking your way through the air-borne cuisine, you're 440 miles nearer the Eiffel Tower. Also you're a little sleepy.

RELAX AND RUBBERNECK

The best way to make friends with any town is to relax and be a hick; take the rubberneck tour. The tours in Paris are all the same, so it hardly matters where you book them. The morning and afternoon tours cover the traditional monuments—the Madeleine, the Eiffel Tower, and the Trocadero, where Hitler strutted and the U.N. met, the Hotel des Invalides, which is not a hotel but a tomb for France's heroes, not excepting Napoleon.

With a basic, if vague, idea of the city you can try flapping your own wings. There are two other ways of getting around, aside from hoofing it, but I'm not sure if the latter isn't the best. The first is the Métro, the Parisian subway. I'm not saying that New York's system isn't complicated, and if you're adept at worming your way through "The Maze" at the amusement park you probably won't have any trouble. Then again you are liable to be riding back and forth between Neuilly and Château de Vincennes until the frost is on the *citrouille*, which is French for pumpkin.

The other method of automatic locomotion is the Paris taxi, a vehicle which has been made all but legendary by a

corps of writers, not to mention George Gershwin in "An American in Paris". The quacking horns which Gershwin immortalized have disappeared since the Twenties, but the taxis and the dispositions of the drivers have remained the same. The cabbies park in the middle of avenues like the Champs Elysées and will relinquish this position for a fare only if the route is a pleasant one, the anticipated meter reading is profitable, and the time involved in no way infringes upon the lunch period which extends over two hours. Otherwise it must be said that the cabs wiggle their way through Paris traffic with extreme dexterity, and also they are cheap. Beware, however, of the rates after 8 P.M.—they are doubled.

In Paris you can eat for a song or a double-sawbuck. If money is the least of your problems, then make tracks for La Tour d'Argent, which occupies the top floor at 15 Quai de la Tournelle. Besides a magnificent view, La Tour d'Argent specializes in pressed duck. Every duck that comes to the table receives a serial number with no less formality than if it were an automobile. Since the restaurant has been pressing and serializing ducks since Mistinguett was a babe, the serial number often runs higher than a patron's bill. Maxim's, on Rue Royale, gets the Stork-El Morocco set. On Fridays you can't get in without a soup-and-fish. For homesick Americans there are places like the Pam-Pam, a chain of pseudo Yankee quick-lunch establishments. The Pam-Pams are done up in bright yellow and green, resound with old American jazz records, and serve stateside improvisations such as "Le Chicken Hash". Le Hamburger on Rue

(Continued on page 38)

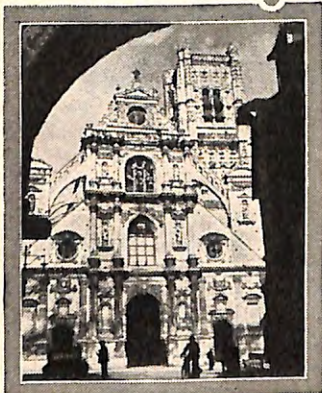
PLANNING A TRIP? Travel information is available to Elks Magazine readers. Just write to the Travel Department, Elks Magazine, 50 East 42nd St., N. Y., stating where you want to go and by what mode of travel. Every effort will be made to provide the information you require. Because of seasonal changes in road conditions, if you are traveling by car be sure to state the exact date that you plan to start your trip.

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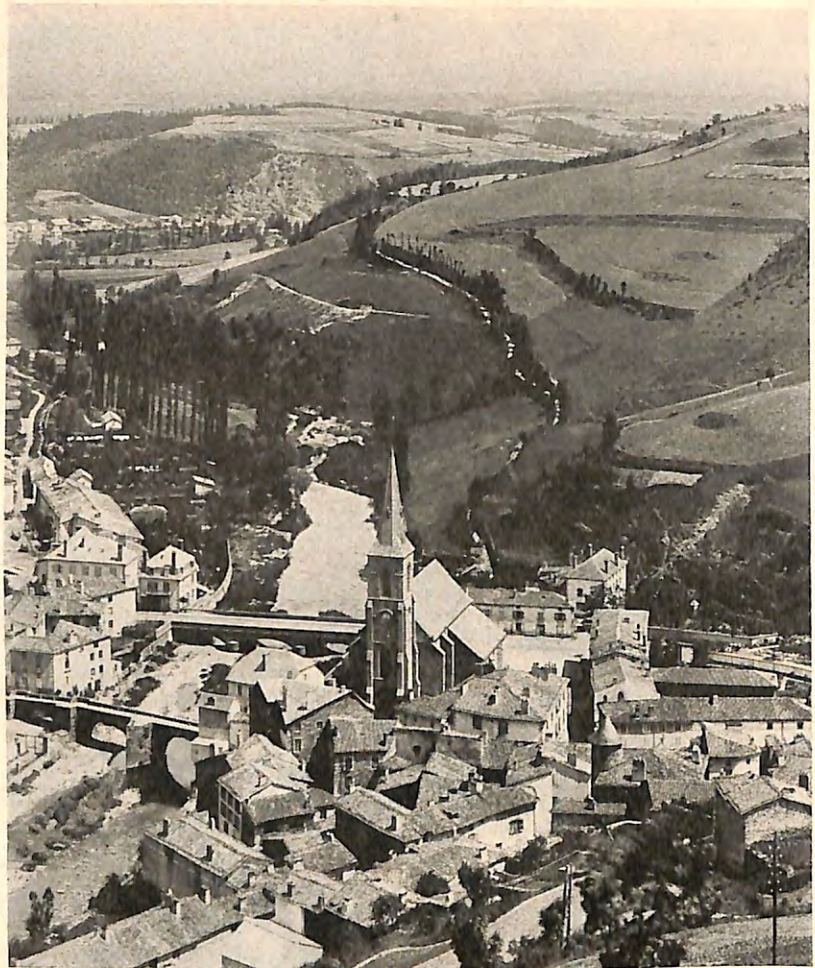
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d'Antin is the name of a restaurant which serves exactly that. For nostalgic inebriates there is always Harry's New York Bar, which is still serving beer, booze and hot dogs. Advertising far and wide, Harry's invites Americans merely to tell the cab driver "Sank Roo Doe Noo". In the old days if you sat at the Café de la Paix long enough they say you would be bound to see everyone you ever knew. Although the Café still packs them in at its sidewalk tables, other parts of town have become more fashionable, other cafes more in vogue. Still, the Café de la Paix makes an effort to attract Americans by serving a ham-and-egg breakfast after ten o'clock. This kind of eating is sheer poison to a Frenchman, who more likely will be satisfied with coffee and hot milk.

FROM BROADWAY TO PARIS

Although the Paris theater is not exactly in high season during the summer, there will be plenty of shows on which you can test your high school French. The American Theater Club of Paris is presenting one-acters by Tennessee Williams, Saroyan and Irwin Shaw. "A Streetcar Named Desire", which you may have missed on Broadway in English, is running under the alias of "Un Tramway Nommé Désir" and you may also recognize "Annie Get Your Gun", which is billed as "Annie du Far West". Tip the ushers from ten to thirty francs in theaters and movie houses.

Parisian shows, as must have come to your attention unless you've spent an unduly cloistered life, are bare, bawdy and beautiful. The Folies Bergère mixes a succession of magnificently-costumed production numbers with a series of skits. Bal Tabarin, the traditional home of the can-can, that French folly recently resuscitated by Margaret Rose, Princess of Great Britain and Northern Ireland, is a combination theater and nightclub. It's worth a look but I wouldn't call the place genteel. If the idea of bawling in your champagne fits your mood, Monseigneur, Sheherazade, and Le Drap d'Or offer champagne, and a strolling orchestra of 20 maudlin fiddles. On the other hand, Lapin Agile is a smoky hole in the wall



Saint Fleur, in the Auvergne region, typifies a French town. It is on the Tréuyere River and is noted for its 15th Century Church.

where itinerant artists drop in to render a song, or to lead the audience in singing some lusty French choral numbers. The haunts of the intellectuals seem to change with the condition of Jean Paul Sartre's digestive system.

24 HOURS FROM TOWN

For a breath of country air most everyone takes an excursion out to Versailles, Fontainebleau, Reims or Chartres, any of which can be done in a day from Paris. Versailles, 40 minutes from town, can be covered by streetcar or train, or aboard one of the half-day prepared tours run by the travel agencies. In

any case, you'll see a huge country castle begun by Louis XIV, which received added renown when the Treaty of Versailles was signed in its Hall of Mirrors in 1919. There is a great expanse of formal gardens, well maintained, and an unbelievable fountain display which is turned on at various intervals throughout the summer. Fontainebleau was a residence of Napoléon and Josephine, and it was here that the diminutive Emperor announced his divorce and his abdication. The 42,000-acre forest was the inspiration for such painters of the Barbizon school as Millet, Corot and Rousseau. Reims, already known for its cathedral and its champagne, was brought even more fame by a man from Kansas named Ike Eisenhower. The town's biggest attraction today is the little red schoolhouse, Eisenhower's headquarters, where the armistice ending World War II was signed. All the charts and maps have been preserved on the walls, exactly the way they were the day the conflict ended.

Those going farther afield in France can reach Normandy in a few hours and Brittany is not much farther. Most of the war that washed through Normandy has been cleaned up now, but the traces are clear. Towns like Caen and St. Lô, which had been knocked flat, are still rebuilding. In the harbor at Omaha Beach the ghostly hulks of sunken ships are the gravestones of the invaders. And



Notre Dame, on the Ile de la Cité, birthplace of Paris 2,000 years ago. This ancient cathedral dates from 1163, when Louis VII ruled.

at Deauville, not far away, the resort is back being swanky again, and in summer the chips clack merrily in the casino. Even a German bunker, set up to repel the invasion from the west, has been transformed into a classy candy shop called the Marquise de la Sevigné.

Nobody ought to miss a night at Mont St. Michel, a rock not two kilometers in circumference, sitting in the Channel. During most of the year the island is surrounded by salt flats and connected to the mainland by a road. During the Spring, when the big flood comes, Mont St. Michel becomes a real island. Jammed with hotels and restaurants, and crowned with an ancient abbey, the island is one of the prime tourist attractions of France. Its trademark is a big fluffy omelet which the restaurants make in an open fire, and lamb said to be particularly tasty because it comes from sheep who graze on the salt flats.

THE CHATEAU COUNTRY

If browsing through ancient grandeur is your dish, then make for the valley of the Loire, to the south. Around Tours you'll find the greatest concentration of great French chateaus, all gravestones of bygone royalty and riches.

The Holy Year will bring added activity to Loudres, the tiny city in the Pyrenees which has been immortalized by Franz Werfel's "Song of Bernadette". From Lourdes those who seek continental elegance can head for Biarritz, which has a late summer season. Those who would rather be awash in history can invade Carcassonne, a feat which has been attempted by a score of tribes since 118 B.C., when the Romans launched the first attack. A gigantic fortress, a mile in circumference, Carcassonne has two encircling walls, 50 towers and a spate of souvenir shops. The town has sprung up outside the walls, but the best place to stay, the Hôtel de la Cité, is inside the fortress.

