

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

W

JULY 1957

IN THIS ISSUE:

SMALL BUSINESS—
A Success or Failure?



DIANE BRYERS

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Tom Wrigley Writes from WASHINGTON

buildings as U. S. taxpayers. The cost of these stately buildings is not giveaway money for supporting this or that. It is not money poured down a drain. It is lasting and stable, like the Washington Monument and the Lincoln Memorial. The Senators can well take pride in their new building. It will be ready for occupancy in January. Washington has had enough of ugly temporary shacks where federal employes work. Citizens in general, it might be said, want Washington to be the best capital in the world. It is right now.

Find Confederate Statue

United Daughters of the Confederacy finally found a statue of a Confederate General in Washington after looking around since 1953. It is of Brig. Gen. Pike and it stands in front of police headquarters. General Pike is in civilian dress. He was a prominent Mason and the statue was erected by the Scottish Rite. The Confederate Daughters proudly laid a wreath before the statue, for General Pike was a brilliant soldier as well as citizen.

Jobs For Graduates

Over 345,000 college graduates have finished their courses and many are making decisions as to jobs. Big corporations are recruiting young men and women and all sorts of inducements are offered at salaries from \$4,000 to \$6,000 a year. Besides these graduates, there are 65,000 with M.A. degrees and about 8,500 with Ph.D's. The government needs 50,000 college grads this year and is out to get them before the corporations snatch them.

Lookouts for Planes

Air traffic will soon be so congested that planes will need special "lookouts" to guard against collisions, aviation experts declare. They would be on duty at all times, same as lookouts in crow-nests on ships.

Whirlybirds Ready

The two Air Force helicopters purchased for White House use at \$60,000 each attract a lot of attention in practice landings on the Ellipse and south grounds of the White House. The President's putting green would be a perfect landing field for the whirlybirds but that doesn't mean the pilots are using it. The President is scheduled to take his first official flight in one in mid-July during a mock evacuation attack.

Surplus U. S. Flags

American flags are being offered for sale as "U. S. Govt. Surplus" as this nation prepares to celebrate Independ-

ence Day on July Fourth. The flags, 9 ft. by 16 ft., are advertised as brand new wool bunting, never used, original cost \$60 each. The surplus price is around \$9. Just why the government should sell American flags as surplus property is not clear. One guess is that admitting Alaska as a state means adding another star to the flag and official government, of course, must be absolutely correct.

Famous Yacht a Gunboat

The presidential yacht Williamsburg, used by President Truman at a cost of \$600,000 a year, is coming out of mothballs and will be a reserve fleet gunboat at New London, Conn. It has not been used during the present administration.

Planes From Russia

Defense Department has reports Russia will soon ask plane landing rights in the U. S. They expect to have long-range jets capable of crossing the Atlantic from Russia non-stop. The request will be for reciprocal rights with U. S. commercial aviation.

Potomac Pinwheels

President Ike likes to read newsstand western stories . . . Government Services, which runs 40 cafeterias and 30 snack bars, served 35,620,000 persons the last 12 months and made \$129,285 profit . . . D. C. General Hospital, for indigent persons, has such exceptional special services it should be opened to patients who pay, doctors declare . . . Secretary of Defense Charles Wilson who sometimes says things he shouldn't oughta, is the only military official to win a burst of applause from reporters at a Pentagon press conference. They like him . . . Wild-life Service is whooping it up over reports that 19 more whooping cranes are reported in Neb. and S. Dak. The known total of the nearly extinct birds is 24 . . . Pigeons in front of the White House are so darn smart they wait for the green light and cross the street with the tourists . . . Foreign Embassies owe Washington \$77,000 in back taxes . . . Wesley Heights, where Vice-President Nixon has a new home, has a real estate boom . . . Scientists believe a tiny transistorized hearing aid will be built to run without batteries by utilizing body heat . . . The 1957 Inauguration reports show the celebration ran \$150,000 in the red. The 1953 Inauguration made \$146,000 profit . . . An antique shop in old Georgetown had a full-sized reproduction of Titian's "Venus Reclining" in the window and it caused quite a commotion.



WITH all the hullabaloo over cutting the cost of government spending, a fishy eye has been cast at the new \$23,400,000 Senate Office Building, now nearing completion. There's no squawk at the cost of the building, but the furnishings for the 40 five-room suites and the 12 spacious committee rooms will cost a big chunk more. At a display of furnishings there were tooled leather desks in green and gold, just \$1,000 each, comfy posture chairs for reclining at \$216 each and ornate conference room tables at \$2,500 apiece. Carpets and rugs had similar price tags. The clamor over budget slashing reached such a tempo that some Senators might decide they would be better off to stay in their present cramped quarters in the old office building. A visiting constituent seeing the Senator behind a thousand dollar desk might go back home and give the place a bad name. It can be said positively, however, that the office furnishings will finally be selected with an eye to economy, but also in keeping with the prestige and dignity of the Senate of the United States. Washington is a world capital. What has been built here is a credit to the capital of the greatest nation on earth. Visitors to Washington proudly view beautiful buildings, their

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Contents

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COVER BY DUANE BRYERS

TOM WRIGLEY WRITES FROM WASHINGTON..... 1
 SMALL BUSINESS—What Makes for Success or Failure?
by Eugene Rachlis..... 4
 "GOODBYE, JOE" *by William Fay*..... 6
 THEY MADE MAY DAY AMERICAN..... 8
 ROD AND GUN *by Dan Holland*..... 10
 A MESSAGE FROM THE GRAND EXALTED RULER..... 11
 SAFECRACKERS GO BROKE *by Robert Deindorfer*..... 12
 ENTERTAINMENT NOTES
 from the Elks National Service Commission..... 14
 PAST GRAND EXALTED RULER E. MARK SULLIVAN..... 15
 FOR ELKS WHO TRAVEL *by Horace Sutton*..... 16
 NEWS OF THE STATE ASSOCIATIONS..... 18
 NEWS OF THE LODGES..... 20
 LODGE VISITS OF FRED L. BOHN..... 24
 ELKS FAMILY SHOPPER..... 26
 IN THE DOGHOUSE *with Ed Faust*..... 32
 TRAVELGUIDE..... 34
 DEDICATE MEMORIAL TO PAST GRAND
 EXALTED RULER BRUCE A. CAMPBELL..... 40
 FREEDOM'S FACTS..... 44
 ELKS WORKSHOP *by Harry Walton*..... 50
 EDITORIAL..... 52



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ELKS NATIONAL FOUNDATION



"The Joy of Giving"



Under a Foundation grant, Mrs. Frances P. Corley, who had no previous experience in the field of cerebral palsy, completed a course at the Les Passes Treatment Center for Cerebral Palsied Children at Memphis, Tenn., where she is now regularly employed. Thus, through the aid of the Foundation, one more valuable person was made available for treatment of this critical disease. Here Mrs. Corley is working with a young patient at the Center, and looking on from left are Trustee Alan Dixon and P.E.R. Frank Smith of Memphis Lodge.



Television lip reading lessons, conducted by Dr. Lucile Cypreansen at the University of Nebraska. Two graduate students act as pupils on the TV program, responding by reading the lips of instructor, just as the listening and receiving audience does. This series of sixteen one-half hour lip reading lessons was prepared to reach a vast number of handicapped people by medium of television, and a lip reading manual was prepared for distribution to the hard-of-hearing and deaf listeners. Dr. Cypreansen is Associate Professor in Speech and Speech Correction at the University and obtained much of her background through an Elks National Foundation grant of \$1,850 for graduate research at Syracuse University.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Elks National Foundation, announces these recent Foundation fellowships for advanced training in cerebral palsy therapy:

Miss Sally Smith of Swampscott, Mass., sponsored by Lynn, Mass., Lodge, has been awarded a \$1,000 grant for a one-year course at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy.

Miss Jane Dressler of Albuquerque, N.M., has received a \$500 grant to complete a course at the Boston School of Occupational Therapy. Miss Dressler was sponsored by Albuquerque Lodge.

Miss Bernice B. Chaletzky, under the sponsorship of Lynn, Mass., Lodge, was the recipient of an Elks National Foundation grant for special training at Columbia University and is now a special class teacher at the Stanley School in Swampscott, Mass. Here she is working with a group of youngsters at the Stanley School. Miss Chaletzky is particularly proud of the progress that Thomas Whiteford, age 11, is making with an electric typewriter which he is using for training purposes.

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By a Wall Street Journal Subscriber

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SMALL BUSINESS - what

BY EUGENE RACHLIS

LAST YEAR, 12,686 businesses failed in the United States, leaving in their wake a trail of unpaid bills amounting to nearly \$563,000,000. Except for the depression year of 1932, this is the largest amount of liabilities caused by business failure in the history of the country. The total number of businesses which failed in 1956 is the highest since 1938—and the failure figures for the first half of 1957 are already exceeding those of last year. Nor do these figures take into account the thousands of business failures where a man quietly closed his shop and paid his debts, usually at the cost to himself or friends of part or all of their own money.

Why is this? Why, in a period of the nation's greatest prosperity, do so many of our businessmen go to the wall? Is there any way to keep the failure rate down? Is there any practical advice that you, as a small businessman, can use that will keep you in business—and profitably?

Fortunately, the answers to these questions and to many others affecting small business are the big business of Dun and Bradstreet, the most important credit rating organization in the world. For 100 years, this company has specialized in the field of business success and failure and is undeniably the su-

preme authority on what takes place in that narrow space that separates profit from loss and healthy growth from dismal failure.

Each year, 1,700 Dun and Bradstreet reporters, augmented by thousands of correspondents, interview more than 3,000,000 businessmen. The answers they get form the basis for practical advice, and the examples to support them, that should bring aid, encouragement and dollars to the haberdasher on Main Street, the small manufacturer on the West Coast, the service station operator in the Deep South and the resort hotel owner in New England.

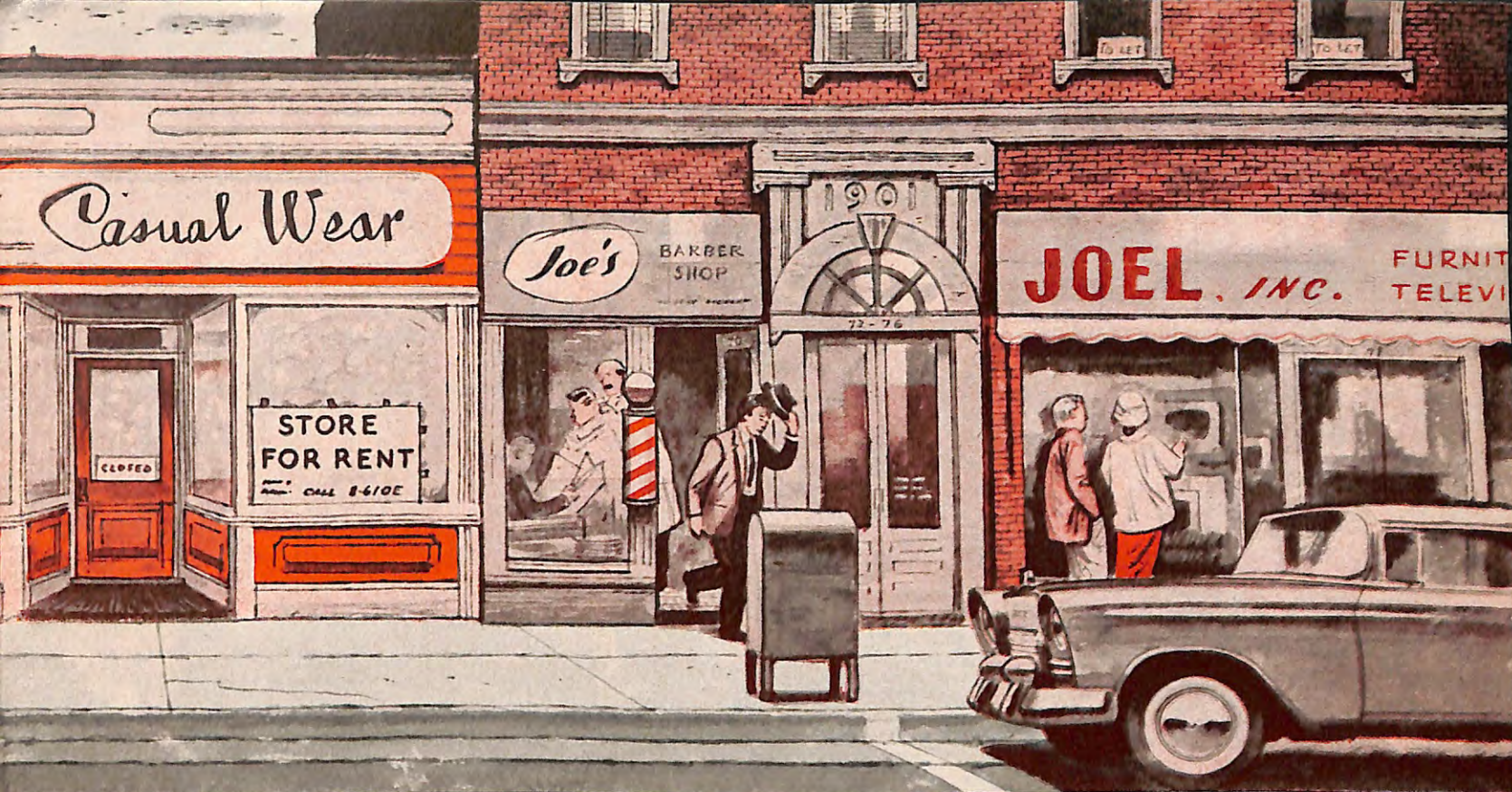
These are the people who make up the more than 90 per cent of America's 4,000,000 business enterprises which we call "small businesses." Although no hard and fast definition of small business exists—the Defense Department says "less than 500 employes," the Small Business Administration says "less than 250"—it is obvious that by any slide rule the United States is essentially a nation of small businessmen. Fully half our businesses have a net worth of less than \$10,000; only about five per cent are valued at more than \$125,000. Small businesses and the men and women who run them are as varied as America is varied. On their success and

failure rests the success and failure of whole communities.

Who are these people and how did they get into business and once in, why are they staying there, fighting the long hours, the hard work and the mortality rate of small business? For most, it is the direct expression of that ancient yearning: "I want to be my own boss." Add to this the profits to be made, the selling instinct and you sum it up for many. But not until you hear from these people themselves do you begin to recognize yourself and your neighbors, people who want to serve their communities as well as themselves and for whom the pleasures of independence are only part of the picture.

