

ST-R-E-T-C-H-E-S

THE PLAYING SEASON!



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Beware the Club Manager; He's A Morbid Fellow

At a brainstorming session held in conjunction with the CMAA Workshop at Michigan State University in September, the club managers apparently were in a rare morbid mood. They were asked to select a theme for a club party and then develop it as to the props that would be used, the menu that would be provided and the entertainment that would be in order. One gruesome person in the audience suggested that he thought members of his club would enjoy attending a "funeral party" and equally grisly people attending the session immediately and unanimously endorsed it.

Marlett Is The Digger

Since Gerald V. Marlatt, manager at Parc-Wood CC, Mequon, Wis., was moderator of the session, that automatically made him the Digger O'Dell. At his prompting and you might say, with his inspiration, the audience laid out a format such as this:

The hor d'oeuvres would consist of such things as meat balls, pickled herring,

brains, blood sausage and cold cuts;

For dinner, these things: could be served: Blood soup or borscht, wilted lettuce, black bread, blood rare fillet, tripe, *ghoulash*, devil's food cake, coffee diablo and other equally delectable dishes;

For props, the managers decided these things could be used: A hearse, coffin, gravestone place cards complete with epitaphs, wreaths, candelabra and similar bric-a-brac;

Club employees would be garbed as gravediggers and skeletons with an occasional angel spotted around the premises to give the party goers an idea of what they were going to miss;

Dante's Inferno

The bar would be a replica of Dante's Inferno with organ music pervading the clubhouse. A harp would be conspicuous and one manager suggested that a Dixie Land band should be imported to lend the kind of atmosphere some people think is appropriate;

Invitations to the party and all publicity attending it would be in the form of death certificates;

The theme of the jamboree would be "Go now — pay later."