For those coming to France in the fall, Provence, in the south, stays toasty all year around. It has an Arizona climate and an Israeli countryside that nurtures olive trees and cypress. But, most of all, Provence has Roman ruins, many of which are still uncovered. Nîmes calls itself La Rome Française, and to back the title it offers the Maison Carrée, a temple of religion built in the year 2, a Roman amphitheater now used for bull fights and remnants of the Temple of Diana. Not far from Nîmes is a triple-deck Roman aqueduct stretching across the River Gard. As intact as it was in Roman times, the aqueduct is actually a bridge—part of highway N581 which runs to Arles. There is so much to see in Arles that you can buy a combination ticket for all the sights. Once a great city, Arles lost out in economic favor to Marseilles. In memory of its better days it has a Roman theater, an arena, an obelisk and a fascinating Roman cemetery called Les Alyscamps. Many of the



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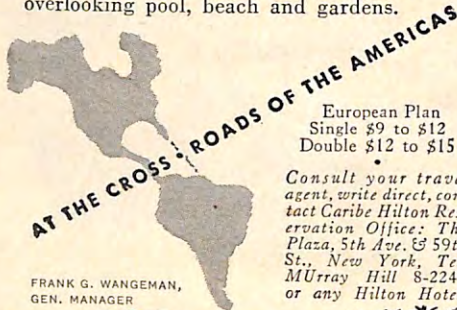


R. T. Anderson, General Passenger Traffic Manager, Santa Fe System Lines, Chicago 4

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ornate sculptured coffins of the Romans are on view at Les Alyscamps which also sports a pile of bleached bones purported to be Roman, but widely, and less romantically, believed to be those of some dead cows.

The gentle season continues into the fall along the Riviera, that mad insulated fringe along the Mediterranean Coast of France. Summer sojourners as well as late-comers will be able to sun, bathe, forsake their francs to *chemin de fer*, and gawk at the movie stars who have adopted the place as an eastern outpost. Of all the fancy settlements along the Cote

d'Azur, you'll find Cannes the flossiest. St. Tropez the least discovered, Juan les Pins ideal for families. Nice is a big city and a resort at the same time. It has 250,000 citizens, most of whom live in the crowded old city, but it also has a strip of coastline where the atmosphere is considerably more rarified. You ought to know that Nice has no sand beach. Down the road a piece, Monte Carlo has everything—tennis, an itinerant royalty, yacht clubs and a gambling casino where no one has ever broken the bank nor committed suicide.

If the season is late and your bones are

ELKS A-CRUISE



Left to right, top row: Frank Shull, Washington, D. C.; E. J. Russell, Salina, Calif.; Harry Bloom, Detroit, Mich.; N. Cusick, Connersville, Ind.; second row from top: Alfred DiCenso, Williamsport, Pa.; W. E. Sprenger, Larchmont, N. Y.; Edward S. Burke, Manhasset, L. I., N. Y.; O. H. Haan, Santa Ana, Calif.; Arnold Miller, Woodmere, L. I., N. Y.; Max H. Elbe, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; Ernest Krause, Wheeling, W. Va.; third from top: John Ricker, Norwich, N. Y.; R. B. Jones, La Porte, Ind.; J. H. Mars, Meridian, Tenn.; Herbert L. May, Steubenville, Ohio; R. H. Goldberg, Hutchinson, Kans.; P.E.R. Fred Newcomb, Santa Ana, Calif.; P.E.R. Harry Yessness, Casper, Wyo.; P.E.R. Frank Krentz, Douglas, Ariz.; H. O. Wright, Niagara Falls, N. Y.; R. K. Woodruff, Alsea, Ore.; foreground: W. F. Hofmayer, Ridgewood, N. J.; P.E.R. Teddy Wharton, Greenville, S. C.; Harry L. May, Steubenville, Ohio; Fred W. Thaison, Huston, Tex.; Additional guests who do not appear in the photo are: Floyd R. Amsbaugh, Omaha, Neb.; Arthur Orvis, Reno, Nev.; Joseph E. Davies, Watertown, Wis.

F P.E.R. E. M. WHARTON of Greenville, S. C., Lodge, No. 858, ever doubted the nomad propinquities of the average Elk, he doesn't any more.

On a recent six-week cruise "Teddy" Wharton made on the SS *Nieuw Amsterdam* of the Holland-America Line, it occurred to him that there just might be a few Brother Elks on board, and that it would be nice to get together with them socially.

He arranged to have an announcement posted in a prominent spot inviting all Brother Elks on board to meet him in the ship's smoking room at noon that day, to be his guests at cocktails.

Imagine his pleased surprise when he received 28 acceptances. Everyone who turned up had a wonderful time, and a photograph was taken of most of them, which is reproduced above.

This group formed an organization called the Elks Cruising Club, and subsequently invited all ladies on board who had husbands, fathers or brothers in the Order, to an Elks Frolic—29 turned up, with 24 wives, and 15 widows and daughters of deceased Elks, enjoying an excellent amateur show, with singing, dancing, a delightful supper and the Eleven O'Clock Toast. Joseph E. Davies, former Ambassador to Russia, presided at the punch bowl.



France is noted for her chateaux, one of the loveliest being Chateau Josselin in Brittany.

cold, fly Air France over to Corsica, France's tropical isle in the sea. Still not totally tamed, the island is a rugged place where Corsican men wear corduroy coats, ride donkeys, smoke Corsican briar pipes (usually hidden in their beards) and affect red cummerbunds in which a Parisian wouldn't be caught dead. Corsicans drink *pastis*, licorice concoction which turns milky when mixed with water. At night they gather in the cafés, sip cognac with a lump of sugar in it and strum their guitars. At other times they talk about Napoléon, who was born on the island, sing militant songs about him and show visitors the house in Ajaccio in which he lived. The island is short on good hotels, but you will run across an excellent establishment at Ile Rousse, with 150 rooms each with private bath. It is called, naturally, the Napoléon Bonaparte.

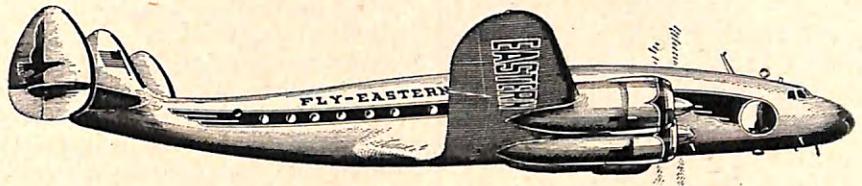
OUR JULY ISSUE

SENATOR DOUGLAS—The distinguished Senator from Illinois, Paul H. Douglas, gives his views on one of the country's great long-range problems—the balancing of the national budget. A member of the Senate Banking and Currency Committee, Senator Douglas has specific and valued opinions as to how we can balance our books.

SLAMMIN' SAMMY—Whether he blows a \$10,000-tournament by missing a 20-inch putt on the 18th green, or wraps it up with blistering sub-par golf, Sam Snead always is a gallery favorite. In our monthly sports article for July, sports writer Al Stump will discuss golf's great stylist and his way of playing.

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Miami—Magic City

(Continued from page 5)



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handed the instrument to Smythe. "Talk to Bliss about labor," he said. In a few minutes Smythe learned that he could get 20 expert dress workers on a few days' notice. Some of them would be retired—pensioners who wanted to supplement their income. Several would be from New York lofts, people desiring to move south. Some would be widows who loved to sew. They could get special training at the Hopkins Vocational School, a remarkable institution run by the county to train workers for any Miami industry or business.

Incredulous, Smythe turned to Johnson. "But how would I get buyers?"

Johnson took the phone again, calling busy, energetic Susan Cree of the Miami Fashion Council. Miss Cree told Smythe how Miami manufacturers had organized special showings in Miami that attracted 250 to 500 out-of-town buyers; how Miami showings had invaded New York, jamming 485 customers into the Hotel McAlpin ballroom, which has a legal limit of 410, before closing the doors on another 100 pressing for admission. Miss Cree described how Miami had held two showings in New York in a single year, the first outside group to do so, and how Miami-designed swim suits were selling in Juneau, Alaska, and its men's sport shirts on the Riviera.

Smythe was bug-eyed. "One thing more," he told Johnson. "I'd need a modern plant. I can't tie up my capital in building construction."

Johnson picked up the phone again. With two calls he located a property owner willing to erect a suitable building and sell it to Smythe on a long-term payment plan.

Today, Smythe is the prospering proprietor of a Miami dress business, one of 104. He has a light, breeze-swept factory. His contented workers finish at four, giving them plenty of time for shopping and housekeeping. He has few absentees from head colds, which constantly drained his labor force in the north. No snowbound roads close him down in winter. He has no labor union trouble. Best of all, his workers produce 20 per cent more than do comparable help in the North, apparently simply because they're relaxed and feel better. Smythe is a happy man.

SEVENTY per cent of all new industry in Metropolitan Miami begins with just such a conversation in Johnson's office. Obviously, no steel mills or auto plants will go up in southern Florida. Nobody wants them. Miami's shudder to contemplate what cough-inducing factory smog would do to their No. 1 business—tourists. But light industry requiring few materials and well-paid special skills—tilemaking, plastics, novelty lamps, advertising specialties, leather goods, pre-

served fruit, Venetian blinds, toys and games—this is Florida's dish.

Miami offers workers special inducements. Lower living costs make possible lower take-home pay with no reduction in real wages. There is a large reservoir of older people living on pensions. They are dependable, as well as highly skilled, and want part-time employment. The higher efficiency, discovered by the Navy during wartime to be as much as 20 per cent, gives the local manufacturer a real edge on northern competitors.

"The promise of a job will attract any skill to Miami," a businessman told me. "During the war a plant here needed a rare technician who could make delicate hypodermic needles. We found one in Malone, in northern New York. It was so important that a representative was sent to persuade him to come here. It was mid-February, snow everywhere. When he heard the proposition the worker called to his wife in the kitchen, 'Darling, do you want to live in Miami?' "She answered in four words, 'When do we start?'"

"That's the sum total of our labor problem; just asking workers to come."

Miami's promising industrial future is still modest (\$50,000,000 a year) compared with the \$200,000,000 bird-in-hand—the all-important tourist trade. The big surprise is how the tourist business has become spread over the whole year. Doubtless the tens of thousands of military personnel stationed there during the war did much to pass the word about its year-round possibilities.

The word was passed on its romantic flavor all right, and Miami is rapidly nudging out Niagara Falls as a newlywed attraction. The influx of summer honeymoon couples has forced hotels to break out in a rash of "bridal suites". One hostelry last June checked its 125 rooms and found newlyweds occupying 30 of them. A night club offering a free bottle of champagne to honeymooners had to withdraw the offer after handing out 50 bottles in a single night.