Take Mrs. Catherine Ford, who keeps the books in her husband's contracting business in Raymond, Washington.

"We are just a small business," she recently wrote to Dun and Bradstreet, "but have to serve the whole county here. We manage to make a modest living and try to do the best we can towards satisfying the needs of the many business and residential people in this county. We like to feel that we have provided a good living to the families of our four employes during the past year. Sometimes it is difficult to conduct a pleasurable atmosphere dealing



Illustrated by C. E. MONROE, Jr.

makes for success or failure?

with all kinds of people, but we try to send the man most suited to the job and that way it makes things easier for all. We want to give the best service possible to our people here at the least expense to them."

Or, listen to George Du Charme, the owner of a service station in upstate New York:

"We are celebrating our twentieth anniversary this year. 'Pop' and I started our business in a small filling station. Although our measure of tangible profit for twenty years as a small business might seem minute, we are rich in friendships and community goodwill. These are difficult to appraise on a balance sheet."

And from all over the United States, there are indications that the reasons for wanting to stay in small business are equally "difficult to appraise on a balance sheet." From California: "We enjoy sharing in community activities." From Illinois: "Work is tiresome without the satisfaction of serving." From Indiana: "The purpose of business is social usefulness." From Kansas: "Part of my compensation is my customer's smile."

Multiply these by the number of small businesses in your own town by the number throughout the United States and you begin to understand the character of the small businessman. But

why, despite the best will in the world and the twin incentives of profit and independence, is the rate of business failure on the upswing? Richard Sanzo, staff analyst of Dun and Bradstreet, recently put it this way:

"If I were to try to compress the causes of failure into one overall summary, I would say that in nearly all failures, some weakness was present, represented either by human frailty, or lack of know-how, or lack of adaptability, or lack of proper financial management. These weaknesses are always present in some portion of the business community. What is making them more costly now than ever before—and what, in my opinion, is causing an increasing number of failures—is the result of one or more of four elements.

"These are: first, the competitive pressure of an increasing number of concerns going into business; second, the difficult and increasing cost-price squeeze in which all business is finding itself; third, ever-changing patterns in consumer demand and corollary changes required in methods of doing business; and fourth, lack of experience in managerial capacity and judgment."

Analyzing the causes of the 12,686 business failures in 1956, Dun and Bradstreet thoroughly examined the reasons publicly given for the failure and then came up with the underlying

truth. They are thus able to dispel a number of myths which exist in the business community and among laymen.

For instance, poor health, marital difficulties and other personal factors caused the neglect of some small businesses, but these reasons accounted for only 540, or 4.3 percent, of last year's failures. Moral lapses such as dishonesty or fraud accounted for only 2.1 per cent. Many of these failures tend to be dramatic and make newspaper headlines, thus leading some to ascribe a great percentage of failures to personality flaws in businessmen. But this is palpably wrong. Moral lapses will crop up almost anywhere. They frequently are more obvious when increased competition brings added strains to running a business, and these in turn can lead to the temptation to take the easy way out. But over the years, the records show that moral lapses rarely account for more than five or six per cent of all business failures.

"Acts of God"—disasters such as flood, fire or drought—burglary, strikes or fraud by employes accounted for less than two per cent of last year's failures. These, too, tend to appear dramatic and lead to an exaggerated view as to the part they play in failures. Actually, in spite of the severe drought in the Southwest this past year, there has been no

(Continued on page 39)



"GOODBYE, JOE"

It seemed to George Hawley that he had known the evil of Ralphie and Julie Dee for all the days he could remember.

BY WILLIAM FAY

Illustrated by JOHN McDERMOTT

GEORGE HAWLEY, the detective, wasn't twenty feet from Joe Regis, his partner and friend, when Joe was shot to death by Ralphie Dee. This happened at night, on a rainswept boulevard in the Borough of the Bronx. The way it happened, so strangely and so fast, it was more like something witnessed than a role performed. Hawley placed a bullet in the center of Ralphie Dee's unreasoning head, as Ralphie fired a second time. Then Hawley fell forward into the street, settling within a circle of light cast by a streetlamp overhead. He was not unconscious, but he could not get up. The rain kept beating on them where they lay—Hawley, Joe Regis and Ralphie Dee, whom the cops had wanted now for more than a year and a half. The fumes from a halted bus washed warmly into Hawley's face.

"Don't touch him," he heard somebody say, and this was probably a cop. Hawley could hear the approach of sirens now from not far away, less shrill in the fat and walloping rain than they would have sounded at another time.

God be good to Marge, he prayed.

Later on, when things were better settled in his mind, he would begin to wonder why this was the only thing he had prayed for when the bullet brought him down. What about Joe Regis, who was lying dead in the street?

It was three days after the event that Walter Rosen, a lieutenant of detectives, was permitted to enter Hawley's hospital room. Rosen was a pink-scalped, oddly freckled little man of fifty, as clean as a new-blown bubble of soap. He looked more like a lingerie salesman than a tough, experienced cop.

"I'm glad you're still with us, Georgie," Rosen said.

They were friends. Neither rank nor the twenty years that separated their ages was an embarrassment. The older man sat at Hawley's bedside, his hands folded neatly in his lap. Winter daylight flooded the quiet room. The sky, or as much as Hawley could see of it, was a soft madonna blue; then he remembered again: *two funerals today*, and he could tell, from the way the sun had climbed, that it was noon or later now.

"How was it at the church this morning?" Hawley asked.

"I'm not the best judge, George. I'd say it was very respectful. The mayor was there and the borough president. The young cops wore their white gloves

and they paraded like cadets. Marge was there. She walked with Joe's mother. They both did very well."

"Thank you, Walter. That's what I wanted to know."

His eyes had filled quickly, and while he wasn't ashamed, he didn't want to get sloppy. Rosen looked down at the pudgy fingers entwined in his lap. He cracked his knuckles all at once. It was like a quick, soft chorus of crickets.

"They also buried Ralphie Dee today, George," Rosen said, but Hawley didn't reply to that. "I heard he got as many flowers as Joe got. It could even be that he got more."

"God is going to add up all the flowers, Walter?"

"I didn't mean it that way. You know that."

"I'm sorry," Hawley said.

"I'm trying to make a point," Rosen said, "or I'd never have brought it up. Dead or alive, you have to admit that Ralphie was a flashy and popular punk. Every hoodlum from Yonkers to Brooklyn was at the funeral, I'm told, except his brother, Julie. The coffin looked like a prize float off the boardwalk at Atlantic City."

"So?"

"I'm thinking of the kind of reaction that might set in."

"I don't get it, Walter."

"The Inspector and I could be 'way off base, but it's something to think about," Rosen said. "I've seen criminals sentimentalized by their admirers until there's no possible resemblance between the punk they buried and the gilded ghost they remember. Don't expect them to love you, George, and keep Ralphie's crazy brother in mind. If Julie gets it into his twisted head that he wants to be a hero, too—then you could be his short-cut to fame."

"I'll get scared when I feel better," Hawley said.

His hands closed tightly on the bedsheet at his chest. *Ralphie and Julie Dee*, he thought; you couldn't match them against the life and merits of Joe Regis by any standard that wasn't debased. The measure of their importance was that they had broken bail and disappeared while under indictment for extortion and for murder in the 2nd degree. It seemed to Hawley that he had known both Ralphie and Julie for the length of all days he could remember—since they were kids, and if Ralphie had grown to be a big man by the width of his smile, the cut of his clothes, or the size of the cars he used to drive—well, the world was a pit for pigs.

"How long you figure you'll be laid up?" Hawley asked.

(Continued on page 45)

He descended two flights of stairs; was rounding the turn of another flight when he saw Julie Dee.

They Made May Day



Above: In Group I, third place went to Williamsport, Pa., Lodge whose program stressed Youth in Government with P.E.R. Charles F. Greevy, Judge of Lycoming County Courts, briefing high school student Walter Haag on judicial matters.



Above: The Scottsbluff, Neb., Elks' second-place event included a teen-age dance which brought to a close a full day's activities for over 3,000 youngsters.



Left: A program which brought top honors and the applause of the entire community to San Mateo, Calif., Lodge featured a praise-worthy effort to take terror and tragedy from the teen-age craze for drag racing.

FOLLOWING the lead of Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn, Governors and Mayors all over the country proclaimed May 1st as Elks National Youth Day, and lodges throughout the Order acted to pay special tribute to our young people. These Salutes to Youth were reported to the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee and awards were made to those lodges showing the deepest interest in honoring our young people, a difficult decision to make.

As is customary, the lodges were divided into three categories, with those of more than 1,000 members in Group I; those of between 500 and 1,000 in Group II, and those of less than 500 in Group III.

San Mateo, Calif., Lodge's successful effort to bring its Youth Day celebration into first place among lodges of more than 1,000 members resulted in a truly outstanding community-wide observance. Expanding its program to include student contests not only in essay-writing but in art and music as well, this lodge rewarded 14 students with trophies and a total of \$1,250 in U. S. Savings Bonds.

Not content with this, E.R. Jack A. Gaffigan and Youth Committee Chairman Donald J. Miller enlarged their



Below: Not only did Newport, R. I., Elksdom arrange to have young people take over government but other adult endeavors as well. In its third-prize-winning event for Group II WADK's Bill Sheridan ran his program under student disc jockeys.

Above: San Benito, Tex., Lodge, No. 2 in Group II, soda-popped and hot-dogged city's students.

Left: Highlight of Hayward, Calif., Lodge's top Group II observance was the visit made by Governor Goodwin J. Knight to Hayward's City Hall when he saluted the Elks' youth effort as "the best antidote for communism".



American

program even further. The craze among teen-agers for racing souped-up cars illegally is a menace throughout many areas. Realizing these youngsters' need for adult supervision, as a leading and responsible group the lodge was granted permission to conduct a trial "hot rod" exhibition and drag racing event at Half Moon Bay Airport. Its success was obvious to everyone, including the youngsters who contended for the handsome trophies offered by the sponsors whose kick-off effort in the campaign to bring sanity to our young people's infatuation with speed and suspense is receiving wide public acclaim.

The No. 2 program in this category, sponsored by the Elks of Scottsbluff, Neb., had an unusual twist. A group of 28 members took over the sunrise teen-age job of delivering the May 1st edition of *The Daily Star Herald* which included an eight-page section dedicated to the lodge's youth activities; then the Elks and the boys they relieved enjoyed breakfast together at the lodge home. Later in the morning, 1,500 students heard a powerful address by the Hon. Phillip B. Gilliam, presiding judge of the famous Denver, Colo., Juvenile Court. In the afternoon, Judge Gilliam spoke again to 1,500 additional high school students, and gave his third address of the day at the lodge's annual Scholarship Tea when parents and school instructors saw 37 leading students honored, and 14 youngsters receive scholarships totaling more than \$1,000. Preceding this program, the local radio station carrying the Ted Malone show followed it with Judge Gilliam's address.

Taking third-place honors for lodges in Group 1, Williamsport, Pa., Elkdom featured Student Government in its program, with the enthusiastic cooperation of all city and county officials, as well as hospital authorities, the Red Cross, Civil Defense and other service groups. A boy and girl were selected from each of the nine senior high schools within lodge jurisdiction to participate in this program, and be welcomed as luncheon guests of the lodge to receive special certificates and applaud a forceful address by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, a member of that lodge. At special ceremonies, P.E.R. and State Trustee C. C.

(Continued on page 35)

ELKS NATIONAL YOUTH LEADERSHIP CONTEST WINNERS FOR 1957

The following young people were selected by the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee as Elks National Youth Leaders of the year. Each of these contestants was sponsored by the Elks lodge within whose jurisdiction they reside, and suitably rewarded locally. Chosen as State Youth Leader by the Elks Association of their States, each received a \$100 U. S. Savings Bond provided by the Grand Lodge Committee, in addition to awards made on the part of each individual State group.

On a national basis, the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee has awarded each first-prize-winner a \$1,000 U. S. Bond with a \$500 Bond for both second-prize-winners and a \$300 Bond to those in third place, from funds supplied by the Elks National Foundation.

Girls Division

- 1st Miss Nancy Louise Babel
Phoenix, Arizona
- 2nd Miss Linda Lou Gould
Lafayette, Indiana
- 3rd Miss Lynn Fehser
Provo, Utah

Boys Division

- 1st Charles Avant Miller, III
Greenwood, Mississippi
- 2nd George Ray Payne
Joplin, Missouri
- 3rd Raphael John Wuesthoff
Rochester, New Hampshire

Right: Top program for lodges of less than 500 Elks was held in Fulton, N. Y., and featured an exciting Soap Box Derby won by 13-year-old Richard I. Tetro who received his plaque from E.R. Maurice Shapiro. The youngster will compete in the National Derby at Akron.



Left: Student Government was the theme for the Group II second-place project sponsored by Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge. It included a tour of inspection of Brooke County Jail for obviously impressed students.

Right: Co-Captains of St. Bernard's and Gardner High Schools meet at the baseball field for a game prior to the baseball dinner at the home of Gardner, Mass., Lodge which was part of its third-prize-winning celebration for lodges of less than 500 members. Left to right are Joe Russo and Jack DiConza of St. Bernard's and Whitey Lehtinen and Dave Thompson of Gardner.



ROD & GUN

BY DAN HOLLAND



"A few caught bass, but only because they didn't know what they were doing."

Dan still is discovering that it doesn't pay to think you know too much about bass.

YOU can always tell a bass fisherman, they say, but you can't tell him much. You can't tell him where to fish or how to fish, and he doesn't need your advice when it comes to choosing a lure. Any good bass fisherman knows without question—and he will readily admit as much—exactly what a bass wants to eat. If the bass doesn't respond to that particular lure, it is obviously the fish that is wrong, not the fisherman.

Being a bass fisherman, I know this to be a fact; and since we checked-out fishermen know these answers, smart bass—those which know how a black bass should behave—aren't any problem to us. It's only the stupid ones which are a bother. My only trouble is that I seem to run into more and more of these uneducated ones. I've had a long streak of bad luck this way.

Actually I am a good bass fisherman. I know all the rules in the book and quite a few that haven't been written. With all this knowledge it has been an easy matter for me to boil my tackle

down to a simple set of lures which are adequate for any and all conditions. In the shallow coves in the still of evening I have the correct type of surface lure, and I know exactly how to wiggle, pop and jerk it to entice any normal bass; then, for bright days along the rocky ledges, I use the proper deep-running plug; and among the lily pads (this is where I am at my best) I use a pork chunk and weedless spoon combination that no self-respecting bass can resist. These lures, each in its fitting time and place, can be used to imitate crippled minnows, defenseless chubs, frogs, or any of the other choice foods of the black bass. My problem is finding bass that know as much as I do.

I had a talk with a sensible editor a short while ago who realized after a short discussion that I was quite an outstanding bass fisherman. Together we decided that a story on the freshwater fishing in Puerto Rico would make a good feature for his magazine. Black bass were reported to be plentiful

and to have grown to enormous size in some of the lakes of this Caribbean island. In fact, a 17½-pounder was rumored to have been taken from one of the larger Puerto Rican lakes, Lago Dos Bocas by name. All I had to do was run over there, catch a few big ones, take some pictures and make a report on this extraordinary fishing. The editor agreed that I could catch some weighing around eight or ten pounds and that I might get one of the really big ones. Quite a discerning man.

I packed my pet lures, went to Puerto Rico, and with skill and patience fished their two best lakes, including Lago Dos Bocas. In the process I discovered two things: that the bass fishing there isn't what it was cracked up to be, and that the Puerto Rican bass are definitely neurotic. I popped and twitched and wiggled my surface plug all over the shallow coves. I cast my deep-running lure several thousand times, and I actually wore out several pork chunks. But I didn't catch any ten-pounders. I didn't even catch a four-pound bass. In fact, I didn't see anything big enough for a good photograph. The bass there just aren't very smart.

I will admit that a few fishermen around me caught bass, but it was only because they didn't know what they were doing. They were using worms—not fat, juicy, wriggly earthworms, but artificial worms! Plastic worms! And pink at that. Imagine a bass so foolish as to eat a pink plastic worm. Not only that, but the fishermen were trolling the things behind outboard motors. Whoever saw a worm swimming down the middle of a lake making like an atomic submarine? But those demented fish actually struck them. It may be that Puerto Rican bass have never seen any real worms and they think that's the way an earthworm is supposed to behave. Anyway, I knew better. I stuck to my trusty lures which I knew a bass should eat; so, even if I didn't catch much, I had the satisfaction of fishing properly. And I did do a fine job of casting.

The trouble is that bass aren't getting any smarter. I continue to have more and more trouble of this kind. I've been fishing for them and reading about them since I was six years old so that I think I know more about bass and their habits than they know about themselves. Occasionally I run across an intelligent one or two, but for the most part they don't know what they should want to eat. Sometimes it is embarrassing. When I take a beginner along for instance, and he catches all

(Continued on page 43)

"DEVELOP ELKDOM'S RESOURCES"



AS THE ELKS of the great state of California prepare their warm welcome for our reception at the San Francisco Convention and my tenure of office nears an end, I greet you with mixed emotions.

For the past year I have enjoyed so much the opportunities to visit with you through these monthly messages in our splendid Elks Magazine. Now my heart is full of gratitude for the courtesies accorded me and apologetic for the ambitions not yet accomplished. It is a year I shall always remember and treasure.

Everywhere I have gone I have been tremendously impressed with the sincerity of devoted Elks. They have welcomed me everywhere in "God's country" and Elkdom is so fortunate to be living in it. Therefore, as Elks, we are dedicated to preserve it.

I know of no better vehicle than through the programs of the Order. Our National Foundation, National Service and National Memorial and Publication Commissions spearhead these efforts and our great Elks Magazine is the informative medium that brings Elkdom into our family living rooms.

Truly our nation and our Order profit from the contributions of our Past Grand Exalted Rulers who have given so generously of their counsel and efforts. Our Grand Lodge Officers and Committees, District Deputies, State Associations and local lodge officers, too, have cooperated so generously this year toward a program of character and progress.

We can be proud of our educational, patriotic and benevolent accomplishments this year, for they are the results of organized and cooperative effort by all our members.

As I turn over the gavel to my successor, I do it with a feeling of deep appreciation for your help; a fervent prayer that God may bless you for your work; and a modest pledge to devote my continued efforts, whenever asked, toward "A STRONGER ELKDOM FOR A BETTER AMERICA," in the firm conviction that our accomplishments of the past 89 years will serve only as our inspirations for the future.

With deep gratitude and warm personal regards to all the American gentlemen in Elkdom, I am

Most sincerely,

A handwritten signature in cursive script that reads "Fred L. Bohm".

GRAND EXALTED RULER

A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler

"A STRONGER ELKDOM FOR A BETTER AMERICA"

*The only trouble was
that the wrong
thing opened up.*



A once rewarding profession has reached the stage where all

SAFECRACKERS GO BROKE

BY ROBERT DEINDORFER

Illustrated by William Von Riegen

SOME years ago a young hoodlum applied precisely the proper pressure to jimmy open the back window of a dark New Jersey telephone company without loudly exposing his trespass to several fellows out for an evening at a tavern right next door. He slipped quietly through the shadows on muffled, rubber-soled shoes, instinctively feeling his way by the sure braille of the underworld, until he found, beyond some filing cabinets, what he was after. In the frail flicker of flashlight, a squat green metal safe gleamed dully.

To a professional thief with a brief but satisfying career in stickups, assaults and miscellaneous larceny, the unprotected safe looked like an easy mark, and so he unwrapped his appliances. Four vigorous hours he attacked the safe, clawing at it with a chisel, smashing at it with a sledge, before he fled, baffled and angry, without a dishonest dollar to show for his long night's work. What he blindly overlooked in his failure was the combination lock for the durable safe, contents \$1,247, plainly marked on the thick steel door.

At first glance that New Jersey burglar looks like a preposterous bungler, and nobody challenges the judgment, yet he rates right up there with the Dagnet boys compared to dozens of other hopeless, even more hapless, part-time safecrackers who inhabit the underworld these days. Thick files made up of countless crude and fumbling case histories, collected by desk sergeants all over the country, bluntly expose the wretched decline in what was once a richly rewarding profession. From the looks of things, the decline may well last forever.

Safecracking, at one time a genuine art form practiced by authentic virtuosos of rare and lavish skills, has degenerated into the gross low comedy of these misfits. Through their slipshod behavior the contemporaries, mostly rude gaping louts, can claim no real link at all with the trade's gaudy past. "Open a safe?" rasped one elderly resident of Dead End in a flagrantly nostalgic mood. "Why, these kids can't open a can of beer."

If modern thieves can't open the safes, and they certainly can't, any number of people figure it's about time. More than two and a half million commercial properties, handling hundreds of millions of dollars in cash and checks, rely on safes and money chests to defend the treasure overnight. At the same time five-day bank weeks put a terrible burden on hotels, theaters, filling stations and restaurants which are forced to carry large cash balances over the weekends.

Among the assorted vicissitudes that befell the opulent old industry, and in only a few gloomy years squeezed it down to a questionable hobby, nothing was more important than intelligence on both sides of the law, inside and out. A

considerable share of the brains populated the skulls of police officials who reinforced the same old law with added manpower, ingenuity, speed and modern crime detection. Sufficient intelligence also touched many successful safecrackers who soon found that the wall they read the handwriting on looked suspiciously like a prison wall, or too close to it. They either retired or went into some other line of work—con, gambling, embezzling, almost anything.

The real burden, though, fell on the fellows who had the most to lose in a long-term way, and they responded with all the intellect and daring their research laboratories could supply. The safe manufacturing business must operate on a successful preventive basis or it soon ceases to be a business for anyone except perhaps some bankruptcy court. After a desperately long time experimenting with metal alloys, new shapes, corners and locks, the manufacturers finally came up with a product that was all but impossible to open.

SO MORE THAN ANYONE ELSE, the large manufacturers, or their research specialists, are responsible for the futile failure of the opposition. Powerful money chests of torch-proof, blast-proof hardened steel have run most of the wise old professionals right out of the business, leaving only stolid bullyboys who specialize largely in obsolete safes. Smart safecrackers simply aren't safecrackers anymore.

What looked at first like no more than a trend, and one more cycle in an old competition, has become the sort of

total victory which involves interesting boundaries. For one thing, the food bill in certain areas like Ossining, New York, has dwindled a bit. The warden of Sing Sing, along with the proctors at most of our other similar institutions, notices the slump every time he examines new report cards. "Safecrackers are rarities here today," he has said.

Vivid symptoms of a chronic ailment in this one corner of the underworld appear all over the landscape. The list of safecrackers, or what pass for safecrackers these days, has thinned out to a point where even the best of a very bad lot become all thumbs when they get next to an outdated safe, vulnerable and rusty with age. They are frequently ambushed by their own woeful lack of experience.

In Maine some time ago three venturesome citizens stopped by a small town bank for what was to be strictly a business call under routine business conditions, meaning just after midnight, and climbed through a window with the aid of a metal jimmy. A sliver of moon hung in a dark cloudy sky, and all around them the village lay peaceful and sleepy. Nobody, not even those three, could have asked for a better night for their evil work.

After surveying the dark green safe, vintage 1916, that stood in a corner, one of them whispered hoarsely, "This is easy. We put a charge underneath and blow the bottom off the thing."

But it didn't work out that way. A bundle of dynamite sticks went under the safe all right and they blew up right

(Continued on page 36)



Roving bands used wedges and peeled weak metal faces

ENTERTAINMENT NOTES

from the Elks National Service Commission

ACCURATELY measuring its original venture as a great success, the Veterans Service Committee of the Maine Elks Association, under the sponsorship of the Elks National Service Commission, decided to make a repeat trip this year and bring its "Flying Showboat" to remote Loring Air Force Base near Presque Isle, Maine. The outstanding reception which greeted the troupe more than pleased its sponsors and, according to a letter received from Capt. Alfred R. Barrios, Personnel Services Officer at Loring, the folks there are still raving about it.

This event occurred in May, and the flight schedule called for a C-119, known as the Flying Boxcar, to go first to Boston to pick up P.E.R. Alfred Gross who is Chairman of the Massachusetts Elks Veterans Service Committee, and three professional acts. Then the plane went on to Portland, Maine, to take on Brian M. Jewett, the Chairman for this program in that State, and three more acts.

Arriving at Loring, they played for the children at a matinee in the huge new airbase theater, and put on a show for the adults in the evening. Later on, cabaret performances were given first



Photographed with a B-52 bomber and one of the host officers at Loring Air Force Base are performers who made up the second "Elks Flying Showboat" crew, with Elk Veterans Service Committee Chairmen Brian M. Jewett of Maine and Alfred Gross of Massachusetts.



The Veterans Service Committee of the California South Coast District frequently provides entertainment for disabled servicemen at the U. S. Naval Hospital. This photograph was taken in one of the wards as a dancing showgirl performed for non-ambulatory patients there.

at the non-commissioned officers' club and, at midnight, at the Spring Formal Party at the officers' club.

The Elks Flying Showboat was sanctioned by Past Grand Exalted Rulers James T. Hallinan, Chairman, and E. Mark Sullivan of the Elks National Service Commission. Mr. Sullivan accompanied the troupe last year, but the illness which resulted in his death only a fortnight after the 1957 event, prevented his making the trip again. He had, however, expressed his approval and pleasure that the Showboat was flying once more to bring entertainment to the men at this distant point.

The Elks of Presque Isle assisted in this production which featured such talented performers as comedienne-vocalist Betty Gribben; Ladd Lyons, an English comic, and Lew Fitzgibbons, a laugh-getter from this side of the Atlantic; Lloyd Knight, well known for his role in "Oklahoma", banjoist Don Whiting, acrobat Shirley Hayward and dancer Jerry Tapps.

As for the first production, Mr. Jewett, who is a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, was M.C.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler E. Mark Sullivan



E MARK SULLIVAN, Past Grand Exalted Ruler of the Order and a well known Massachusetts attorney, passed away in Boston on May 25th, following a short illness.

Born in Ipswich, Massachusetts, on October 12, 1878, Mr. Sullivan was educated in local elementary public schools and put himself through high school and college by his work as a newspaperman. In 1900 he was graduated from Boston College with an A.B. degree and was class orator. His legal education was secured at Harvard Law School from which he was admitted to the Massachusetts Bar in 1903.

He was Judge of the District Court of Essex County from 1904 to 1907, and Assistant United States Attorney for the District of Massachusetts from 1907 until 1913. He declined Governor Calvin Collidge's offer of an appointment as Judge of the Superior Court of his State and served the City of Boston as Corporation Counsel from 1922 to 1925. Ten years later he was appointed Chairman of the Finance Commission of that city, a post he held until 1938, and Special Counsel for Boston at Washington, D. C., in telephone, railroad and ocean rate cases.

Initiated into Boston Lodge No. 10 in 1908, Mr. Sullivan immediately demonstrated a keen interest in Elkdom and until his death was continuously active in promoting subordinate lodge, State Association and Grand Lodge programs in New England. In 1910 he assisted in the organization of the Massachusetts Elks Association, and served as Secretary to Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson in 1915-16. He was a member of the Boston Grand Lodge Convention Corporation the following year and again in 1923, and in 1918, the same year his Brother Elks elected him as their Exalted Ruler, he represented New England

Elkdom at the dedication of the Elks Reconstruction Hospital in Boston.

His outstanding record in the Grand Lodge began with his membership on the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee from 1927 to 1930, again in 1931-32, and as its Chairman from 1932 until 1936, the year he compiled the Digest of Official Opinions and Decisions of the Grand Lodge. After four years on the Grand Forum, he became its Chief Justice in 1940, and in 1942 he was elected to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler.

From 1943 until 1946 he was a member of the Elks War Commission, and in 1946, when that body became the Elks National Veterans Service Commission he was its Assistant Treasurer, a post he held until 1951, when this group was renamed the Elks National Service Commission and he became its Secretary, serving devotedly and conscientiously until his death.

In addition to his activities in the Order, Mr. Sullivan had been District Chairman of the American Red Cross and Examiner of the Boston Public Library. A gifted speaker, he was frequently called upon as orator. He was eulogist for Boston at the President Harding Memorial Services and on the 25th Anniversary of Boston College its faculty selected him as Commencement Day representative of his class.

His tremendous energy, and his ability, loyalty and devotion to the principles of the Order, as well as his unselfish service to the promotion of its interests, earned him universal respect and admiration, and were recognized by his lodge when he was made an Honorary Life Member.

He is survived by his wife, the former Katharine V. Hayes, and by their two sons and two daughters.



for Elks who
TRAVEL

Late-season vacationers can look forward to a less-crowded Europe.

BY HORACE SUTTON

WHAT every European who owned a hotel, or worked as a busboy, or sold imitation Parker pens on the Via Veneto, or drove a hansom cab, or sold flowers in the Place Pigalle, or steered a lakeboat down Lake Lucerne, or staged festivals in Dubrownik wanted to know was—will the Americans come this summer?