The reason is simple. In summer, rates for a double room in these Cecil B. DeMille dream palaces tumble from a top of \$50 a day to an average of \$8, with less pretentious places somewhat lower. A boy can take his bride to one of these fabulous movie-sets on a cut rate, one-an-a-half-fare summer excursion airplane trip and for a week or so make with Ali Khan gestures without permanently crippling his bank account. If it's glamour his bride wants, she gets it. And it's glamour she wants.

Summer visitors are delighted to discover that bargains abound in Miami Beach shops. With the season's end in April begins a succession of sales and reductions of men's and women's high-

style clothing, and attractive \$20 cotton dresses can be bought in midsummer for \$5. Dresses and sport coats that sold for \$50 to \$70 go for \$10 or \$15, and \$150 numbers have sold for \$35. Since Miami shops are seasonally months ahead of northern stores, there usually is little change in style.

Off-season visitors, expecting to find many of the stores closed and the streets half deserted, are astonished to discover business thriving in an international atmosphere. Cubans, Haitians, Puerto Ricans and tourists from Guatemala, Mexico and South America are everywhere—all exclaiming rapidly in Spanish. Some come for honeymoon trips or brief, inexpensive vacations, and many bring their families to buy clothes, furniture and household equipment at a fourth less than they cost at home. Pennywise Latins feel a major portion of their vacation cost can be made up on thrifty buying in Miami. Just after the war they usually returned home with steamer state-rooms jammed with refrigerators, electric stoves and washing machines that were unprocurable in Caribbean countries. One Latin warship put into Miami and within a few hours refrigerators and radios were being delivered to the ship by local stores. Officers were uptown buying everything that could be moved. Nowadays the foreign shopping pace is more moderate, but it adds up to an important part of Miami business volume.

In addition to bargains, the Latins have found in Miami a gay atmosphere and sometimes a sanctuary from the political turmoil of their native countries. Because they like it and feel safer there, they have steadily increased their substantial investments. Latins have their own bank, too—the Pan American Bank of Miami, which had but \$1,000,000 in assets three years ago and today has more than \$15,000,000. The president of this bank is a *Norte Americano* but the chairman of the board and the executive vice-president are Puerto Ricans.

Real estate is a favorite investment. Puerto Rican realtor Julio Reguero has sold some \$4,000,000 in properties in the past five years. One Cuban group headed by Dr. Anselmo Alliegro, former prime minister of Cuba under Batista, has constructed 288 apartments ten minutes from downtown Miami. Senator Jose M. Alaman, former minister of education in Havana, now retired to Miami, erected the magnificent new Miami baseball stadium at a cost of \$1,250,000. He also owns seven large apartments in Miami, three hotels at Miami Beach and acreage on Biscayne Key, slated to become an exclusive development. Miami is more than a resort. It has become the capital of the Caribbean.

Main problem of the hotelman in Miami is to convince outlanders that the city can be tolerable in summer as well as fun. One hotel arranged for publication of 1,000,000 cartoon post cards featuring Miami's triple appeal; only

six sunless days all year, natural air-conditioned summer temperatures and the U. S. Public Health Service's certification to virtually pollen free atmosphere for millions of chronic hay-fever sufferers.

But no one has better dramatized Miami's mild summer than Peter Niles, operator of the Hotel Patricia. On a trip north looking for summer business Niles was laughed off. "Too hot," he was told. Niles knew Miami never got Chicago-hot, Boston-hot or St. Louis-hot and he checked the records. For 50 years, he found, the Miami thermometer got to ninety only six times a year. (1949: Chicago 22—Boston 22—St. Louis 30). He promptly offered free rooms, sightseeing trips and theater tickets to any guest in his hotel on any day Miami was 90 degrees warm. His offer drew hundreds of tourists eager to gamble with him on the weather. Guests stayed on an extra few days expecting they might win. He paid off just twice. "It cost me \$2,000, but I took in more than ever before," Niles said happily.

FROM fond and careful analysis Miami-ans know in detail what each side of a dollar looks like and how gross income pays off. They know precisely how the average tourist dollar in the town will be spent. Only three cents of it will go to night clubs and about five cents for beverages, mostly hard. Retail stores get the biggest slice, 23 cents; restaurants, 21 cents, and hotels, 17. That leaves about 31 cents for everyone to scabble for, which is enough in the season for \$1,000,000-a-day pari-mutuel horse-race betting and \$400,000 a night at three dog tracks operating simultaneously.

To keep 200,000,000 a year of these pleasantly divisible tourist dollars flowing south, the city may tax its citizens for publicity and advertising. The tourist budget is now about \$600,000 a year and could legally be boosted another \$150,000. This is apart from the enormous and separate effort of Miami Beach and other communities in Metropolitan Miami which are strictly on their own in encouraging tourist traffic. Instead, it was Miami Beach, under the skillful direction of publicist Steve Hannagan, that made pictures of bathing girls the most popular form of winter-time newspaper art. And it was the bathing girl pictures—with some assistance from the Atlantic Ocean—which made Miami Beach famous.

The publicity rivalry between the Beach and the City hasn't diminished, although Miami has formally renounced cheese-cake art in favor of its impressive skyline, its many parks, hunting, Gulf Stream fishing, golf and jai alai. Beach publicity men, who never underestimate the power of a woman, especially if she is under 21 and wearing an abbreviated bathing suit, accepted the decision manfully, and set about to avenge this slur on American womanhood. "Miami may desert you," one of them reassured a bathing girl,

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"but Miami Beach will never let you down."

Another singularity of Miami is the Dade County Court House, which dominates the landscape but is a fugitive from Baltimore. It was designed originally to be the Baltimore City Hall but was rejected and the Miami city fathers bought the plans as a bargain for \$25,000. It stands tall and formally imposing but strangely incongruous, like a fedora on a golf course. But after newcomers become acclimatized they hardly notice it at all.

There are people, too, in Miami, who would seem out of place elsewhere. Among the more famous is novelist Philip Wylie who discovered that the mothers of America have sapped the manhood of their sons by hog-tying them with apron strings. Wylie calls this condition "momism". It was Wylie who first blasted Miami for dumping raw sewage into beautiful Biscayne Bay thereby making it uninviting, and unhealthy for any but the hardiest swimmers. Despite Wylie's finger-wagging, Miamians now dump more sewage into the Bay than ever.

Another curiously successful resident is Prof. A. F. Seward, an astrologist who is the poor man's Council of Economic Advisers. Bearded, energetic, talkative, Prof. Seward is more a public institution than Wylie, holding court twice a day in a tent pitched just off Biscayne Park in a neighborhood he has worked with uniform success for 27 years. Prof. Seward lectures large and admiring crowds and hawks his forecasts at \$1.00 each, along with the buyers' lucky numbers and lucky days. Since his customers include sometimes despairing \$2.00 horse players, these portents of special fortune are eagerly sought. Prof. Seward is not a horse player himself, of course, finding his fortune more consistently favored by investments in real estate. Up to a short time ago he owned the Hotel LeRoy in Miami Beach and he now owns the beautiful apartment house in which he lives.

BUT these two are peanut vendors compared with Miami's favorite son and character, Walter Winchell. Though not a year-round resident—he is merely allergic to winter cold—Winchell is so dear to the community he is provided with a penthouse in a local hotel. Grateful, Winchell personally delivers Sunday-night radio plugs for the hostelry, a favor of such value it could not otherwise be purchased.

Another largess of Winchell's, also practiced locally, is his distribution of Christmas neckties to the favored. He is aware that neckties are not the most original Yuletide remembrance, but his are unique. His signature is printed across them in large letters. Whenever he is expected at a gathering of his benefactors, it is considered good taste and a reaffirmation of loyalty to wear a Winchell tie, just as the imminent arrival of a rich maiden aunt suggests getting her picture

out of the attic and putting it on top of the piano.

Miami's winter crime problem—there is none in summer—concerns larcenies induced by vulgar but tempting displays of wealth among the less inhibited visitors. Some people can't resist flashing diamonds and hundred-dollar bills at race tracks and night clubs.

The brief requirement for legal Florida residence accomplishes more than merely to make people feel at home. It has done what it was designed to do 15 years ago—build up a profitable divorce business. Before the war all-expense Florida divorces could be had for as little as \$50 and the average was \$150. Just about the only evidence required was a landlord's testimony to three months' tenancy. So long as nobody contested it, the divorce held. Nowadays both fees and restrictions are somewhat greater; the average legal cost being nearer \$250. Last year an estimated 3,000 divorces for these 90-day "residents" of Dade County brought Metropolitan Miami a minimum bonus income of \$4,250,000.

NOT a racket, but a tourist attraction, are the Seminoles, an Indian tribe believed to be as much a part of the landscape as a palmetto palm. But the Seminoles didn't get to Florida until 200 years after Ponce de Leon, and more than 100 years ago most of them left for Oklahoma at the firm invitation of the U. S. Government. They've never recognized U. S. sovereignty and declared a separate war on the Axis after we did. Today about 700 descendants are left around Florida and pick up a living exhibiting themselves to tourists anxious to include genuine natives in their photograph collections. Most of them live in villages of a few thatched huts and have all the charm of unwashed people anywhere.

Seeking Seminoles, exotic birds and lush tropical fauna, many visitors set forth on the Tamiami Trail, the Miami-Tampa highway publicized as cutting the mysterious everglades and abounding with snakes, alligators and similar haz-

ards. Describing the trail as "a vast, sinister, brooding jungle", a writer set forth to cross it courageously and against advice, he said, at night. Afterwards he wrote: "When the engine coughed asthmatically with hundreds of miles between civilization and the snake-infested spot where breakdown seemed imminent, I understood what the admonitions meant." But the Trail is nowhere even a hundred miles from a big city; cabbages and tomatoes are intensively cultivated alongside it. Visible wildlife consists mainly of sand cranes and the "vast, brooding jungle" is marsh flats with occasional brush and trees. On the Trail there is one sign of danger. It reads, "Bad Curve".

The fastidious visitor can see his Indians, along with magnificent birds (including that rare treat, a flamingo, close up), friendly chattering monkeys, alligators, and just about every usual tropical plant in one of the best tropical zoos in the world, right inside Miami. It is Tropical Hobbyland created by retired restaurateur, J. Jay Segel. Segel's alligator-wrestling Seminoles are Baptist converts, but otherwise genuine, and, under his constant supervision, whistle-clean. So are the hundreds of animals and birds in his menage, and each is carefully labelled so no guides are necessary. Each of the hundreds of plants in his tropical gardens is also described in detail. Hobbyland doubtless contains the largest concentration of south Florida flora and fauna ever gathered on five acres. And, happily for the squeamish, there isn't a snake on the place. Segel doesn't like them.