Although Suez certainly dampened early enthusiasm, and although the Caribbean cruise boats and calypso singers took the largest slice of American vacation money in history, there is still a rush for the ships. However, from all indications the European vacation season of 1957 will be early and short. Steamship booking agents report that while early season bookings are good,

there is not that mad scramble up the gangplank that continued in the past few boom years until deep into the summer.

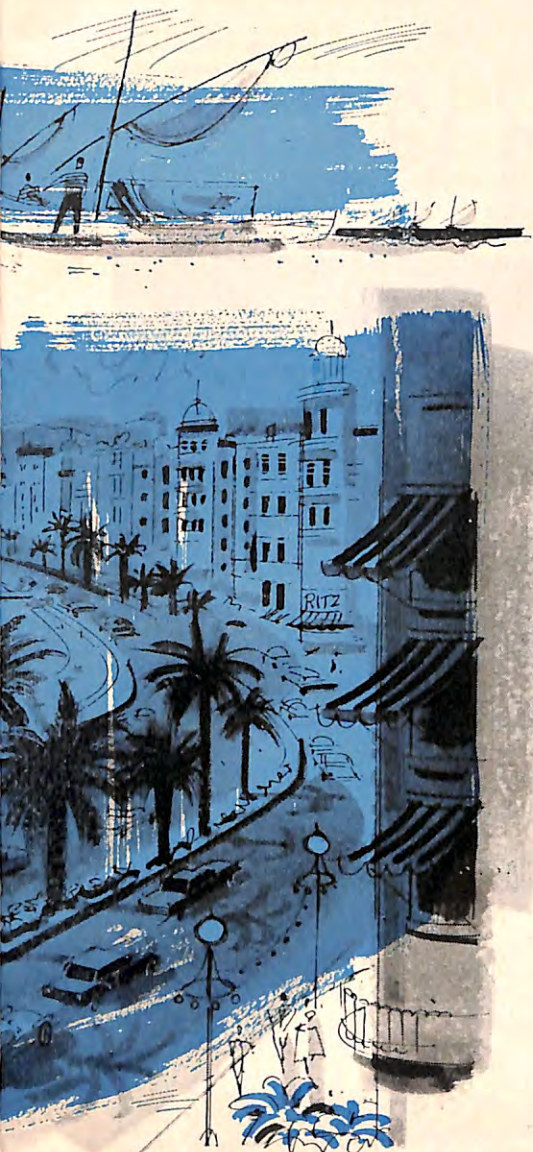
This trend means, of course, that those who plan on a late-season vacation will have the possibility of finding space without too much difficulty and yet will not have to fret over waiting until everyone else was back home, the possibility of cold autumn in Britain and Scandinavia. This year's late season travelers can be leaving in July or August and travel the Continent (and the isles) in the richest weeks of the European year.

I have made two excursions to the far side of the Atlantic this year, traipsing both north into Belgium and Norway

and east to Switzerland and Austria and then later along the southern route with Pan American's DC-7Cs which journey now from New York to Lisbon, then on to Barcelona, Nice, Rome, and, I suspect, from there to Athens, Istanbul and around the world.

Italy, when I was there a few weeks back, was already a sunny and pleasant place to be. By late summer the peak of the heat will have been passed and the land, especially the southern part, will settle into that golden haze of August, September and October. Rome by springtime was jampacked to the rafters and over one holiday week-end one visiting American magazine employee (not this one) who pulled into a well-known hotel was planted in a maid's closet one night, a butler's pantry the second night and booted out on the third. Things will be better than that if you have a reservation.

A visit to the Vatican, which is certainly possible for any visitor, especially with a letter from a church at home,



Illustrated by Tom Hill

resulted in a fascinating excursion within the gates of the Holy See. While I had seen the Swiss guards at the portals alongside St. Peter's and had been received by His Holiness at Castelgondolfo, the summer papal home, years ago, I had never had an audience within the Vatican. The Swiss guards lounging in the huge vaulted halls snapped to attention with an echoing clatter upon the approach of officers, and the exercises with their halberds which they disported in a medieval manual of arms was a moment out of the Middle Ages.

Outside the Vatican walls Rome was, following the winter, a festive place. Roman restaurants, no matter how small, were featuring baby roast lamb, that notably Roman dish, and as well, small Roman artichokes, equally, a local specialty. Unlike Paris there was really no place where one could eat and go

Travelguide on Page 34

broke. At Aupeleus one could be served by a waiter in a toga, should that be an especial attraction. But Rome in the wee hours is still a quiet place. One could dance in the dark of the Hostaria dell Orso after dining elegantly on the terrace one floor below.

The French Riviera is a mere skip of a trip from Rome by way of such romantic landmarks as Corsica with its memories of pirates and Napoleon's birth, and Elba with its memories of Napoleon's demise. Although the face of Cannes and the face of Nice looked quite the same as they had when I saw them last, there were plans afoot for some changes as soon as the summer's flood of tourists had abated. The Negresco, that old and handsome white landmark, was installing an outdoor restaurant that would attract the droves off the Promenade des Anglais and they were talking about a swimming pool, perhaps in the interior part of the lobby where now there are many deep chairs but rarely many people.

THE venerable Carlton at Cannes had scarcely altered a door handle, nor had it any plans to. The season looked good and even with the scant strip of sand there still would be the Bikinis and the Bikini watchers even if the list of grand dukes and counts, barons, earls and gems from Hollywood was a little thinner than before. Up in Grasse the perfumers were still making perfume. On the Croisette the Blue Bar was still dispensing Vermouth Cassis as well as whiskey and soda. Down the line towards Nice La Reserve de Beaulieu, a post-war addition—one of the rare ones on this strip, or for that matter in all France—was preparing to do handsome business in a handsome house. Among its newer customers were Princess Grace and Prince Rainier of Monaco who also dined, on the maid's night out, at La Bonne Auberge, nearby, one of the eleven three-star restaurants in all France, a nation which doesn't take its gastronomy lightly.

Nor, except for the addition of Grace herself and the history she had written in the few square blocks that is her domain, was there any perceptible change in Monaco. The wheels still turned, and the *systemières*, the ladies who totter in with the help of a cane and an aiding arm and spend the afternoon marking each play on a piece of paper, were still doing just that. I had seen them do it back in 1947 when the war was not yet cold, and I suspect they were doing it in 1937 before it got hot.

Scarcely more than an hour from Nice on the French Riviera is the Spanish port city of Barcelona. As a large metropolitan center Barcelona has good shops, particularly for leather goods which are fashioned with rich hides and magnificent hand finishing. Suitcases are butter soft and in fact much too good for the way they are

man-handled today, especially on airplanes and at airports. Handbags are handsome, too, but the range in styles is not as great as in big U. S. cities and the prices are not all that advantageous. On the other hand, sports wear, suede vests, and leather trimmed cardigans are both well fashioned and well priced. Intricately woven straw mats are an outright bargain (\$8 for one about seven feet in diameter).

The hotels such as the Avenida Palace and the more reserved Ritz are about as good as you'll find anywhere. I found the Avenida polished to a high gleam and the service as good as anywhere in Rome, which has been at the tourist business much longer. One had only to drive twenty miles or so up the coast to Sitges to find a lovely little resort complete with villas, hotels, a small church, a corps of fishermen and a troop of summer artists. In the opposite direction an excursion of somewhat longer length, about two hours and a half, let's say, would deposit the traveler in the midst of the Costa Brava, a rim of Spain 100 miles long fringed with over 300 beaches.

The best of hotels run to about nine dollars a day. The food is international with Spanish overtones, and with the sea near at hand, there are lots of fancy things done with denizens formerly of the deep. Smart shops offer sportswear up from Barcelona (but harder to find there for some reason), and the beaches, the glens of cork trees and the pine woods are always full of wandering citizens of some fame whose normal habitat is Hollywood and Vine. It is by far the least expensive of the world's glamor strips.

FOR Particular ELKS ABERDEEN LODGE IS THEIR CHOICE

Here are 32 comfortable rooms, 17 with baths including 3 suites and the rates are only what you'd pay in any public hotel where you *wouldn't* get full club accommodations. Rooms \$2.50 to \$3.50, monthly \$25 to \$45. Limited to Elks only.

Lunch from 11:30 to 1:30. Recreation rooms for cards and billiards. Fine cocktail lounge.

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Broadway and Wishkah Aberdeen, Wash.

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or less in a resort area, 365 days of sun a year, dry temp. 65-80°. Or maintain lux. villa, servants, ALL expenses \$200-250 a mo. Am.-Eng. colony on lake 60 mi. long. 30 min. to city of 1/2 million, medical center. Schools, arts, sports. Few hours by Air. Train, bus, PAVED roads all the way. Full-time servants, maids, cooks, \$7 to \$15 a mo., filet mignon 50c lb., coffee 45c, gas 15c gal. Gin, rum, brandy 65c-85c fth., whiskey \$2.50 qt. Houses \$10 mo. up. No fog, smog, confusion, jitters. Serene living among world's most considerate people. For EXACTLY how Americans are living on \$150-\$250 a mo., Airmail \$2.00 for COMPLETE current information, photos, prices, roads, hotels, hunting, fishing, vacationing and living conditions from Am. viewpoint (Pers. Chk. OK) to BOB THAYER, Box 12-F, Ajijic, Jal., Mexico. (Allow 2 weeks for delivery.)

News of the STATE ASSOCIATIONS

John S. McClelland At Georgia Convention

Over 1,000 Elks and their wives converged on Augusta for the May 9th, 10th and 11th conclave of the Georgia Elks Assn. when Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland was the principal speaker. Pres. C. J. Williams presided at the meeting during which it was announced that the State's lodges had raised and donated over \$180,000 during the year to "Aidmore," their fine hospital for crippled children. Sixteen teams competed in the Ritualistic Contest won by Athens Lodge, and the State Youth Leaders and scholarship winners were introduced and received their awards. The Convention voted to petition the Grand Lodge for a fourth district in their growing State, and selected Valdosta for their next annual meeting place.

The P.E.R.'s Assn. held its yearly meeting, and elected Dr. E. L. Graydon as its new President. The Ladies of the "Aidmore" Auxiliary also held their annual meeting when it was revealed that the Auxiliary had given \$45,000 to the hospital during the previous year. Gold pins were presented to all Past Presidents of this group which named Mrs. Walter Kearson as its new President.

Officers to handle the business of the Association for the year include Henry

The Order's 1956-57 Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn was photographed at the dais during the Ohio Elks Assn. Convention banquet following his introduction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, right. In the background at left is incoming State Pres. James W. Plummer who was Mr. Bohn's Secretary during his term as Grand Exalted Ruler.



M. Rosenthal, Athens, Pres.; John S. Andrews, Dalton; Lawson Mitchell, Statesboro, and E. E. Pipkin, Valdosta, Vice-President; A. W. Arrington, Rome, Tiler; Tom M. Brisendine, Atlanta, Chaplain, and Raymond Lester, Athens, Sgt.-at-Arms.

Ohio Elks Applaud Talk by Fred L. Bohn

Retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn of Zanesville Lodge was the principle speaker at the dinner held in conjunction with the 59th Annual Convention of the Ohio Elks Assn. at Columbus. Approximately 800 Elks and their

ladies were registered for the four-day meeting which opened May 16th.

Fourteen former Presidents of the organization were on hand, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick who introduced Mr. Bohn to the banquet guests. Other distinguished Ohio Elks present at this meeting included former Grand Chaplain Rev. Fr. Richard J. Connelly, John C. Cochrane of the Grand Forum, Nelson E. W. Stuart of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities, E. Gene Fournace of the Special Hotels Committee, and D.D.'s T. J. Urban, J. K. Bransby, Elmo Richard, J. W. Mills, P. T. Reed and F. A. Wurstner.



Dignitaries in attendance at the New Mexico Elks Assn. Convention at Carlsbad included, left to right, retiring State Pres. Fred H. Dilley, Jr., Secy. H. S. Rubenstein of the Texas Elks Assn., Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, Jacob L. Sherman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee and Pres. Owen Keown of the Calif. Elks Assn.



At their Augusta meeting, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland, seated center, discussed Georgia Elks Assn. matters with its new officers, Chaplain Tom Brisendine, seated left, and Pres. H. M. Rosenthal, right, and standing, left to right, Vice-Presidents Lawson Mitchell, J. S. Andrews and A. W. Arrington and Sgt.-at-Arms Raymond Lester.

ADDRESS OF GRAND EXALTED RULER FRED L. BOHN: Rooms 121-122, Zane Hotel, Zanesville, Ohio
ADDRESS OF GRAND SECRETARY LEE A. DONALDSON: Elks National Memorial Building, 2750 Lake View Ave., Chicago 14, Ill.

Following his splendid address delivered before the Nebraska Elks Association Convention delegates, H. L. Blackledge, candidate for Grand Exalted Ruler and a Past President of the Assn., foreground, received a standing ovation. Applauding his talk in the background are, left to right, Past Presidents Don Redman, Walter Hampton, Fred Dickson, Judge J. M. Fitzgerald and W. K. Swanson and Vice-Pres. Graden L. Rathbun.



Mr. Bohn installed the new officers of the Assn., led by President James W. Plummer of Zanesville Lodge who served the 1956-57 Grand Exalted Ruler as Secretary. Other new State officials are Vice-Presidents A. E. Socin, Bucyrus; N. A. Bartram, Youngstown, and L. R. Derry, Barnesville; Chaplain Rev. Fr. Richard J. Connelly, Lancaster; Sgt.-at-Arms Chris Schneider, Ashland; Inner Guard E. J. McCormick, Jr., Toledo, and Tiler Nelson Heil, Bellaire. Treas. Charles C. Cowie of Cincinnati was reelected as was Secy. L. E. Strong of Canton. M. W. Feigert of Van Wert began a three-year term as Trustee, serving with Dr. D. S. Goldschmidt of Circleville and J. D. Quinn of Sidney.

Youngstown Lodge won the State Ritualistic Contest, and will be host to a Fall Conference of the Assn. on Oct. 18th, 19th and 20th, with the 1958 Convention to be held at Columbus.

Excellent reports were given on the Assn.'s various activities, including Veterans Hospital work, its fine cerebral palsy project to which \$700 was donated through a card party held during



Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, center, congratulates retiring Pres. Guy D. Moore of the Missouri Elks Assn., left, and incoming Pres. Ed Huncker, right, during the recent annual Convention of the Missouri Elks at Joplin.

STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS

STATE	PLACE	DATE
Montana	Butte	July 24-25-26-27
Virginia	Roanoke	Aug. 10-11-12-13
Pennsylvania	Pittsburgh	Aug. 18-19-20-21
West Virginia	Clarksburg	Aug. 22-23-24

the meeting by the Ohio Elks' ladies, and its cooperation with the Elks National Foundation, through which the following "Most Valuable Students" were rewarded, Marjorie A. Patros, Ann C. Bodi, Edward P. Schmidt and Carl Norman Dieringer. Winners in the State Youth Leadership Contest were Carol L. Boyer and Sam J. McAdow.

New Mexico Elks Greet Floyd E. Thompson

The 28th Annual Convention of the New Mexico Elks Assn. held in Carlsbad May 2nd, 3rd and 4th was honored by the presence of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson. Other dignitaries who joined the 600 delegates and guests included Chairman Robert E. Boney of the Grand Lodge Credentials Committee, Grand Inner Guard D. E. Biser, Jacob L. Sherman of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee, Pres. Owen Keown of the Calif. Elks Assn., Pres. Robert Barth of the Colo. Elks Assn., Secy. H. S. Rubenstein of the Texas Elks Assn., and William Choisser and P.D.D. Duncan Graham of the Arizona Elks Ritualistic Committee.

Six teams competed for the State Ritualistic Title, with Farmington's officials judged the winner, with Carlsbad in second place. During the meeting, at which Pres. Fred H. Dilley presided, the Assn.'s major activity, a State cerebral palsy program, was enthusiastically received and endorsed.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Thompson was the principal speaker at the banquet when he rewarded the State's "Most Valuable Students" and installed

the following State officers: Pres. James W. Carpenter, Farmington; Vice-Pres.-at-Large Max Busch, Alamogordo; Vice-Pres., No., LeRoy Ramirez, Santa Fe; Vice-Pres., So., A. J. LaDriere, Las Cruces; Treas. G. T. Hennessee, Jr., Albuquerque; Secy. C. L. Attebery, Farmington. Trustees are James B. Thompson, Albuquerque; R. E. Menapace, Gallup, and Andrew Fallat, Lordsburg.

An unusual feature of the meeting was the Memorial Service held in Carlsbad Caverns' Big Room near the "top of the Cross." Dr. Wm. S. Dando of Carlsbad Lodge delivered the address and Morris Vorenberg of the host city presided.

H. L. Blackledge Honored at Nebraska Convention

Nearly 400 Elks and their wives were in attendance at the Nebraska Elks Assn. Convention in Hastings May 3rd, 4th and 5th, when H. L. Blackledge, candidate for the office of Grand Exalted Ruler, and former Grand Est. Loyal Knight Fred Dickson, both P.E.R.'s of Kearney Lodge, were guests of honor.

The delegates to this meeting voted to continue their outstanding crippled children's work and aid to hospitalized veterans, and selected Ogallala as their meeting place for 1958, with a Fall Conference at McCook Sept. 7th and 8th. Lincoln Lodge won the Ritualistic Contest, and many social activities were enjoyed, including several banquets and the Grand Ball, honoring Mr. Blackledge. A highlight of the session was a two-mile parade featuring three high school bands and a mounted unit.

Elected to office at this time were Pres. W. W. Wenstrand, Omaha; Vice-Presidents Clyde Burdick, Ainsworth; Graden Rathbun, Lincoln; Stanley Danekas, Broken Bow, and B. M. DeLay, Norfolk; Secy. Paul Zimmer, Falls
(Continued on page 33)

News

OF THE LODGES



Some of the 150 participants in the Easter Parade and Egg Hunt sponsored by Coral Gables, Fla., Lodge are pictured with E.R. A. H. Starks, center background. Guests on this occasion were P.E.R. Wm. A. Brady, insert at left, and General Frank O'Rourke, P.D.D., of Boston, insert at right.

Ohio Elksdom Welcomes New Lodge at North Canton

Under the direction of D.D. J. Kirby Bransby, North Canton Lodge No. 2029 was instituted on March 31st with 267 members. E.R. C. A. Betz and officials of Canton Lodge handled the initiation, with E.R. Elmer J. Helbig and his officers installed by P.E.R.'s of Ravenna Lodge, including Arthur Helbig, brother of North Canton's first leader. This portion of the program was handled by Chairman F. A. Binns of the State Assn.'s New Lodge Committee.

Hon. John C. Cochrane of the Grand Forum and State Pres. Herschel J. Deal were the speakers on this occasion which was followed by a buffet supper at the home of Canton Lodge where a reception the preceding evening attracted about 200 couples. This lodge has granted its facilities to No. 2029 until the new lodge, which already has 300 affiliates, has its own quarters.

Baltimore, Md., Elksdom Celebrates 80th Birthday

Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., proclaimed April 22-27 as "Elks 80th Anniversary Week" when that event was celebrated by Baltimore Lodge No. 7 of which he is a member.

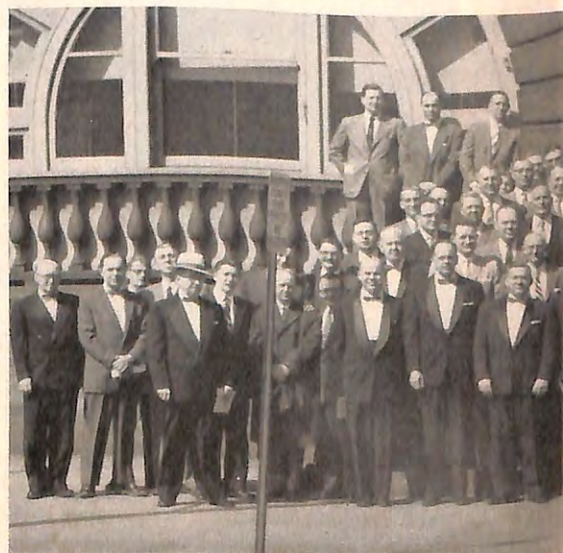
Among the many special events

Below: A view of the 267 Charter Members of North Canton, Ohio, Lodge No. 2029, together with officers and Grand Lodge officials who conducted the institution ceremonies.

Right: E.R. M. E. Alfrey of Peru, Ind., Lodge, second from left, presents a \$1,500 check to State Assn. Pres. Dr. Wm. A. Hart, fourth from left, for the Indiana Elks Cancer Fund. At left is P.E.R. Gerald L. Powell, member of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities, at right is D.D. Floyd D. Saxton, and center, background, is Dr. Allen W. Porter, P.E.R. and member of the Indiana Ritualistic Committee.



Left: Special Deputy Clifton B. Mudd presents the dispensation for the institution of Milwaukie, Ore., Lodge, No. 2032, to its first E.R. William Collins. Looking on at left is Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan who instituted the lodge, and State Assn. official John Graham.





Honored recently by Traverse City, Mich., Elks were Miss Sally Steed, Elks National Foundation Scholarship winner, and Dean Smith, who won a scholarship to Northwestern Michigan College from Traverse City Lodge and accepted the award from Committeeman C. C. Curtiss. Looking on are Miss Steed and George Anderson of the Committee.



At ceremonies held at the home of Chicago, Ill., Lodge, No. 4, States Attorney Benjamin S. Adamowski, a P.E.R. of the lodge, left, presented a \$300 Elks National Foundation "Most Valuable Student" award to Miss Carol Jean Bantz. Looking on are P.E.R. Ray J. Herkert, right, who sponsored the young lady, Mrs. Bantz and E.R. Jerome Sirota.

marking the observance was a dinner at which Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson was the principal speaker and Dr. Robert South Barrett, another distinguished former Grand Exalted Ruler, an honored guest. Another highlight was "Elks' Day at Laurel Race Track" for which Steve Provenza was Chairman, when 200 Elks and guests saw Slipperoo, trained by F. B. Bond, win the Elks' Purse and trophy under jockey Oliver Cutshaw.

The week closed with a gala dance, a meeting of the Md., Dela. and D. C. Elks Assn., and a dinner honoring Judge Anselm Sodare.

Great Neck, N. Y., Elks Launch National Drive

The 28th Annual Charity Ball held by Great Neck Lodge No. 1543 was in the national spotlight as it launched a nationwide campaign for \$200,000 needed to build an inter-faith memorial chapel at the U.S. Merchant Marine Academy at Kings' Point.

P.E.R. James F. Nilan was Chairman of the Committee for this event which Ticket Committee Chairman Paul Mar-

er reports drew 800 persons and realized \$5,000. Impressive ceremonies saw U.S. Congressman S. B. Derounian turn over to Chapel Fund Committee Chairman W. A. Kielmann a letter from President Eisenhower in which he lauded all those involved in making the chapel a reality. Later, E.R. John Stuart-Menzies gave his lodge's Year Book, to be placed in the chapel cornerstone, to Rear Admiral Gordon McLintock, Supt. of the Academy. Admiral McLintock, Congressman Derounian and Mr. Kielmann are all members of the Order.

Elks in Paradise, Calif.

When Paradise Lodge No. 2026 came into being, 257 members were on its roster. Of this number, 95 came in on transfer dimit and certificate of release from 50 different lodges throughout the country.

Thirty-five of these lodges were those of California; the others included branches of the Order in Alaska, Arizona, Colorado, Illinois, Iowa, Massachusetts, Michigan, Nevada, New Jersey, New Mexico, New York, Oregon and Wyoming.



A momentous occasion at the home of Alva, Okla., Lodge occurred when it formally retired the altar flag which had been used by the lodge since its institution in July, 1910. When the recent change in the ritual called for the use of an American Flag on a standard, this historic emblem, which carries only 46 stars, the last one representing Oklahoma, was taken out of active use by retiring E.R. Brooks Bicknell, left, and incoming E.R. John Blevins. The ceremony was witnessed by a large crowd, including State Assn. Pres. Temple Benbrook. The new flag includes stars for New Mexico and Arizona, admitted to the Union in 1912.



LODGE NOTES

When John I. Young was sworn in as judge of the 30th Judicial District in Salina, Kans., Probate-Juvenile Judge J. Herb Wilson administered the oath. The occasion meant a great deal to the Elks of Salina, since Judge Wilson is a P.E.R. of that lodge, and Judge Young is its current Chaplain.

Clem O. Compton was awarded an Honorary Life Membership in Newark, Ohio, Lodge recently. The honor, only the second ever bestowed by that lodge, was made in recognition of Mr. Compton's outstanding work on many Elk committees.

The excellent administration of Dr. Druey Goodman as E.R. of Louisiana, Mo., Lodge in 1953-54 resulted in his Brother Elks electing him to succeed himself the following year. Now we learn that his lodge decided to take advantage of his leadership again, and elected him to a third term this year. This lodge, of which U. S. Congressman Clarence Cannon has been a member for more than 50 years, spends over \$10,000 on charity annually.

Another devoted and capable official whose abilities have long been recognized by his lodge is William M. Kelso who has just celebrated his 45th anniversary as Secretary of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge.

Casa Grande Valley, Ariz., Lodge has been making great progress. Its new home saw the initiation of two of the largest classes in the lodge's two-year history recently when 28 candidates were initiated as a tribute to retiring E.R. Ray N. Wombacher, and a second group of 31 men joined the lodge several weeks later. Another 21 candidates had been brought into the Order previously, in honor of State Pres. L. Cedric Austin.

Quincy, Mass., Lodge, which made its annual \$100 donation to the Red Cross not long ago, also assisted in the United Cerebral Palsy fund-raising drive by putting on a softball game between the Boston Bruins and the Quincy Elks' team.

Greenville, Pa., Lodge honored Past Pres. Wilbur P. Baird of the Pennsylvania Elks Assn. and P.D.D. E. W. Kamerer when E.R. G. K. Gosnell and his officers initiated a 63-man class in recognition of their outstanding work for the lodge. During the past year, its membership has been increased by 24 per cent. On hand were Past Pres. Harry T. Kleeen and D.D. Clifford E. Daniels.



This photograph was taken in the main hall of the home of Hollywood, Fla., Lodge following the Father and Son Banquet held by Pack No. 126, Troop No. 138, Post No. 111, which the lodge sponsors in its excellent Scouting Program. All Unit leaders for these groups are Elks.



Above is the 30-man class initiated into Guymon, Okla., Lodge as a tribute to retiring E.R. Stephen Harris. The class was the largest initiated since the lodge's institution in 1953.



A partial view of a photograph taken when Pecos, Texas, Lodge, No. 2034, was instituted.

Pecos, Texas, Has New Elks Lodge

Over 100 visitors from several Texas lodges and from Carlsbad, N. M., attended the ceremonies instituting Pecos Lodge No. 2034 when 48 Charter Members were initiated by the El Paso Elks' State Championship Degree Team, and 15 members were added to the roster on transfer dimit.

The institution ceremony was conducted by a team headed by D.D. W. C. Ragsdale, assisted by State Vice-Pres. John Poole, State Trustee Jack Petoskey, P.D.D.'s J. T. O'Rourke and D. D. Varnell, Trustee W. J. B. Frazier of the Texas Elks Crippled Children's Hospital, former State Vice-Pres. Dewey Shelton and officials from various other lodges of the State. The Degree Team from Midland Lodge installed E.R.

R. B. Parker, a former Williamson, W. Va., Elk, and his panel of officers.

H. S. Rubenstein, Past Pres. and present Secy. of the Texas Elks Assn., and former Pres. Robert Cunningham of the New Mexico State group were present and both delivered inspiring talks.

Veteran Juneau Elks Fêted

Not long ago, Juneau, Alaska, Lodge, No. 420, honored its members of 25 or more years' affiliation, with Tom Cashen and Jack Gucker, Sr., receiving 25-year-membership pins, the latter accepting his from his son, Jack, Jr. At this time, special tribute was paid to H. C. Devighne, a half-century Elk, and Honorary Life Memberships were presented to A. R. Duncan, Warren Geddes, Joe George, John Hermle, Leo J. Jewett and Al Lundstrom.



Photographed when the Massachusetts Elks Assn. made donations to several hospitals and institutions, in picture at left, Dr. Cecil R. Sheps, Supt. of Beth Israel Hospital, left, accepting a \$1,000 check from State Pres. John J. Murray, right, as Grand Treas. Edward A. Spry looks on; center picture, left to right, Mother Superior Mary Joannice of Kennedy Hospital who received a check for a Nurses' Station there, Arch-

bishop Richard J. Cushing of Boston and Sister Mary George who received a check for a barber shop for St. Coletta's School for Exceptional Children; pictured at right, left to right, Dr. William Berenberg, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Dr. Lendon Snedeker and Judge John E. Fenton of the Grand Lodge Judiciary Committee when a \$3,000 check was presented to the Children's Medical Center.