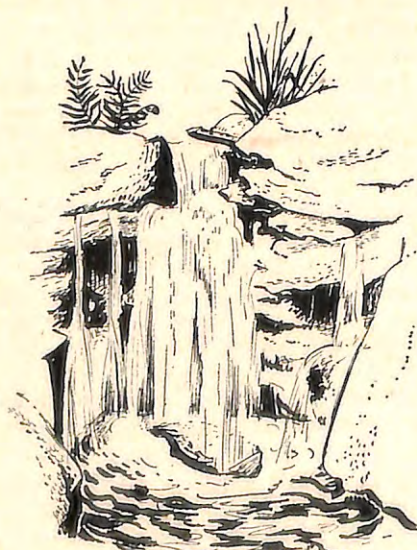
WITH two intensely competitive and highly successful newspapers (the *Miami Herald* carries more classified advertising than any paper in the world but one) Miamians know what's going on everywhere. But for day-in and day-out news, the biggest story in Miami is the weather—the weather someplace else. The papers describe heat waves and cold waves to make the visitor feel, "Boy, am I lucky to be in Miami today!"

The weather writers on Miami papers are occasionally hard-pressed to imply that a cloudburst around Punxsutawney, Pa., is really an eastern flood of disaster proportions, but they do manage to create the uneasy feeling among tourists and townspeople that if all hell hasn't broken loose with the weather up North, it is on the verge of doing so.

Only rarely do these adroit, imaginative reporters have the ideal headline written for them by the weather man. It happened once last winter on a deliciously warm, tropically bright February day, and local headlines screamed for six columns across the front page:

Sub-zero Wave Heads East;
New Storm Brews in West;
California Reports Freeze

That, say Miamians, is what is meant by a perfect day.



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Past Grand Exalted Ruler Edward J. McCormick, a prominent physician of Toledo, Ohio, boards a TWA Constellation at LaGuardia Airport in New York City with Mrs. McCormick, for Geneva, Switzerland.

Dr. McCormick, who is Secretary of the Elks National Service Commission, was in Switzerland May 8th where he represented the United States at the World Health Assembly, a United Nations Agency.

After the Assembly sessions were concluded, Dr. McCormick and his wife visited Rome and other European cities before returning to America.

While in New York City early in May, Past Grand Exalted Ruler McCormick conferred with officials of the Order.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTION
INFORMATION FOR 1950

Texas	Brownsville	June 1, 2, 3
North Carolina	Southern Pines	June 2, 3
Maine	Rumford	June 2, 3, 4
Utah	Price	June 2, 3, 4
Iowa	Des Moines	June 2, 3, 4
South Carolina	Charleston	June 3, 4
Michigan	Jackson	June 8, 9, 10
Washington	Olympia	June 8, 9, 10
Idaho	Lewiston	June 8, 9, 10
New York	Saratoga Springs	June 8, 9, 10
Minnesota	Bemidji	June 8, 9, 10, 11
Oregon	Corvallis	June 9, 10
Indiana	South Bend	June 9, 10, 11
Nebraska	Beatrice	June 10, 11, 12
North Dakota	Bismarck	June 11, 12, 13
Montana	Miles City	July 27, 28, 29
Md., Dela., D. C.	Cumberland, Md.	Aug. 12, 13, 14, 15
Wisconsin	Oshkosh	Aug. 17, 18, 19
Virginia	Richmond	Aug. 20, 21, 22
Pennsylvania	Scranton	Aug. 20, 21, 22, 23, 24
Colorado	Idaho Springs	Sept. 22, 23, 24
California	Sacramento	Sept. 27, 28, 29, 30
New Hampshire	Claremont	Oct. 6, 7, 8
Vermont	St. Albans	Oct. 1

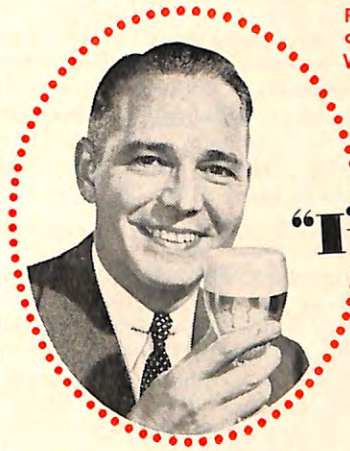


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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 18)

most of the ideal waters for these trout are found at high altitudes back in mountains so rugged that roads are out of the question; although they will thrive and grow larger in the warmer waters at lower altitudes. But goldens should continue to be kept off the beaten path; they are worth working for.

California's trout are colorful and varied, all right, but they are nothing compared to the native fishermen. Californians are a brand of their own. I've never seen anything like them, and I've done a lot of fishing. They have something on the ball.

Most places, if a fellow is willing to walk a half-mile off the road or trail, he can have things all to himself. It stands to reason that fish strike best where they haven't been bothered, so it often pays dividends to invest in a little leg work before wetting a line. I know good trout streams within 50 miles of New York City where I can walk for a half an hour and never see another soul fishing. Or even in a place like Yellowstone Park, which is swarming with tourists and trout-hungry sportsmen, it's no trick to get off by yourself where there's room for a backcast. But not so in the Sierras.

In the first place, Californians will drive a car where many people would hesitate to walk; then when the car won't pull another inch, or breaks down, they get out and start hiking. There's no limit to what they will do to catch trout. I even heard of a stretch of water in the Owens River gorge where fishermen lower themselves in by ropes because they can't reach it any other way.

I did considerable fishing with a typical Californian named Eddie Kandt. That man can really get around. We were planning a golden-trout trip and he described various of his favorite waters to me. One lake would be eight hours in, another six, another four. The closer to the road he got, the better I liked it. Finally he broke down and mentioned one we might be able to reach by car. That was the one I had been waiting for, but I learned.

It seems that a road had to be built during the war to reach a vanadium mine, and the only access to this mine was up the almost perpendicular face of a mountain. The road was cut into the rock in places and cribbed out in others. The continuous switchbacks alone would

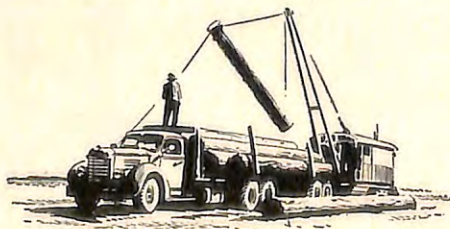
make a person dizzy, and some of them were so tight that it was necessary to back and fill to get around. One place was so steep we had to run at it three times before we pulled it, and I had begun to picture our trying to back all the way down. Toward the top we could spit out the car window into the valley about 4,000 feet below. I had forgotten all about trout. After we passed the mine, Eddie practically made his own road. We did eventually get to the lake and catch some goldens, but after driving up and down that mountain-goat road I was more than willing to use my legs.

On another trip we stalled on a steep grade near the end of the "road". As we coasted back down, Eddie commented, "Guess we can't make it," knowing full well he would keep trying. After a moment's rest he'd say, "Maybe we didn't hit it hard enough that time," and we would roar and leap at it again, much to the entertainment of a little kid sitting on a rock behind the protection of a big tree. After several such charges, the car grunted to a stop and sat there with the clutch engaged and the motor running fine. As the stench of the burning clutch got stronger, Eddie shook his head and said, "Sure hate to stop here, but it looks like we'll have to walk the last hundred yards."

When we drifted back this last time, the kid asked hopefully, "You gonna give her another run?" When we said no, he was as disappointed as we were. We left him sitting there waiting for another carload of crazy fishermen.

Another time we decided to investigate a very dim rumor of a bass slough up against the mountains. By then they had me doing it, and three of us started in my car up what passed for a road over an old lava bed. I broke the sidewalls out of two perfectly good tires that day, and there wasn't any bass slough there at all, not even any water; but if there had been a bass slough, and we had found it, I'm sure we would have caught a lot of fish.

IT'S where the so-called roads end that the California fishermen come into their own. That's where they shine. No matter how far back in the Sierras a person goes, there are fishermen and campers wandering back and forth along the



beautiful trails. I class myself as a fair walker where it's necessary, but my legs weren't long enough to get in beyond the others, and I doubt if there is any place in the mountains not frequented by enthusiastic sportsmen. Some travel by horse, others pack enough gear on their backs to stay in two and three weeks. Men, women and children seem to enjoy the beautiful scenery and fishing equally.

One day we were hiking along the headwaters of the South Fork of Bishop Creek when we met a pack train in which there was a little peanut of a girl on a big roan. It occurred to me that I had never seen so tiny a thing on so big a horse, and I asked her how it felt way up there in the world. "A little strange," she answered. "You know I haven't been on a horse for two years." That's the way they start, and they enjoy the outdoors more than any place I have ever been.

There are lots of fishermen in California; the woods are literally crawling with them. But there are also lots of trout, thanks to ideal trout water and an up-an-coming game commission that keeps the streams and lakes stocked. Any fisherman with reasonable ability can catch his share, and even the beginner can take enough to keep up his enthusiasm. Of course, as everywhere, there are a few characters who make pigs of themselves and brag of bringing back two or three limits apiece. I suppose there have to be people like that. At least they make a person appreciate the many real sportsmen he meets.

ORDINARILY I like to get off more or less by myself when I go in for some serious trout fishing. The solitude and the undisturbed natural scene that unfolds itself around the deliberate fisherman are a big part of the game. Yet somehow I can't resent the numbers of fishermen one meets on California streams. It's good to see so many people getting so much enjoyment out of a clean sport and a beautiful country. And there are limitless mountain streams and an endless number of clear blue lakes from which the fisherman can choose. A lively, trout-filled creek tumbles down out of each scenic valley in the Sierras, and at the head of each such stream is a chain of little lakes. It would take a lifetime to explore them all, and some men are doing just that. No wonder the people of California boast of their mountains and their trout fishing.

It may not be the best trout fishing in the United States. In fact, I know of many, many fine places. Possibly I can get more enthusiastic over some of the mighty trout streams of the Rockies, and there's nothing in the world quite like a New England brook on a May morning with the bell-like song of the veery ringing deep in the woods. Trout are so much fun wherever they are found that I can't say without reservation that California's are the biggest and the best; but of this much I am sure: her fishermen are.

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Miami Invites You to Fish

(Continued from page 17)

I do not say "equivalent"; later on, you will see why. Let us suppose that you are a shore fisherman. You like to sit with a long pole or a handline, on which is a sinker and a hook and some bait. In this fashion, you have taken bullheads, rock bass, sunnies, an occasional black bass, and the like. You need no different tackle—and only such different bait as shrimp—to catch not one kind of fish but any of hundreds of sorts, from banks, the sides of brackish canals, bridges, beaches, and other points where land meets water.

Among these may well be grunts and porgies and snappers—which may be compared with sunnies and perch, though they may run up to so many pounds in weight as to astonish you, and break your line, too! Among these may also be salt-water catfish, trout, jacks, grouper, and the whole gaudy repertoire (especially if you use very small hooks) of "tropical" fish—the angelfish, butterfly fish, triggers, parrots, and so on.