Left: This photograph commemorates the burning of the mortgage on the home of San Diego, Calif., Lodge. Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, left, center foreground, presided, assisted by E.R. Albert L. Birch of Anaheim Lodge, and other officials. At extreme right is P.E.R. Carmine Adesso who served as Chairman of San Diego Lodge's Building Committee.

(Lodge News continued on page 30)



Right: These Monmouth, Ill., Elks of 25 or more years' affiliation were honored at a dinner on "Old Timers Night" when they received 25-year membership pins. N. E. Johnson, fourth from left, foreground, was given a 50-year pin and another was sent to W. J. Ralston of Florida. Other half-century Monmouth Elks are P.E.R.'s J. M. Evey, J. W. Scott and F. B. Pattee and J. A. Tubbs. A class was initiated in their honor and Past State Pres. R. Byron Zea was the speaker.



Above: Photographed during the dinner which was one of the highlights of a week-long celebration of the 80th Anniversary of Baltimore, Md., Lodge were, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Rulers James R. Nicholson and Dr. Robert South Barrett, and Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Charles G. Hawthorne; standing, E.R. Chas. A. Krecthman and



Est. Lead. Knight Robt. J. Kenney, Toastmaster. At right: E.R. Krecthman, right, accepts from Mayor Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., another Elk, the proclamation signed by the Mayor designating the week of April 22nd as the Elks' Anniversary Week. Looking on at left is Est. Lead. Knight Kenney and, third from left, Est. Loyal Knight Thomas Flynn.

Lodge Visits of FRED L. BOHN

Right: On March 20th Grand Exalted Ruler Bohn was at Buckhead, Ga., Lodge, and visited Elks' Aidmore Hospital for crippled children, which is operated by the Georgia Elks. With Mr. Bohn while he examines the work of the little girl seated at the table, from left: Past Grand Exalted Ruler John S. McClelland and Lodge Activities Committee member Robert G. Pruitt, who also is Chairman of the Board of Trustees of Aidmore. This photograph was taken in a classroom at Aidmore.



Left: Connellsville, Pa., Lodge was host to the Grand Exalted Ruler on April 28th and present were, from left: PER James E. Goddard, (Mr. Bohn), State Pres. A. Lewis Heisey and Exalted Ruler Aloysius J. Shutsy.



On hand to welcome Grand Exalted Ruler Bohn when he arrived at Houston, Tex. airport on April 12th, were from left: Exalted Ruler Noxie M. Romano (Mr. Bohn) Frank J. Wetzel, PER Lester I. Tavel, PER Judge Allen B. Hannay and William H. Alban.



On May 3rd Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn arrived at the airport at Wichita, Kans., for the annual Convention of the State Assn. On hand to greet him was a large delegation.

Grand Exalted Ruler Installs Toledo Officers

Early in April Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn, accompanied by his Secretary, James W. Plummer, visited Toledo, Ohio, Lodge, for the purpose of installing the 1957-58 officers-elect.

They were met at the airport by Past Exalted Ruler Edwin A. Clay, general chairman of arrangements, and Exalted Ruler William Polhemus. This party was joined at the hotel suite by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, member of Grand Forum John C. Cochrane and District Deputy Elmo Richards. The official party was greeted at Toledo Lodge with an honor guard of Boy Scout Troup No. 52, together with Exalted Ruler-elect Emery Dorfmeier, present officers and officers-elect and 125 members. That evening there was a dinner in Mr. Bohn's honor, at which Brother Clay served as Toastmaster and introduced all State and District visitors.

Pennsylvania Elks Honor Mr. Bohn in Pittsburgh

One thousand Elks and their ladies were in attendance at the Penn Sheraton Hotel in Pittsburgh, Pa., on April 27th, for a banquet in the honor of Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn. The banquet was given by the Pennsylvania Southwest District.

Among distinguished Elk guests were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Howard R. Davis, Youth Activities Committee member H. Earl Pitzer, Credentials Committee member Barney W. Wentz, State President Lewis Heisey and District Deputy Floyd N. Dunmire. There also was present a large gathering of Past State Presidents and District officers.

Mr. Davis introduced Brother Bohn, and Grand Secretary Lee A. Donaldson was Toastmaster for the occasion.

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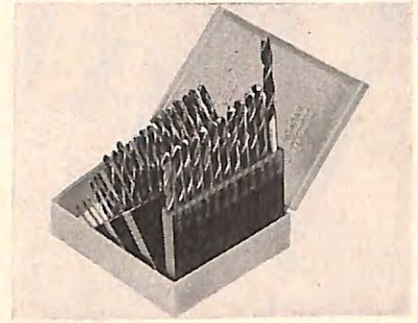
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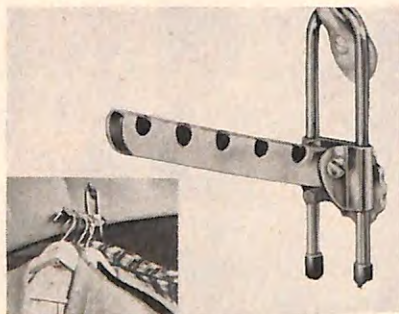
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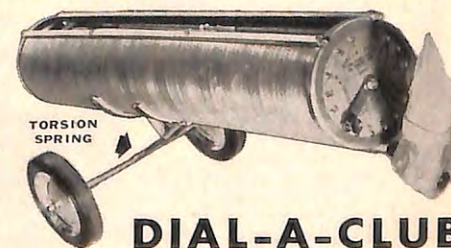
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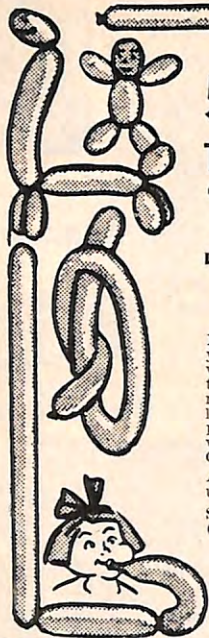
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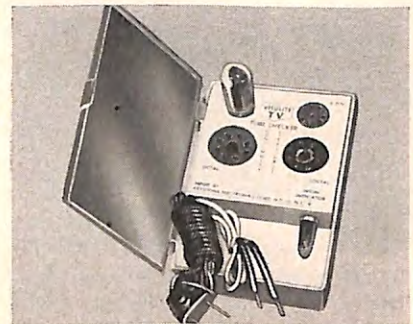
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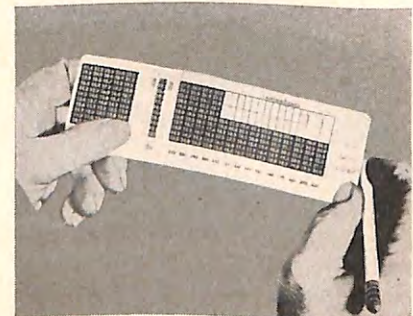
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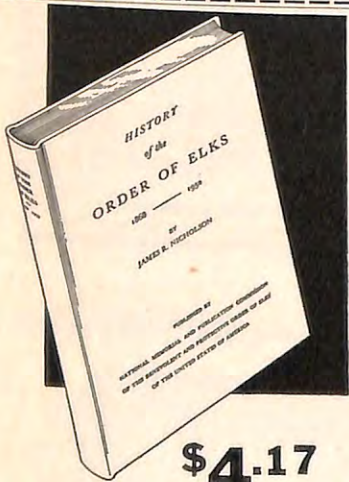
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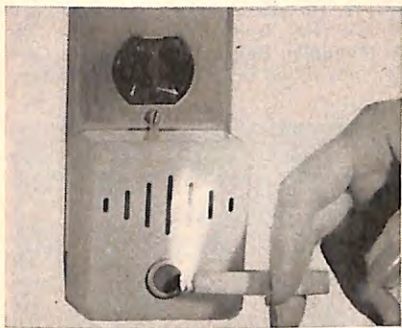
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NEWS of the LODGES



Left: Members of Glendale, Calif., Lodge who made a 200-mile trip to Ensenada for very successful yellowtail fishing pictured with their catch, all 25 pounds or more. They include Paul Corey, Bill Hail, E.R. C. G. Byson, Stan Germain, Morgan Hemphill, foreground, and Hal Gordon, O. M. Price, Ed Brehme, Dr. Magdalin, Howard Shugart, Jack Corwin, Dick Fulhaver, Wing La Grow and Bob Smullen.

Montana Elks Bowl

Great Falls and Shelby Lodges sent 280 Elks and ladies to Billings to compete in the Montana Elks Bowling Tourney, for nearly \$4,000 in prize money. Joe Steckly in the singles and E. Stahlacker and R. Stewart in the doubles took second place for Great Falls in those contests, with top honors for Fred Mitchell of Billings and Miles City's D. McDonald and R. J. Sage. The Indians of Billings captured the team title, and Ray Ormsher of Missoula was top man in the All Events feature.

Milwaukie, Ore., Lodge Instituted with 715 Elks

Milwaukie Lodge No. 2032 was instituted by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Frank J. Lonergan, assisted by D.D. Fred Simpson, at ceremonies attended by all Oregon's District Deputies and a majority of its State Assn. officers.

Organized by Chairman Frank Hise



P.E.R. James Carpenter, newly elected Pres. of the N. M. Elks Assn., left, presents a gold Honorary Life Membership card to James Bolack, the first to be presented in Farmington Lodge to which he has given outstanding service.



E.R. Melvin B. Starkel, left, welcomes the 6,000th initiation of Fresno, Calif., Lodge since its institution in 1898. He is Bert Gross of the Police Dept., one of 42 candidates who brought the lodge membership to 1,957.

of the Grand Lodge State Assns. Committee, Special Deputy Clifton B. Mudd and P.D.D. Robert Mulvey, the second largest branch of Oregon Elkdom began existence with 715 members, and a week later another 50 candidates were initiated by the officers of Oregon City Lodge, No. 2032's sponsor. William Collins was elected E.R. of the new lodge, and he and his fellow officers were installed by Special Deputy Mudd.

This well-handled and widely attended event took place in the gymnasium of Milwaukie Union High School.



Above: E.R. Glenn O. Robertson of Barstow, Calif., Lodge, left, presents his lodge's second \$300 check to Mayor Leonard A. Zagortz, a member of the lodge, for the projected Barstow Area Community Hospital.



Members of the "Bucks Club" of Glasgow, Montana, Lodge present a portable wheelchair to the Deaconess Hospital. Left to right are Committeeman C. J. Ille, Miss Maybelle Stensrud, Hospital Supt., and Elks William Colver and Trustee Milford Sand, P.E.R. The chair is to be used in the children's ward, but may be used elsewhere in an emergency.

Below: For a number of years, Coeur d'Alene, Ida., Lodge has sponsored a Christmas Lighting Contest as a community enterprise. This year the winning entry was submitted to the National Contest conducted by General Electric and captured sixth place. Photographed when the winner, and the lodge, the only Elk group to sponsor a winning national entry, received their awards were, left to right, E.R. Ivan A. Hanson, GE Rep. N. R. O'Farrell who made the presentations, prize-winner and Elk Duane B. Hagadone, and Committee Chairman Johnny Carlson.



Right: El Dorado, Kans., officers present an electrically-powered wheelchair to Bill Lane, seated at left. Plans for the ceremony were instigated by P.E.R. C. L. Hagan who, following an automobile accident, shared a hospital room with the 32-year-old victim of a spinal affliction. The case was brought to the lodge's notice by Dr. A. P. Cloyes, seated beside Mr. Lane who is accepting the keys to the conveyance from E.R. George H. Thompson, standing fifth from left.



Below: Photographed when Park Forest-Chicago Heights, Ill., Lodge initiated a large class as a tribute to retiring E.R. Harold Yost were, left to right, State Assn. Secy. Albert W. Arnold, Grand Secy. Lee A. Donaldson, E.R. Yost, State Assn. Pres. George F. Thornton and D.D. Jack G. Cross.



Right: Of the many donors to the Blood Bank sponsored by Galena, Ill., Lodge, to which 600 donations have been made, Eldon Glick, Lloyd Phillips, Roy Keller and Homer Haas, left to right, made two contributions.



Above: The Elks of the Northeast District of Indiana are understandably proud of this splendid Air Scout Patrol Unit which has been sponsored by Decatur Lodge for several years under a Committee which is headed by P.E.R. Oran Schultz. The first group of its kind in the State, this unit is extremely active and is soon to enjoy its second invitational trip to Wright-Patterson Field at Dayton. On its original stay there, the boys were treated to a plane trip over their home town.



Right: E.R. C. M. Mullican, Jr., of Annapolis, Md., Lodge congratulates representatives of the Elk-sponsored basketball teams which won titles in the YMCA Elementary and Junior High School Leagues. Wearing jackets presented to them by the Elks, they are, left to right, George Keester, John Russell, Paul Schneider, Jr., and Otis Huston.



Mr. and Mrs. Hann Hoeft and their seven children, refugees from East Germany, are pictured with the bicycles presented to them by Pensacola, Fla., Lodge, as part of its project of rebuilding wrecked and unlicensed bikes seized by local police and distributing them to needy children. The Pensacola Elks expect to present about 100 of these vehicles this year.



Festus-Crystal City, Mo., Elk officers who won the East District Ritualistic Contest and second place in the State are, left to right, Inner Guard Richard Tull, Est. Lead. Knight R. G. Madison, Loyal Knight Ralph Regan, E.R. M. H. Carpenter, Lect. Knight W. V. Coleman, Esq. Edgar Winkler, Chaplain Roy Nicholson. In the foreground, Frank Evans.

in the DOG HOUSE



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ED FAUST



These boxer puppies today are reigning favorites.

In canine popularity polls, Ed Faust also finds that every dog has his day.

NOW I'm not a spoil-sport, but I'm beginning to wonder, kind reader, if the people who sponsor such projects as Eat More Horseradish Day, Be Kind to Your Barber Week and similar vanities haven't reached a point of no returns. Being all for a bit of innocent fun, I likewise pause to ponder whether this business of Beauty Queens isn't getting a bit overdone. Back yonder to the years when the first bevy of swim-suited Cookies was introduced to a goggle-eyed public this was a refreshing novelty indeed. But today sees so many Queens elected, appointed or hired to plug so many enterprises that the pretties no longer seem quite so refreshing, or am I getting old? All of which leads to the conclusion that there can be too much of a good thing. In one of these monographs of yesteryear I cited this in relation to dogs; how excess of plentitude of certain breeds led to their decline, among them being the Newfoundland, the Airedale, the Dalmatian, the pug and others which had their day of glory and wide public acceptance only to make way for newer favorites. Fortunately, there are people who remain loyal to a chosen breed, and the canine kings of yesterday are still to be seen possessed by owners

who truly care for those breeds. But what of the dogs of tomorrow?