That begins to give you an idea. And summertime, contrary to the fears of some, is the best time for fishing in South Florida. There isn't any season, actually. "It's always," as the slogan says, "June in Miami"—well, nearly always. And the fish are hungry year-round. People who have assumed that Miami's fishing "season" is winter have done so merely because that is when the tourists abound most thickly in the area—i.e., when the largest number of people go fishing and when the biggest tournament is held. Actually, we residents concentrate on summer fishing, spring fishing, and autumn fishing because the winter-time angling seems slow by comparison.

I have, of course, put the cart before the horse and mentioned the humblest kind of fishing first, rather than the most elegant. It was done deliberately, to encourage the timid. Before discussing loftier and fancier methods, I wanted the reader to appreciate that, with tackle picked up in a dime store and carried in his pocket; bait bought at a butcher shop, and a couple of hours to spare, he can find plenty of company fishing from any old spot around Miami, and plenty of fish to match luck with.

The classical fishing trip in this area is made by charterboat for innumerable sorts of quarry, of which the prima donna is the sailfish. Generally speaking, a "charterboat" is a cabin cruiser of from 30 to 40 feet with an open cockpit in which are from three to five "fighting chairs"—that is, chairs fixed firmly to the deck and equipped, at the front edge of the seat, with a socket on a gimbal. The angler puts the butt of his rod in the socket, uses one hand to hold the rod and the other for reeling. Charterboats furnish all necessary tackle, bait, and other gear—everything, indeed, except

the lunch you will want if you hire one for a whole day, suntan oil and cameras to snap the expression that will come over your face when you "hang" your first big, sea-going fish.

Charterboats are manned by a captain and a mate who are called "guides". There are several hundred available in the Miami area at numerous fishing docks. You will observe the "fleets" as you barge around the Miamis: they are characterized by their tall "outriggers" and, when docked, present the appearance of a thicket of supersized fishing poles. Most boats are equipped with ship-to-shore radio-telephones so that, if you wish, while you are trolling for big ones miles off shore, you can call up your office in Chicago and find out what the day's sales were. They are also furnished with comfortable daybeds for napping, ice boxes for anything you might want to keep on ice—such as marmalade, and they accommodate from one to a maximum of six anglers.

Arrangements for a charterboat may be made through any hotel. Arrangements may be made, also, at any of the fishing docks, with the guides direct. Your hotel will direct you to the nearest of these docks. The cost of a charterboat is considerable—about 65 dollars a day—although when this is split five or six ways it will not seem excessive. A "lone wolf", incidentally, will find, by visiting any fishing dock, (around five in the afternoon, when the boats come in from fishing, is the best time) that he can arrange to be one of a party on the ensuing day by signing up with any of various boats which have "openings".

TO PAY 12 or 15 dollars for a day's Gulf Stream trolling is not, actually, out of line. No charterboatman ever got rich. The initial cost and the upkeep of their elaborate vessels are high. They run all day long—and you would pay far more to ride the same length of time on a passenger train or boat. The guides furnish the tackle, and the wear and tear on this expensive gear is prodigious; if you go charterboat-fishing and have any kind of a day for it, you will see why that is.

For, off Miami, dwell millions or billions of fishes that have no intention of being taken on anybody's hook and line. The sailfish—a character usually six to eight feet long, with a rapier-like "bill" and a large, indigo dorsal fin with black polkadots, the exact purpose of which is not yet known to any naturalist—runs from 30 pounds up to a world's record of a little more than a hundred. He spends much of his life on the sea-surface, chasing flying, and other, fish. He will chase a bait trolled on the surface and, overtaking it, club it with his bill. If the bait then stops dead in the water and appears

to be stunned, the sailfish will generally eat same. Thereafter, depending somewhat on the weight of his tackle, the angler at the other end will have one of the busiest and most enthralling half-hours in all his born days. The "sail" will almost certainly leap from one to umpteen times, trying to shake the hook. He will make runs like a rudderless torpedo. He may come out and "tail-walk"—raging about, boiling up an acre of the sea. He may "sound" and bull around grimly hundreds of feet under water.

The chances of seeing and "hanging" a sailfish in a summer day's trolling are pretty good. The matter of catching said sail is something else—a problem always involving luck and, sometimes, skill. Doughty anglers have tried for sails for weeks—and not got one. Mere housewives, frail women in poor condition, who never held a rod before, have caught three of them on their first day out. It's like that.

However, a man trolling for sailfish off Miami in a charterboat, unlike a man trying for some fresh-water species—say, lake trout, need not come home dispirited if it happens that no sail takes a fancy to his lure. Where the sailfish range, so do the dolphin. Dolphin often go over 30 pounds, sometimes over 50, and even higher. They leap like sailfish and are, in my opinion, the most beautiful of all the big, pelagic fish. And—where the sail and dolphin sport themselves, so do barracuda; these are big marine pike which fight like the renowned muskellunge. Here, too, is the home of the bonita and the arctic bonita, the kingfish and the wahoo; many a charterboat, in one day, gets one, or more, of all these.

In going out to the Gulf Stream to troll, boats pass over the great coral reefs which skirt all of Southeastern Florida, including the Florida Keys. "Reef fishing" is considered a specialty. On the reef live amberjack and groupers and barricudas, large snappers and jewfish and other jacks besides the amber guy—shoals and hordes of fish as big as ever you will want to tackle on rod and reel. They are taken in every sort of way—on live bait and cut bait from anchored boats—by trolling (more slowly than for the "outside" fishes) with or without a sinker—by drifting, and so on. But your guide, if he finds the fishing slow in or along the edge of the Gulf Stream, is very likely to cut down the speed of his engines, take you a little closer to shore—over the reefs—and you, the customer, are then likely to find a change of pace in the fishing. Big ones are apt to come up from the weird, coral wonderland 50 or 20 feet under your keel and take hold—take hold, I ought to say, like a passing mail train.

ONE more memorandum ament charter boat fishing: Besides the species mentioned, and scores left unmentioned for lack of space, there exist in the Stream, such fishes as white marlin, Alli-

son tuna and blue marlin. If you are trolling with ordinary sailfish tackle and a white marlin swats your bait, you have a good chance of getting him—and if you do that, your relatives will grow tired to death, as the years pass, while you keep retelling the tale of that colossal scrap. If a blue marlin or an Allison tuna takes hold—unless your guide has trolled a super-size outfit—your chances of success are trivial. A few hundred yards of line, with a breaking strain of 30 or 40 pounds, mean absolutely nothing to a blue marlin of, say, 500 pounds, who is liable to run a straight, reel-spattering half mile in the first hundred seconds after he feels a hook!

I've seen it happen, I suppose, a dozen times: a great, black bill behind a sailfish bait, a smashing strike that throws water twenty feet high, the appalling leap of several hundred pounds of blue-striped marine majesty, a run like the take-off of a jet plane—and bing! Broken line. Stripped reel. Or busted rod. But it's worth the price of admission even without the fish. Then, too, I've seen things strike and run and get away that no one was able to identify—huge, anonymous powerhouses of the ocean deep.

IF YOU like milder fishing in landlocked, calmer waters, there are guides with smaller boats who, for half the price of a charterboat, will take you trolling all day in the Bay. And there are several "party" boats—large ships which anchor on the reefs; from the decks of these, scores of anglers, at two or three dollars a head, with their own tackle, fish the day long in any manner they please. Information about Bay fishing (for persons worried over seasickness) or about the "party" boats, may be had at the regular charterboat docks, at hotels, and from the Miami Chamber of Commerce. By the same means, fishing trips to Florida's rivers and lakes, where large-mouth bass abound, may be arranged.

All, or nearly all, the foregoing sounds rather foreign to the fresh-water angler. But for him, Miami and the adjacent seas have something very special. Perhaps you hate the sea. Possibly you get sick. (If the latter, you should visit your doctor and have him prescribe the new seasick remedy; it works.) But it may well be that you like to cast a dry fly for trout, or a wet fly, or that you are an old salmon man, or a plug-caster who thinks it is a waste of time to fish with anything but a light rod, a level-wind reel, 15-pound test line and artificial lures.

During the past two decades, anglers in the Miami area have developed what amounts to a new world of sports fishing—fishing in salt water by all the above methods. In the bays and on the "flats" off the Keys, in the salt-water canals and off the beaches, are thousands of fish-filled square miles of shallow water. The territory is accessible by car, rowboat, outboard motor and by a little walking, in some instances. Various parts of it

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recommend themselves to the brook angler and his fly rod, the plug caster, and so on. A two-hour drive from Miami into the Keys, and a little questioning at any of the countless camps open to the public in the Keys—the hiring, if need be, of a guide for a day—will put the fresh-water angler and his fresh-water tackle solidly in that new world.

I know. I began fishing as a rainbow-trout man, a plug caster on Lake George, and an Adirondack brook angler. It is quite exciting to have a one-pound trout rise to a well-directed fly, take same, and to bring same to hand-net. Indeed, it is. How would you like to cast the same fly to a six-pound tarpon—and get him? It is pretty enthralling to cast a red-headed plug exactly between two spreads of lily-pads and have an old lunger of a small-mouthed bass—a five-pounder—wham at the plug as you work it back. And get him. But how would you like to expose yourself and the same tackle, in an identical rowboat—to a 37-pound tarpon? Take it from me—the difference is marked and the excitement is vastly heightened by the disparity. With a mere hundred yards of line and a big fish jumping higher than your head—with barnacled piles or coral rock as a hazard instead of the stumps and snags in a pond—you will spend a remarkably beguiling afternoon fighting tarpon on casting tackle. And—well—I had a 100-pounder on for two and a half hours once. Got him to the boat, too—and he broke off as the guide tried to gaff him. Standard black bass tackle—and I couldn't unbend my cramped fingers for two days afterward!

Tarpon, of course, is just one kind of fish caught by fly or plug in the Miami area. Others? The devil-dancing, all-silver "ten-pounder", chiro, or ladyfish. All sorts of snappers. The groupers—a family of marine bass, coming in all sizes and colors. Channel bass, too—20-pounders on black bass gear are not uncommon; elsewhere, these are called redfish, red drum, and other names. All the jacks will hit plugs if they feel like it. Barracuda lunge on them—and on flies, too. So do some of the bizarre tropical numbers. So do sharks—and you try to catch even a baby shark—a mere 50-pounder—on a plug!

Then there is another, other, different realm of angling for the light tackle addict which involves a whistling, aluminum-colored fish called *alba vulpes*,

("white wolf") or bonefish. He will take flies and, at times, plugs—though precious few anglers will take *him*, that way. Bonefishing is a special art and guides with inexpensive boats in and around Miami and in the Keys will show you all about it. Just to prove, moreover, that a smart bonefisherman isn't as good as he thinks he is, there is another, larger fish which frequents the still, shallow bonefish haunts. He is a kind of pompano called a permit, and as the marlin outweighs and outpoints the sail, so the permit humbles the world-renowned bonefish. Any charterboatman, hotel or local Chamber of Commerce can put you onto the proper track for such fishing.

Of course, there are more regions, more sorts of fishing, hundreds of fishes unmentioned here—600 kinds in all, off Florida. I have barely begun to sample the situation—and my time's run out! What I had in mind to say was, principally, this: if you like to fish, try Miami fishing. If you don't like to, try it anyhow, because it may change your mind—even your life! And, above all else, if you're a specialist at some sort of inland fishing, by all means bring your favorite tackle along, for nobody has yet showed up in these parts with a style of gear for which we Miamians couldn't find all the fishing he wanted—and more!

A final note to the super-wary. Everybody unfamiliar with this unique and gorgeous landscape (which is half marinescape) seems to ask about hurricanes. The answer is—yep. Hurricanes are brewed, occasionally, a thousand or so miles from here. Most of them miss Miami. The worst one stirred up recently went to Long Island and New England. September and October are the likely months. Once in a while they do hit in other months. But we know they are coming several days ahead of time—so we don't get caught out fishing. And we have built all our houses, apartments, hotels and other structures to stand them. What we do, come a "blow", is to ensconce ourselves in merry parties in hotels, well provided with victuals and other refreshments, and hold our own galas until the wind dies down. A "hurricane party", as it's called, is not unlike a good convention.

If that's a worry—forget it. Indeed, Miami is designed to banish worries. And for the angler—be he a novice or a veteran tier of his own flies—Miami is not far from Paradise.



Green Dollars

(Continued from page 7)

woman, mature, and somehow softer—seemingly more lovely now than she had ever been. The kids, whose programs he had signed, continued to hover close. A smaller child, bearing an ice cream cone, and evidently wanting equal attention, tugged at Willy's 40-dollar slacks with strongly strawberried hands. Felix actually screamed in protest, dragging Willy away from the child. Kathryn Drury managed only to look puzzled. Willy heard himself saying, "Can I phone you tonight?"

"I'm afraid not, Willy; I've a date for tonight."

"Tomorrow?"

"Really, I can't say. It isn't that—"

But her glance said, firmly enough: Don't bother phoning, Willy; it wouldn't be wise, and the things he wanted to say stuck in his throat. Felix was dragging him away. The P.G.A. officials were waiting for him at the first tee. A man at a microphone was calling, "Dalton? Willy Dalton?" And Mr. Dudley W. MacPhinean was waiting, too. Willy followed Felix to the tee.

"Where you been concealing yourself all morning?" somebody said.

Willy found himself gazing into the lined and weathered face of a wonderful man named Isaac O'Leary, who had been the pro at the Lorraine Heights club for more than 30 years. It was Isaac O'Leary who'd first taught him to swing a club.

"I saw your fine big car in the parking field this morning," said Isaac, "but I didn't see hide nor hair of yourself."

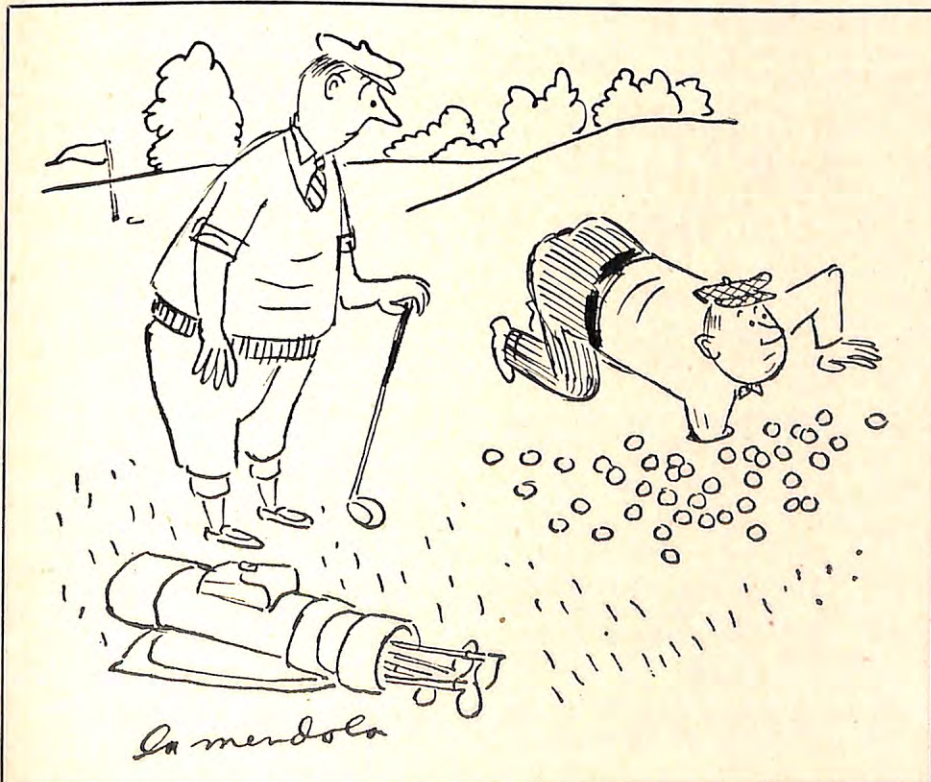
"I dressed at my aunt's this morning,"

Willy tried to explain, but that was as far as he got.

He stood on the first tee as defending champion. He addressed the ball, trying somehow to look like a reformed, changed man whom all of them could respect. He took one look down the long narrow of the par-five first that he remembered all too well. He lashed into the ball, a bit too eager for success; he managed only to slice it gracelessly into the trees. He did not look back at Isaac O'Leary or at Felix or Mr. MacPhinean; he just kept walking after his caddy, the crowd falling in behind. Word filtered through, while he was lining up his second shot, that Kramer was two under at the fourth.

AT THE fifth tee there was a slight wait while the officials reckoned with the congestion of the crowd. Willy was two over par and unhappy. Just as fun seemed fled from the game of golf, so did the proper "feel" of the clubs seem gone from his hands. The old groove of confidence had vanished. His caddy, a strapping, coolly efficient, handsome youth named Richard, hired by Mr. MacPhinean for "appearance" sake, was styled as elegantly in sports clothes as an Apollo Apparel ad, or, thought Willy, with sudden disapproval, a banana split. He lighted a cigarette and dragged on it, but the taste, like everything else, seemed dead. Willy finished the first round, as he tried to explain to Felix Murphy, "in a burst of mediocrity."

Felix sat on a bench near the big scoreboard, looking like a man who'd been



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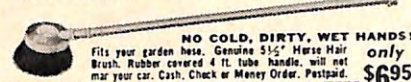


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rousingly kicked in the liver. He asked with joyless sarcasm, "What'd you have—an eighty?"

"A seventy-three," Willy said.

"Kramer had sixty-six. He tied the course record."

"I know." And he ought to have known, having set the record himself, five years before.

"You might as well face it," Felix said. "You're through."

"Say that again, Felix; say it slowly."

"Maybe you'll understand me better," said Felix, "when I tell you MacPhinean just gave a statement to the newspaper people. They asked him was he renewing your contract for another year. He didn't say Yes, and he didn't say No. He just said he was offering the contract to the winner of this tournament. That ought to give you one more guess, an' you shouldn't need tea leaves to read the answer."

Willy was silent. His glance went to the scoreboard and the "66" posted there for Kramer. His own sloppy "73", made over a course he had played a hundred times in better figures, left him seventh in the field of twelve professionals. He walked toward the parking field, a little consoled by the knowledge he could shower and change at his aunt's house, thus avoiding the necessity of meeting people in the clubhouse. His big convertible, with its chrome gleam and its fancy leather upholstery, looked suddenly silly and ostentatious—like a twenty-dollar hat, it occurred to him, on a bum who hadn't a dime. What, he asked himself, had happened to his elaborate plans for impressing the folks back home?

HE DID a bit better during the second round on Saturday. At least, while wearing a blue-beige ensemble from Appolo Apparel, he managed to keep the pants clean and instead of having a "73", he contrived, by scrambling all over the place, making some remarkable recoveries and playing with grim-jawed purpose, to get a "72". Once, while scoring an eagle three on the par-five tenth, he found his caddy almost cordial; Mr. MacPhinean's hand-picked club-toter also wore blue-beige. Burt Kramer's game, on the other hand, had fallen off a bit; he could do no better than a "68".

It was evening in Lorraine Heights and Willy's aunt had gone to bed. He sat on the small upstairs veranda, and he felt terribly alone. He asked himself if loneliness and frustration were his fair rewards for having mended his ways. At least, when he'd been a clown around town, he'd had some friends. He felt now, as he had not in a long time felt, the urgent need of a drink—about three fingers, say, of that healing tonic distilled in Scotland. What if, unlike most people, he couldn't handle the stuff? But his conscience kicked the notion out of his head. He sat there with his hands in his lap, annoyed by his con-

science but not defying it. And once, from where he sat looking toward the Drury house down the street, he thought he heard Kathryn's voice. It was late, but he went downstairs, quietly opening the screen door that led into the yard. He stood there, remembering the countless, happier evenings when he had not been obliged to stand mute as a cardboard Valentine, waiting for the thin compensation of hearing her voice.

When it was close to twelve, he heard her speak again. She was talking with her mother on the porch of the Drury house. Through the rough screen of low-hanging trees he had a glimpse of her tall, lithe figure descending the steps. He could hear her say clearly, "I'll be right back, Mom." For a moment he watched her walk toward Wheaton Street. Then, shamelessly, he followed. He felt like a sneak-thief doing it, but his loneliness was stronger than his pride.

The moon hung big and luminous over Wheaton Street and it filled the tops of the trees with gold. He watched Kathryn go into Schugmann's Candy Store and in a little while come out. "Don't scream, lady," he said. "It's just one of the neighbors—remember?"

She looked at him as she had never looked at him before. "So nice of you to be neighborly, Willy." But she said this with all the flattering warmth of the ice cream she had in a bag. He kept in step with her but he was not happy.

"Look, Kathryn, I don't ever expect to run for mayor of this town. Chances are they'd pass a new city ordinance to prevent me. But did it ever occur to you that I might be—well, different, let's say—from the last time you saw me?"

"Yes, Willy—quite different."

There was neither friendliness nor approval in her statement. They were pass-

ing the Senior High School, from which, in his exuberant youth, he had been bounced like a rubber ball. He'd been a spoiled kid then, undisciplined, with nothing to guide him but the loose reins held by the over-doting aunt who had raised him. He spoke of these things now, and of the years before the war when his wizardry at golf had earned him more dollars and fame than he had the brains or experience to handle. That was when he had fallen into the locker-room habit of having one too many and developed his rather sensational thirst. It was what had broken their engagement, they both knew. Her eyes were sadly on him now.