The American Kennel Club, governing body for pure bred dogs, today recognizes one hundred and twelve breeds. Of these, perhaps some eighteen or twenty have at one time or other reached a peak of public preference; and because of certain characteristics favorable to each, still retain their admirers. But so uncertain, so unpredictable is public preference that we may again see some of these once favored breeds restored to popularity. To say just what creates preference for a breed is difficult, as difficult as to pin-point the reasons why some people are liked more than others.

The nearest definition I can advance is that the dogs of a breed must be good "family" dogs, of a fairly convenient size today to make them adaptable to today's smaller homes and of such disposition as to become good pets. It's a broad definition which of course does not take into consideration dogs that have been developed for special purposes such as hunting, herding or guard duties. Many among the latter are regarded by their owners as excellent family dogs, which indeed they are for those who admit them as household companions. To a large degree, dog shows help popularize breeds. The publicity following the sensational winnings of certain dogs has frequently stirred public interest in their breeds. Certainly a dog that makes headlines, creates curiosity about its breed. The many stories about the famous little

cocker spaniel champion, My Own Brucie, that appeared on the sporting pages of newspapers throughout the country, did much to focus favorable attention on his breed. Time and again Brucie was judged best dog in the show at some of the largest canine clam-bakes in these United States. Another great winning dog that did much to gain favorable publicity for his breed and thereby gain attention for it was the boxer champion, Warlord of Mazelaine. You didn't have to know much about dogs to recognize the Warlord as a four-footed aristocrat if you saw him in or out of the show ring. He resembled a tawny statue, every powerful muscle finely chiseled, and his expression was somewhat disdainful of his fellow canines as though he was aware of his breeding.

TO SOME DEGREE the registration of pure bred dogs with the American Kennel Club is an index to breed popularity. But this is only a rough indication. For example, in 1956, 69,432 beagles were registered, 39,502 boxers, 36,069 Chihuahuas, 34,105 dachshunds, 32,003 cocker spaniels, 29,126 German shepherds and 25,041 poodles. Despite the number registered, it would be far from the mark to say that beagles were the most widely favored dogs. They lead the list because these little dogs, smallest of all the hounds, are kept by many people who show them, run them in field trials or hunt them individually or in packs. However, they do make fine house pets and companion

dogs. They're said to be among the best of all dogs for hunting rabbits, and their bell-like bark is one of the most melodious sounds uttered by any dog.

Second in registrations is the boxer, and here we have a dog that has won wide acceptance as both show dog and house pet. Next, to illustrate that the number of registrations is not a sure index to public preference, is the Chihuahua, third on the list but by no means could it be called a popular breed. These little fellows, the smallest members of dogdom—two would make fair-sized book ends—are not very widely distributed, although 4,994 were exhibited in regular and specialty shows during 1956. This includes both the long coated and short coated varieties. A specialty show, as you may or may not know, is one held for a single breed.

At the risk of incurring the wrath of its breeders I wouldn't say that the fourth on the list, the dachshund, is a widely popular breed. Our little friend the cocker spaniel, on the other hand, still enjoys high favor, as does the German shepherd. The dog today that is rapidly gaining public preference is the poodle, a quiet, gentle dog.

But to get back to our question—what of the dogs of tomorrow? Your guess is as good as mine. Remember, we have one hundred and twelve breeds from which to make a choice. Tomorrow's most popular dog may be of a breed that was most popular yesterday or may be one that you rarely see today. Yes, it could be one of the five breeds recognized by the American Kennel Club in recent years. One of the breeds, the coonhound, recognized in 1945, is fairly well known in the South. He's pretty big for a house pet, as he is from 23 to 27 inches at the shoulder. He's black and tan and is said to be good at running down his game. Ever hear of a basenji? Most people in this country haven't—yet. But they may. He's the African "barkless" dog. He was officially recognized in 1943. In 1955, 222 were registered. In 1956, 421 were entered in the stud book of the A.K.C. The breed may come on with a rush. Such has happened to some in the past. The dog is alert, attractive and intelligent. He's a hound, classed as a sporting dog. His coat is short and silky. His colors: chestnut and white, black and white or black, tan and white. His tail

curves on itself, and his deeply wrinkled forehead gives him a strangely worried look. His body is powerfully muscled, and his upright ears give him an odd fox-like appearance. It's hard to believe, but he does not bark. His breeders claim that he is one of the oldest of all dogs with an ancestry that goes back to the days of the Pharaohs of ancient Egypt.

Another dog that's coming along in popular favor is the Weimaraner, a German dog developed in the court of Weimar in that country. He's one of the very few grey dogs. In size these dogs stand from 22 to 26 inches. They're classed as sporting dogs and although not hounds, they have hound-like ears. Coats are short and soft. The breed is about 150 years old. For a long time its breeders in Germany restricted ownership only to those who belonged to the German Weimaraner Club and membership in the club was a matter of balloting—three votes against a candidate were the equivalent of three strikes on a baseball field—the candidate was out. The dogs are noted for bravery; they had to have what it takes to hunt bears, boars, wolves and wild cats.

News Of The State Associations

(Continued from page 19)

City; Treas. Fred Laird, Fremont, and Trustees Hon. James Fitzgerald, Omaha, Chairman; Elmer Bradley, Columbus; George Mintzer, Alliance; Hobart Duncan, York, and Kenneth Harding, Ogallala.

Oklahoma Elks Hold 50th State Meeting

Muskogee Lodge was host to 511 guests during the 50th Convention of the Oklahoma Elks Assn. May 10th, 11th and 12th, when Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committeeman Chas. C. Bowie, President of the Texas Elks Assn., delivered the principal address, following his introduction by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James.

Bert Wysor of Holdenville was elected to succeed Temple Benbrook as President of the Oklahoma group, serving with Vice-Presidents Joe Paulk, Altus; Clarence Dietz, Sapulpa, and Brooks Bicknell, Alva. Reelected to office were Secy. John W. Coons of Bartlesville and Treas. Clair Hill, Shawnee, with H. I. Aston, Jr., of McAlester to serve as five-year Trustee; W. B. Leet, Tulsa, three-year Trustee, and C. R. Horton, El Reno, four-year Trustee.

A number of Scholarship and Youth Leadership awards were made at the State banquet with the parents of the recipients among the 400 guests. In a spirited Ritualistic Contest, with seven strong teams participating, Stillwater Lodge emerging as the winner, in the judgment of Grand Inner Guard Devere

E. Biser of Texas, George Huegel and P.D.D. Glenn Edwards of Kansas.

Claremore was selected as the site for the semiannual meeting in October, with Oklahoma City to be host at the Annual Convention next April.

Joseph B. Kyle Addresses Missouri Elks

Over 400 members and guests were in Joplin for the May 3rd, 4th and 5th Meeting of the Missouri Elks Assn. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle was an inspired speaker at the State banquet when Miss Shirley Miller of Joplin received a \$400 cash award as first-place winner in the State Assn.'s Scholarship Contest, and Richard L. Baker of the host city was given a \$150 award as top student in the boys' division. Linda K. Wiesing of Sedalia and George Ray Payne of Joplin were also honored as the State's Youth Leaders.

The host lodge won the Ritualistic title, accepting the trophy from State Chairman Eldon Welton. Festus-Crystal City's entry took second place in this competition, with Maryville third.

Officers for the coming year are Pres. E. F. Huncker of St. Charles; Vice-Pres.-at-Large Clyde Ellis, Kansas City; Vice-Presidents Robert McElrath, Farmington; Robert Johnson, Sedalia, and Robert Glenn, St. Joseph. Pat Dunlavy, Clayton, is Secy.; R. Max Frye, St. Joseph, Treas; George Murray, Clayton, Chaplain; Joe Leavitt, Kansas City, Marshal; Carl Kelsay, Jefferson City,

Inner Guard; Melvin H. Carpenter, Festus-Crystal City, Tiler. Trustees are Brice E. Crouch, Joplin; W. R. Jackson, Maryville, and Pete Tesseraue, Festus-Crystal City.

Dignitaries Attend Kansas Conclave in Wichita

Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn and his predecessor, Earl E. James, were guests of the Kansas Elks Assn. Convention in Wichita May 3rd, 4th and 5th, as were Leo P. Ronan of the Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committee and Floyd Brown, Special Representative of the Elks National Service Commission.

During the course of the meeting, a buffet lunch and floor show for members and their ladies, a luncheon and style show for the women and a State Banquet at which Mr. Bohn delivered the address were enjoyed by the more than 800 persons on hand. At the moving Memorial Service on May 5th, Mr. James was the principal and very inspiring speaker.

Fourteen scholarships were awarded to deserving students, and donations were voted for the Institute of Logopedics and the Kansas Children's Home and Service League. Ritualistic honors went to Salina Lodge over 12 competitors, and Wichita was awarded the 1958 Annual Meeting.

Officers elected included Pres. K. F. Gascoigne, Topeka; Vice-Pres. L. D. Rice, Lawrence; Trustee Roy Whitehair, Abilene, and Treas. Forest Link, Pratt. Fred H. Kelly of Salina succeeds himself as Secy.



We hope all of those who plan to enjoy one of the several Post Convention Tours have made their reservations. If you have not at this late date, we suggest your first move after reaching San Francisco should be to get on the band wagon or there are going to be a lot of disappointments.

We hope also that you have made your reservations for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Train out of Chicago, the New England Elks Tour out of Boston and the Colorado Elks Tour out of Denver. If you plan on one of these, get in touch with Ed Spry, 60 Westland Ave., Boston; Don Johnson, Box 217, Montrose, Colorado, and Northern Pacific Railway Co., 73 East Jackson Blvd., Chicago 4, for the Grand Exalted Ruler's Train.

In connection with the Convention, Bill Nagle of Mexico City offers a variety of tours out of Mexico City for visiting Elks. Get in touch with him at Patricia Ann Tours, Sonora 208 B, Mexico City. . . . Remember, also, if you plan to vacation somewhere out West after the Convention, Mike Rosete, 516 Van Ness Ave., San Francisco is ready and happy to help with reservations and expert information. . . . And those who plan to take the Mexico Ramirez adventure out of San Francisco will be happy to know that A. B. Burdick, Des Moines No. 98, writes us to highly recommend Andre Ramirez and his ability as a tour operator. He says in part, "Needless to say he takes care of everything on one of his tours and is always furnishing little extras that delight everyone and make his trips so outstanding in comparison to other guide services."

Quebec Province, long an honored itinerary of vacationing Elks, anticipates welcoming record numbers this year, aided by \$100,000,000 highway improvements. Finishing touches have been made to the scenic highway around picturesque Gaspé down the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the artists' colony at Perce Rock, the seabird sanctuary on Bonaventure Island and the quaint fishing villages in the Gaspé coves. Speckled, or brook trout await

northwoods cabin campers in the lonely lakes of Laurentides Park. In Laurentides Park, reserved for fly fishermen only, competent guides are available and an array of housekeeping cabins. In the Lac St. Jean country, there are bigger fish, the "ouananiche," a species of landlocked salmon, big walleyes, great northern pike and lake trout. Cruise ships with departures from Montreal and Quebec offer from four days to a week or more afloat on the St. Lawrence, past the majestic capes and fjords of the Saguenay, or to the Gaspé ports, the rugged North Shore, and the outlying Magdalene Islands. Haven for hay fever victims are the beautiful Laurentian Mountains north of Montreal with their 70,000 crystal clear lakes. Riding, golf, tennis, horse shows, art and music colonies and open-air theatres are available.

For baseball fans, United Air Lines an-

nounces that seats to major league baseball games now can be reserved at any of the United Air Lines' 135 offices in 80 cities across the nation. Coupons issued by the airline are exchanged for actual admission tickets at the "will call" office of the ball park. Cost of the tickets is the same as when purchased right at the box office.

Visitors to the west this year should plan to go to Hell's Canyon and among other things take the White Water Cruise into the Canyon. Those who have made the trip declare it is one of the greatest thrills of their lives. Details from Weiser Chamber of Commerce, Weiser, Idaho, or write us for the pamphlet.

For lobster fresh from the clear waters of the Northumberland Straits and prepared by experts, we suggest the annual

Golden Gate Bridge, As Seen From the Downtown District *Blue Boats at Fisherman's Wharf Bringing in Crabs Catch* *Ferry Boat Passing Under Bay Bridge, City in Background* *A Home of Beverly Levers Cliff House and Seal Rocks* *Terrace of Cable Car at Powell and Market Intersection*

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Union Square with St. Francis Hotel in Background *California St. with Old St. Mary's in Background* *Chinatown, with its Quaint Shops and Old World Color* *Famous Japanese Tea Garden in Golden Gate Park* *Aerial View of Embarcadero with Bay Bridge in Foreground*

Is Your Reservation Made for the Paris of the Pacific?

The San Francisco Elks Convention Committee's Poster Invitation

Prince Edward Island Lobster Carnival. This year it will be held from July 15 to 20; and if you plan to be in Canada this summer, time your trip to enjoy a treat you will remember a long time. Canada's beautiful "Garden Province" is becoming increasingly popular with

Elks' Youth Day (Continued from page 9)

Gehron presented \$250 scholarships to R. B. Kendig, III, and Miss Marie H. Trick.

Undisputed leading contender for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members was Hayward, Calif., whose five-day observance opened with a visit from Gov. Goodwin J. Knight, a member of Los Angeles Lodge. At ceremonies held on the steps of Hayward's City Hall, the Governor lauded the year-long youth activities of the local Elks, which are under the Chairmanship of P.E.R. Mark P. Hite. Returning the compliment, E.R. James Inverarity presented a plaque to the Governor, citing his services to the youth of the State.

Other events included presentation of awards to deserving students in many fields of endeavor, and of a plaque to Mrs. Wilda Mette, eleven-year Superintendent of Russell School, as the adult contributing most to the city's young people. There were also a banquet for the Student Body Presidents of seven high schools, and a County Square and Folk Dance festival.

San Benito, Texas, Lodge captured the Committee's award for second place in Group II with a three-day program which had State Pres. Chas. C. Bowie, a member of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, as speaker for the May Day high school assembly program. At this time, Youth Leaders were rewarded, and station KBOR carried the lodge's "Salute to Youth" broadcast. On the 4th, Junior Leaders "ran the city" during the morning, and in the afternoon 3,000 youngsters attended a picnic and athletic contest when prizes were awarded in many exciting events.