"Yes, Willy; I remember."

"But I'm a different man today, Katie; I haven't had a drink in over a year. I work for—"

"You work for Dudley W. MacPhinean," she said strangely. "The gayest spirit this town ever had—and you now wear lavender pants on Friday and blue-beige pants on Saturday. Yes, Willy; you work for Appolo Apparel. You do everything but wear a ribbon in your hair. You've turned into a stuffed shirt."

"Me?" He stood aghast, but it was the element of truth in her remark that wounded him most. He wanted to hit her.

"Why don't you," she said levelly, "try being Willy Dalton?"

They were standing by the hedge in front of her house and Kathryn's anger became her. The breeze had put her lovely hair in disarray. She gazed at him defiantly. Her mouth was moist. He had a temptation to be Willy Dalton, all right. He kissed her soundly on the mouth. She slapped him just as soundly on the jaw.

"You make-believe, dehumanized

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clothes-horse!" Kathryn said. "I didn't think you were able!"

Then she turned from him and walked into her house. Willy gazed after her, his cheek still warm from the very unloving touch of her hand.

THE Appolo Invitation Tourney, that celebrated feature of the early summer, is called an "invitation" tournament because it is the practice of its sponsor to invite, for varying slices of a \$10,000 melon, the 12 professional golfers whose records through the preceding year have proclaimed them worthiest of selection. The "Golden Dozen" is the term most often used, and, like most tournaments, the Appolo is contested in four rounds of play, the third and fourth being played on Sunday, in the morning and afternoon. In a rotating schedule of foursomes, the contestant finds himself in a different group each time.

Willy was in the third group teeing off. He did not see Felix Murphy or Mr. MacPhinean at the first tee, though Richard, the elegant caddy, in an Appolo Creation called "Sunday Blue", had, unfortunately, appeared.

"Willy, you look good enough to eat," one of the pros said. This was a fellow named Porky Hines, a gay companion of days predating Willy's reform. It was rather well known that Mr. MacPhinean did not approve of Porky Hines.

"Shut up, you bum," said Willy, and cut viciously into his drive. It screamed down the fairway, then hooked erratically toward a bordering brook. Willy was about to say a coarse word, but controlled himself. A few moments later, Richard, the beautiful caddy, stood in the vicinity of the brook, looking perplexed. Richard seemed to think it inconsiderate of Willy to have slugged the ball in here, and he appeared timid about getting his suede shoes damp in the process of his search. Willy's own theory, and he was supported by the searching officials, was that the ball had gone into the water, all right, but had bounced out again, and might possibly be playable, if found. He saw a brown object on the other side of the brook, and guessed correctly that it was his ball in a heavy wrapping of mud. He urged the statue-still Richard to have a closer look. Richard, as though his dignity had been unduly invaded, stepped cautiously forth on the slippery stones spanning the brook. Willy, on some puckish impulse stronger than his reason, while standing no more than six feet to the rear of Richard, suddenly bellowed, "Fore!" Richard leaped like a hooked trout, slipped on the rocks, then fell into the brook. In all his sartorial splendor Richard scrambled and thrashed and then came from the shallow depths of the brook as mud-brown as the ball on the other bank.

Porky Hines collapsed, and Willy, indeed, thought it funny himself, though not a nice thing to do. He was relieved to see Richard, his dignity ruptured be-

yond repair, retire from active service. Isaac O'Leary, the home pro, standing in the rather modest gallery, had kept a straight but interested expression. He said to Willy, "If you need somebody to carry your bag, here's a friend of mine. Patsy's not much of a dresser, of course, but he knows his way around."

"Him? Isaac, he couldn't lift the bag."

He was looking at a pint-sized boy in a T-shirt that hung almost to his knees. The kid wore an oversized baseball cap, with the insignia NY, that had unquestionably been stolen from a living member of the New York Yankees. A worse outrage of MacPhinean principles a man could not imagine. But the kid was already on the other side of the brook, with Willy's bag slung from a shoulder. "This is your ball," the kid said, "so why don'tcha belt it one?"

Willy studied the lie. It was in fairly deep grass, but the mud around it formed a kind of natural tee. Fetching in the bag, and considering the yardage to be redeemed, he said, "How about a spoon on this shot?"

"From the way you been hittin' your woods," said Patsy, "you'd do better with a pool cue."

Strangely enough, this kid reminded him of someone he had known a long time ago. Just who, he didn't know, but he spat on his hands and said, "Okay, wise guy, here goes." He powered into the ball with a full, sweeping swing of the spoon. The mud-covered pellet took off like a robin. Willy reached the par-five green with a six iron, laying it up there, close to the pin. He dropped his putt for a birdie four. He felt better.

"You lucky bum," said Porky Hines, "you must have gone to church this morning."

"So what if I did?"

Unconsciously he had placed a hand on Porky's ample shoulder, aware that the big man had always been a good companion. Patsy, his pint-sized caddy, led the way to the second tee, brashly proclaiming to those in their path, "Make way for the defendin' champeen; he's hot today." Idle friends of Patsy's, probably young thieves looking for balls to steal, had joined the gallery. Isaac O'Leary watched them kindly enough, but with strict surveillance. It was Willy's honor, so he teed up and belted the ball. It was a low scorcher, with overspin, and it went for nearly 300 yards.

"What you been eatin'?" Porky asked.

"Dunno," said Willy, "but it could be that I've had a taste of freedom." The sun was climbing now and the heat of the morning increasing. He opened the collar of his blouse—a hitherto undreamed of sacrilege, since it destroyed the lines of this tailored sports blouse known as the "Appolo Thorobred".

"He's gettin' human," somebody in the gallery said.

Willy knew he had been doing well, but it required a look at the cards—both the one in his pocket and those in the

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hands of officials, to convince him that at the end of the ninth he had a "33". He didn't want to ask it, but the question was on his mind more firmly than his Appolo-brand six-dollar visor.

"How's Kramer doing?" he asked.

"He had a '37' for nine; he's '45' going into the twelfth."

Willy had a "40" going into the twelfth. But he faltered on the short fifteenth, over-clubbing the distance between tee and green; he had to spade his way out of a bad lie with a wedge. He took two putts for a bogie four, then got it back on the sixteenth, laying his chip shot fairly close and dropping the single putt. He finished the round with a "68".

IT WAS much later, and he sat with Patsy under the same tree that had shaded and concealed him Friday. Patsy asked, "What's the matter? They won't let you in the clubhouse?" Patsy was consuming a third hamburger from the informal lunch Willy had requested him to buy at the refreshment tent.

"I'm thinking," Willy said. "Don't bother me."

"Thinkin' too much isn't good for a guy's golf," Patsy said. "The other day you was thinkin' like you had knots in your skull—an' boy, were you lousy. Could of beat you myself."

Willy grinned. Watching this remarkably untailed young man swing an iron at the heads of dandelions, he was not sure the statement wasn't true. The boy swung a club with fluid ease and loving hands—and he knew now of whom the kid reminded him—it was himself, 20 years before. Then Willy stood up. It was time for the afternoon round. Kramer, having carded a "73" in the morning, was still seven strokes to the good, whereas Willy, with his nicely-punched-out "68" was no higher than fourth in the standings posted on the board.

The gallery at the first tee was stupendous. Old friends he had not seen since high school days were calling to him, "Good luck, Willy! Belt it a mile!" Not the most elegant people, either, but guys he had known when he was Patsy's age and hanging around the local pool-rooms. Mr. MacPhinean, he was sure, would call them bums, but they looked all right from here, and the warmth of their greeting was better than sunlight. The only thing was that it made you sad you couldn't do more for them. You couldn't spot Kramer seven strokes. Representing Appolo Apparel was, for all MacPhinean's peculiarities, the biggest jack-pot in golf; and Kramer, alas, was not the kind to fold.

"Hello, Burt," Willy said to him.

"Luck to you, Dalton."

Like that. The manly, clipped-speech sort of thing. Kramer wasn't a bad guy. He simply took himself a bit too seriously as an outdoor "type"; and while he enjoyed no official position with Appolo Apparel, he was certainly, in the MacPhinean tradition, a man much given

to correct adornment. Burt liked to be photographed with shaggy and pedigreed dogs he did not own, as well as with handsome steeds he did not ride. And now it came to Willy what Kathryn had meant the night before when she had called him a "dehumanized clothes-horse." A man could be a stuffed shirt, he realized, even while wearing tweeds.

"Say, Dalton."

"Yes, sir?"

This was Mr. MacPhinean himself. Mr. MacPhinean who, like Kramer, had his virtues as well as his faults, said, "Dalton, if you don't mind, and as a personal favor to me, while you are still representing Appolo—er, would you please ask your caddy to place the ends of that loose shirt in his trousers?"

Since this seemed to his sponsor a matter of life and death, Willy was happy to comply. He then watched Kramer blast one down the middle of the fairway. It was a magnificent drive. The other pro hit from the tee, then Willy, nicely relaxed, slapped a screamer that managed to exceed Kramer's blast by several yards.

"This is a helluva time for you to get healthy," Felix Murphy said bitterly.

But Willy got healthier still. On the third, after halving the first two holes with Kramer, he chipped one in from the edge of the green for a birdie three, while Kramer, whose second shot had taken him into the sand surrounding the green, needed one to get out of it, and then a pair of putts for a five.

Willy began playing the course as though he owned it, and own it he did at least in memory: these rolling fairways were the hills of home; win, lose or draw, if it had to be his last attempt, he wanted to play it well. He had small thought of catching Kramer. The span of strokes between them was too great. It could happen only if Kramer, under pressure, let his game collapse. It was not a thing you could count on.

On the par-five ninth that led back to the clubhouse, Willy chose a brassie for his second shot. The lie was good. He "crippled" one. He felt the beautiful contact through his hands. He watched the low trajectory; he saw the ball burn over the high ground blocking his view of the green. He heard the advance-gallery shout, and he knew he was on in two. Kramer, and the others, were on in three.

Willy walked up to his ball. He was farthest from the cup and "away". He looked carefully, but not for too long, at the roll of the green. He stroked the ball. He heard the roar of the gallery as the shot dropped home. Kramer needed two putts to get down, and they were separated by only three strokes.

And now there was tension, Willy knew. It was here and could not be chased away. It gripped him with clammy hands. There was no use telling yourself that golf, at times like this, is only a game. It's warfare, really, and it

can hurt inside like bullets. They stood on the tenth tee. Felix Murphy's face had paled. Burt Kramer, with seeming nonchalance, was studying the wind, but you could see the muscles moving in his jaw. They halved the tenth and eleventh, and there was trouble waiting at the twelfth.

It was a dog-leg to the left, with the green concealed from the tee. You could play it safely by hitting straight out from the tee and leaving yourself a quite long second shot. Or you could gamble, applying a deliberate hook to the ball and bending your way around the fat oak at the fairway's edge, thus having not much more than a chip shot, if your gamble paid off. Kramer hit straightout, as did the others, but Willy, who in other summers had shaved the old oak closer than a barber, chose to gamble now. He powdered the ball but gave it a little too much "business"; he went not around the oak, but into it, the ball ricocheting wildly. He had an unnecessary five on the hole; Kramer had a competent four.

Kramer had a birdie on the thirteenth, but Willy stayed with him, four strokes off the pace. The gallery was growing, the tension mounting madly, but the burden was not on Kramer; it was on Willy, with only five holes to play. They halved the fourteenth, which did him no good, then climbed to the steep tee of the short fifteenth where Willy'd had trouble in his morning round. Kramer, who had gained the honor, hit first, lofting a short iron to the green. It landed no more than six feet from the cup. Willy swallowed dryly. He saw Isaac O'Leary wipe his brow. One of the other pros drove, but the gallery was now of such dimensions that a pause was necessary to get the crowd in back of the ropes. Willy lighted a cigarette. His fingers shook a little. He dragged deeply on the cigarette, his eyes meeting Isaac O'Leary's. The old pro called him aside. "I know how you feel, boy," Isaac said.

"Well, thanks."

The older man looked at him, then offered a paper cup. "Off the record, Willy, it isn't Coca-Cola. But if you need it, take it."

The temptation was strong. He needed it, all right, from his scalp to his toes, and the smell of the stuff that had licked him once, held practically under his nose like this, was almost more than he could bear.

"You're a mean old dog," he said to Isaac.

"Am I?" Their glances met.

"I'll take water," Willy said, and walked to a running tap. He gargled and spat some of the water to the ground. The crowd, in order now, was watching him. He scanned the brief distance from tee to green. Patsy said, "The six iron, chum?" The kid, having watched him with Isaac O'Leary, was smiling beautifully through the dirt on his face. Sure, they all knew the story of Willy Dalton.

"I'll take the seven iron," Willy said. He slapped into the ball, with the face of the club a little open for the sake of extra lift. It climbed in a steep arc, falling like a stone, and it landed three feet from the cup. The noise of the people rolled over the hills. Willy said softly to Burt Kramer, "It looks like you're away."

Kramer, with the golden glance of MacPhinean upon him, lined up his six-foot putt. He dried his hands on a clean towel. He crouched and studied the grass. He chewed his lips. He frowned. He gripped the putter, addressing the ball. He fidgeted. He finally stroked, and he missed the cup by a foot. Willy stepped up and sank his ball. He was three strokes off the pace.

He cut the sixteenth fairway down the middle and his second shot again was just off the green. He had a short putt for a birdie four while Kramer had a five. Kramer, desperately tense, was coming apart at the emotional seams. He bungled his drive on the seventeenth, then spooned one into the trees. Willy, well down the fairway with his own drive, and waiting to shoot for the flag, saw Kramer flay wildly with an iron, then heard the ball rebound from wood. He felt sorry for Kramer, really, and for all the sad, frustrated golfers of the world, himself included. Willy hit the green with his second shot and dropped his putt for another insult to par. Kramer, with a fantastic seven, had completely blown the lead.

They stood on the eighteenth tee and the day had moved along. The sun was down behind the clubhouse. There was a small wind rising, tossing the white flag on the eighteenth green. Willy took a practice swing.

"Well, go ahead," Isaac O'Leary said, "wreck the place."

"Huh? Don't understand you, Isaac." "You're sixty-two to here, friend; a birdie will get you a new course record."

And Willy grinned. Easy now. Play it like your own back yard. Perhaps it's the last time you will play it; it seemed a little sad. He hit it cleanly, carefully down the middle. He could feel pressure, the awful tension in the crowd, but strangely now, in his tiredness and peacefulness, there wasn't much in him. To the green, which was on the crown of a hill a hundred and fifty yards away, you needed loft and accuracy with your second shot; the clipped grass of the green itself was not much bigger than a billiard table.

"Six iron," Willy said.

Patsy looked at him and the kid was scared. The moment had overwhelmed him. Willy plucked the out-sized baseball cap from Patsy's head and placed it on his own. "For luck," he said. Then, with measured calm, he stroked into the ball. It rose and it fell and it stuck to the manicured grass. A minute later he dropped the short putt into the cup. The noise broke all around him like a bomb.

His own lips trembled and Patsy, who was really a very tough kid, for some reason started to bawl.

MR. DUDLEY W. MACPHINEAN, stuffed shirt or not, was a gentleman equal to his pledged word. "They were two splendid rounds of golf, young man," he said to Willy, "even if a bit bizarrely played." There were speeches and presentations in front of the clubhouse, plus Mr. MacPhinean's sporting assurance that Willy Dalton would again be signed as the Appolo "Golfer Of The Year"—not mentioning, of course, the cascade of gold from the endorsement, use, and wearing of Apparel Products, that made such a distinction bearable. There was also, in its due place, a great deal of applause. Willy smiled politely.

He took a long, tired time in the shower, and a good while getting dressed. Later, Isaac O'Leary came into the room and sat next to him. "Dammit," said Isaac, "if Kramer hadn't cracked under the pressure, you'd never have beaten him."

"I thought you were on my side," Willy said.

"That's the point; I was. When you turned down that drink on the fifteenth, Willy, I knew you were the man we wanted."

"I don't know what you're talking about."

"Well," Isaac said slowly, "you're a local boy, and people around here always thought a lot of you, Willy—that is, when you weren't trying to be somebody other than yourself. And for a while—when it looked like you wouldn't get the Appolo job, we thought—well, we thought you might like to take over here, at Lorraine Heights. I'm not as spry as I was, and I should spend more time at the golf school I've got in New York. Besides, who's going to take care of kids like Patsy?"

Willy sat still, gripping the bench.

"Here, Isaac? Your job? Here?"

"Well, it was just a thought we had—the club officials and myself. Of course, the pay mightn't be as flashy as the Appolo people's, but it would be a whole lot steadier, and a man could settle down in Lorraine Heights, if he could stand that sort of thing and knew a girl who—where you rushing to, Willy?"

There was the same moon over Wheaton Street, washing the same trees with the same gold brush. He walked with Kathryn Drury and it seemed like the old, good time they had known together.

"And what did Mr. MacPhinean say?" she asked him after a while.

"MacPhinean? You mean when I told him I didn't want to be the Appolo Golfer Of The Year? Frankly, he sighed with relief, and we parted excellent friends. I even gave him Felix Murphy to manage Kramer's affairs."

They continued walking along the wide street under the trees, the two of them, and he felt very much at home.



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editorial

"WHAT SO PROUDLY WE HAIL"



June 14th, Flag Day, will mark the 173rd year since the Stars and Stripes was authorized as our national emblem by Congress in 1777. To Elks, this day of public honor to Old Glory has deepest significance. While, happily, our members do not enjoy a monopoly on love of the flag, they may lay prior claim to Flag Day as their own because our Grand Lodge first established it, at the Philadelphia, Pa., Session in 1907, as a day for holding public exercises by our lodges "when the all-absorbing theme shall be patriotism".

It is a wonderful day for Elks . . . for all loyal Americans. What a magnificent sight to see Old Glory displayed, rippling in the breeze! Its canton of blue clustered with stars which raise our heads to heaven. Its dramatic red stripes that speak of the blood of heroes, of valor, of fervency. Its bars of purest white, which invoke constancy, justice, honor. Old Glory! How fitting the name has become. Flag of a nation younger by hundreds of years than countries of the old world, it is the third oldest of the national standards in use today.

Year by year, in these vital times, Flag Day increases in importance. It provides precious hours when our people may gather before the Colors and, with gesture of allegiance, proclaim love for their Flag and the freedom for which it stands. It is an outstanding opportunity for patriotic Americans, who are willing to identify themselves as such, to take the lead in lifting the minds of their fellow citizens to an alert consideration of all Old Glory represents—for our own country, and for the world.

Let us embrace this privilege on June 14th.

THE MEN IN WARD 5



Despite our best intentions, pressing personal problems and the impact of world events that seem to crowd upon us in greater numbers day by day may, if we are not careful, cause us to forget the great debt we owe to the disabled veterans in our hospitals. Elksdom is pledged never to forget them so long as a patient remains, and it is to the honor of our Order that we have not forgotten and will always remember. Throughout the year and all over the country, Elks, aided by their wonderful wives and daughters, carry on the cheering program that is sponsored with unflagging energy by the Elks National Service Commission.

How important this is was made eloquently clear in a letter that one of our veterans, fighting a long battle for health in a western hospital, wrote some

time ago to the Exalted Ruler of a lodge that is making sure these men are remembered. For himself and his fellow patients in Ward 5, this veteran wrote:

"The other day some of the fellows were talking about the lovely party your lodge provided for us on New Year's Eve and they asked me to express to you our appreciation for it. Cut off as we are from normal social contacts for long periods of time, holidays can be plenty depressing. The knowledge that we can have little part in the gaiety of the world's celebration can put a lot of fellows pretty far down in the dumps. Your Committee planned just the right kind of party to make us feel that we had a part in the good cheer of New Year's Eve. The professional entertainers were good and the ladies in their evening gowns and gay costumes gave an authentic atmosphere of an evening in a night club. Altogether the party gave us a great lift at just the right time and we thank you from the bottom of our hearts."

Not all of us are privileged to participate intimately in the work of the Commission, but we can give our encouragement and support to those who do the job of repaying a little of the debt we all owe to the veterans who are still paying the price of freedom.

THE VOICE OF THE EMBLEM



We were idly gazing into the window of a fashionable jewelry store at a dazzling array of diamonds, emeralds, sapphires set in rings, bracelets, pendants. "Pretty baubles," we thought, and then we saw an Elks pin.

"I am no bauble," it seemed to say. "I am the emblem of an organization which is an integral part of America. I represent one million identified Americans who believe in God . . . who are devoted to their Flag and the American Way of Freedom . . . who gave valuable aid to the national effort in two world wars and helped to heal the scars of three major conflicts, beginning with our own Civil War.

"The great heart of my organization reaches out into many lives. It heals crippled children and guides them to useful livelihood. It awards scholarships to deserving students. It donates food, clothing and toys to unfortunate families. It provides recreational camps for underprivileged boys. In numerous other ways, it does more than its share to infuse warmth and courage where most needed. Moreover, it furnishes the moral objectives for its own members: Charity, Justice, Brotherly Love and Fidelity.

"My Fraternity aids American civic life. It provides a meeting place for neighbor-loving people. Through training in responsible lodge offices, it builds outstanding citizens, leaders of the community. It assists community projects; undertakes community work singlehandedly, such as making substantial donations of equipment to hospitals . . ."

Truly, the Elk emblem is no idle finery. Stamped in its graceful lines are magnetic properties of service to our Order, inside and outside our membership.

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