Newport Lodge, which has held Rhode Island's Youth Championship for seven years, won third-place honors in this category. Its program found high school students conducting city affairs for the day as a practical demonstration of democracy, and on May 4th, students from secondary schools took over the operation of the county's sole radio station, WADK, and performed creditably as newscasters, technicians, and so on. Participating students in both activities were highly praised by the adults they emulated, for their able and responsible conduct of the duties assigned to them.

Among those lodges of less than 500

Americans because, while there are plenty of activities on P.E.I., it is a most restful spot. Visitors planning a stay on the Island should give first consideration to the Gulf of St. Lawrence side, since it has one of the world's finest beaches. A splendid American Plan hotel there

members, Fulton, N. Y., won top honors with a four-day program which had 4,000 youngsters participating. Opening with an amateur talent show, with the winners starred in a 30-act production sponsored by the lodge later in the week, the celebration was climaxed by a half-hour patriotic parade, followed by a big athletic event for elementary school children on Saturday, and the Fulton Elks' famous Soap Box Derby on Sunday. During the week there were several parties for the very small fry, and a teen-agers' square dance as well.

The Mayors of three communities gave personal support to the celebration of Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge which won second-place honors in this group. Learning at first hand the functions of their elective and appointive city officials and their contributions to local government, high school students had a rewarding time as the Youth Day stars of Brooke County. To climax the day's activities, the Elks held a dance at their Town Club when the lovely May Queen was crowned in appropriate ceremonies.

Gardner, Mass., Lodge was awarded third-place accolades in this category for its well-rounded program which opened with a fishing derby for children under 14, and a dance for the older girls and boys in the evening. A baseball banquet honored coaches and teams of St. Bernard's and Gardner High Schools following a well-attended game, and a swimming meet for youngsters under 12 was conducted in the evening of April 30th. Closing the celebration was a thrilling parade in which every youth organization of the

is the Gregor Hotel at Brackley Beach. While there are rooms in the hotel, a reservation in one of the cottages is recommended. The hotel is owned and operated by Jack and Lorna Cameron, who have a descriptive folder which the hotel will gladly forward.



Gov. Edmund S. Muskie, a member of Waterville Lodge, signs Maine's Youth Day Proclamation as State Pres. J. J. Cummings, standing at right, and D.D. C. M. Stilphen, a member of the State Legislature, look on.

area participated, with hundreds of spectators converging on Monument Park for a brief speaking program at which Gardner High School senior Geoffrey Howard delivered a patriotic address.

Lodges whose programs received Honorable Mention were, in Group I, Bismarck, N. D., Longview, Wash., Milwaukee, Wis., San Diego, Calif., Vancouver, Wash., and Waterbury, Conn.; in Group II, Frankfort, Ind., Red Bank, N. J., and Springfield, Vt.; in Group III, Milledgeville, Ga., Parker, Ariz., and Rocky Mount, N. C.

With its outstanding Youth Congress attracting 200 students to the State House in Augusta, the Maine Elks Assn. won the award for State Association



Governor Foster Furcolo of Massachusetts signs the Proclamation for Elks National Youth Day in the presence of, left to right, Mass. Elks Assn. Pres. John J. Murray, State Girls' Youth Leader Catherine T. Barrow, Daniel Warren of Newton Lodge, James Colbert of Somerville Lodge which sponsored Miss Barrow, State Boys' Youth Leader Allan Martin, sponsored by Newton Lodge, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley and State Youth Activities Chairman John F. Lynch.

participation in this Grand Lodge Youth program. Accompanied by officials of the 16 lodges in the State, some of these young people traveled over 300 miles to attend the program, among them the State Basketball Champions of Old Town who received special certificates from Old Town Lodge's E.R. H. H. Crocker. State Youth Activities Chairman Leon F. Jones rewarded Maine's Youth Leaders, and State Chairman John C. Houghton presented awards to the Elks National Foundation scholarship winners for that State.

The annual TV show was presented

from WMTW-TV, Mount Washington, and in ceremonies sponsored by the Elks more than 35,000 children of all ages gave the Pledge of Allegiance in schools in areas where Maine lodges are located.

In this phase of the competition, on the basis of lodge participation by States, the Committee awarded certificate plaques to the California, West Virginia and Washington State Assns.

In their tributes to America's Junior Citizens, most of our lodges took advantage of the American Broadcasting

Company's Ted Malone Show which, on May 1st, was devoted to a "Salute to Youth." On this program, in a unique coast-to-coast hook-up, Mr. Malone and Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn discussed with Exalted Rulers across the country the youth programs of their lodges.

And, of course, as a direct antithesis to the communist handling of its affairs for youth, all Elk Youth Day observances were culminated by special religious services conducted in churches of every denomination as an integral part of this very worthwhile activity.

Safecrackers Go Broke

(Continued from page 13)

on schedule too. The only thing wrong was the wrong thing opened up. The safe, which was damaged hardly at all, dropped through a gaping hole in the rickety old floor of the bank and sank ten feet in a deep river that twisted under the building.

In New Jersey a novice listened to several back alley conversations which dealt with the possibilities of the acetylene torch. He bought an armload of equipment, crept into a small restaurant one night dreaming vile dreams of sudden wealth, and welded the safe door shut. Wrong kind of torch.

In New York City two hoodlums who abandoned their usual line of work, purse snatching and stickups, hadn't even begun before they were forced to evacuate an office building. After one of them carelessly threw a lighted match on the floor, they both barely got out safely a few moments before the fire trucks arrived.

The folkways of criminals are mostly

mysterious, and nothing is more baffling than the lone wolf bandit in Missouri who showed up for work without even the slightest rehearsal. Enthusiastically hammering on a big safe lock one night, he pulled his sledge around in an awful arc and brought it down hard on his own big foot.

In Cleveland a particularly symbolic incident matched the new model safecrackers against a new model safe. A gang spent more than seven hours burning the surface of a thick money chest whose ownership papers read Brinks Armored Car before they fled, empty-handed. After all that time they still hadn't burned through the first of two small round doors.

EVEN the rare success stories sometimes reveal a wry whisper of doom for the profession because of some fundamental failure. Somewhat less than forty thieves shot up several dollars worth of dynamite blowing a loan com-

pany strongbox in New Jersey which would have opened to a simple twist of the wrist. Company management, hurrying home to dinner a few hours earlier after a long tiring day distributing large sums among any applicants who could put an armlock on a co-signer, had overlooked what might well be considered basic office procedure. The man forgot to lock up his own safe.

In Chicago a happy little social group received considerable newspaper publicity, as well as thick wads of money, due to a unique calling card. A burst of gallantry right out of Sherwood Forest, or at least neighboring Cicero, Illinois, prompted them to leave polite thank-you notes—and that's all—inside the safes they ripped open, and so a local newspaperman of staggering imagination dubbed them the "Thank You Gang." The customary farewell note they left after one rare failure had been carefully revised to fit the circumstances: "No thank you. This one's too tough."

In the New York offices of the Mosler Safe Company, which happened to have made the unbeatable safe, the event had an impact all out of proportion to a single burglary attempt in the amount of something under \$1,000, still there. Like Diebold, Herring-Hall Marvin and other large manufacturers, Mosler had been aware of its supremacy over the opposition for fifteen years. Yet that thumping testimonial handed up from the lower depths was the first handwritten proof Mosler had ever gotten from its traditional enemy. As such, it was a whale of a victory.

Safecrackers go broke today, and they go broke because manufacturers forced the depression on them, after a stiff old business war that existed, in various forms, for hundreds of years, simply bringing it to an end. In the eternal and largely unpublicized conflict between safecracker and safe builder, battle lines were plainly drawn: the crooks tried to steal valuables locked in the safes, the builders tried to keep them out. At times new burglary tools gave the thieves the lead, and at least



The Board of Grand Trustees met with Thomas J. Brady, Superintendent of the Elks National Home, in May to formulate, among other considerations, their plans for the Grand Lodge Convention in San Francisco. The Board's Convention exhibit will focus attention on the splendid facilities and home-like atmosphere of the Elks National Home. There will be Bumper Strips available for those driving cars, color slides of the Home, as well as an informative booklet. At the conference table with Superintendent Brady, shown in the inset, are from left: Dewey E. S. Kuhns; Arthur M. Umlandt, Vice-Chairman and Approving Member; Ronald J. Dunn, Chairman; Horace R. Wisely, Secretary, and W. A. Wall, Home Member.

once they stretched their advantage to an alarming margin.

The rhythm of the battle was harsh and discordant and every lasting triumph for either side across the years meant literally millions of dollars, either in cash and negotiable securities or else in rich orders from business customers with valuables to store, depending on the winner. "It was," an old-timer said in a hard rusty voice, "quite a quarrel."

The whole thing began long before the first hundred dollar bill changed hands with the help of some nitroglycerin. There may be a sliver of truth in the fable that the original safecracker was a hairy caveman who broke open a wooden box with a stone axe to steal an animal tooth necklace for his girl. Certainly safecracking is only a few days younger than safe building, which reaches almost four thousand years.

By the time history stumbled into the Middle Ages, European artisans were building elegant strongboxes of hard wood and hammered iron, picturesque enough objects d'art, but ridiculously vulnerable vaults. Criminals of no special aptitude jimmed or hammered apart the crude padlocks, ripped open the doors, occasionally lifted them and carried them away.

IN AMERICA the ancient man vs. machine competition flared up in full-scale war in the early eighteen hundreds. Roving bands duplicated padlock keys, picked the locks, used wedges to tear off doors and peeled weak metal faces, exposing soft flabby inner walls. The fellows who owned the safes complained as loudly as the fellows who made them.

For the next few years the rivals brought into play mechanics, engineering and careful planning, which swung the advantage back and forth between them. When an Eastern gang blasted open a safe with explosives for the first time, other criminals followed the lead until manufacturers armed their vaults with proof manganese steel. When thieves earned big money breaking off locks, self-locking devices that automatically relocked a tampered door went on.

And, finally, when the lower depths realized that the acetylene torch would burn through the hardest steel, the manufacturers began experimenting with copper and copper blends. Eager, empty criminal hands reached back inside America's most artfully constructed safes time after time.

After the first World War, as safecracking began its most colorful and prosperous boom era, along with almost everything else, the industry's criminal element departmentalized for the sake of efficiency. A few brave specialists used nitroglycerin which they carried in cornerless rubber containers worn in the waist band for the least possible body swing. The rest of the field di-



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The Elks Magazine

386 Fourth Ave.

New York 16, New York

vided between torch men and drill and hammer devotees.

At about this same stage a suave fictional character named Jimmy Valentine stepped into the arena, adding high dramatic flavor. But it was nothing more than fiction, no matter what newspapers said at the time, for Valentine, or men allegedly of the same baffling skills, never earned a dime. According to the fable Valentine carefully sandpapered his fingers for greater sensitivity, whirled combination locks by touch and sound until the tumblers fell into precisely the proper arrangement, then swung open the door and dipped in. The whole idea captured the public fancy.

Yet the public's stubborn belief in what was, at best, an outlandish inventive fiction, first as a Broadway play and later as magazine plotting and movie material, fed the myth until it seemed completely credible. Some newspaper reporters, writing accounts of mysterious and unsolved safecrackings, took the residents' pulse and gave them what they wanted—Jimmy Valentine crimes.

And so anonymous and non-existent outlaws, reportedly blessed with the wayward aptitude of Jimmy Valentine, became an effective cover for dozens of unsolved crimes. The explanation for the tiny sliver of an idea was simple enough, of course. By an elaborate process of elimination, numerous people asked how else a combination safe could be opened and emptied without any visible scars of nitro, dynamite or tools.

How else? An old retired Chicago rackets man who spent most of a lifetime on the fringes of the underworld put the explanation in a few words. "Open a safe lock by the feel or sound?" Interest sharpened his seamy old face. "Nobody ever did it that way. The burglars just went through the regular preliminary manual for all good thieves. They tried as the safe combination the business address, the office phone number or else basic 10-20-30 patterns. You'd be surprised how many businessmen

bought expensive safes and had locks adjusted with obvious combination codes."

What's more, in addition to exploiting this basic understanding of normal human behavior, the pedigreed outlaws often found combinations for the office safe hidden in desk drawers, file cabinets and under desk blotters. Their seemingly miraculous raids on countless vaults, which opened because they learned exactly the combination code, just naturally kept the myth afloat until manufacturers put an end to the whole business.

"It is not possible to open one of our four-tumbler locks unless you learn or guess the combination," said John Mosler of the Mosler Company. "And anyone who wants to guess a combination by trying every possible pattern had better plan on spending some time. For one lock there are one hundred million possible combinations."

After all the hullabaloo raised by this national Jimmy Valentine obsession finally died down, the stiff business war between manufacturer and thief picked up again. Larger jolts of nitro forced the manufacturers to stiffen seams and add more weight. Improved drilling equipment forced them to buckle special plates inside doors around the lock. At secret underworld councils specialists plotted as resourcefully as research experts out in the manufacturing laboratories.

Then, in the late nineteen thirties, the colorful old struggle shook convulsively for what was undoubtedly the last time. The leading manufacturers logically reasoned that if they ever built a revolutionary new safe with the help of new alloys and technological advances appearing on the market, and distributed the safe at their usual prices among as many customers as possible, safecracking would come to an end. They built it. Safecracking came to an end. It was as simple as that.

Powerful new double-door chests of thick hardened steel, reinforced with strips of copper alloy and fitted with

stronger lugs, bolts and drill-proof plates, kept the thieves where they belonged, on the outside, no matter what sort of equipment they used, and they've been there ever since.

But even the strongest new models are burglar-proof with one large fundamental reservation. Nothing, not even the thick defenses wrapped around democracy's treasure chest at Fort Knox, can stand up against assaults mounted over a long period of time. Because even the toughest safe built is perishable, and was designed only to withstand attacks lasting six and eight hours, alarm systems and night watchmen fence the property to allow no one a longer period of working time.

What happened in Chicago's Portage Park Bank several years ago didn't represent any alarming trend except by way of illustration. Bank vaults, far heavier than safes, are vulnerable under foolishly careless conditions, and this proved it. An enormous vault at the Portage Park Bank, stiffened with ten-inch steel doors and 18-inch concrete walls, opened for a band of hard-working thieves who had thirty-six uninterrupted hours to complete the job. For sustenance during what they knew would be a day and a half chore they carried baskets of food into the bank with them.

For all practical purposes, though, safecracking has become a part of our colorful criminal past now, something like stagecoach holdups and cattle rustling. From time to time ambitious criminals will show a profit by exploiting business properties of modern techniques but woefully outdated safes. Occasionally, too, the old Jimmy Valentine cry may go up when some thief finds a combination in someone's desk drawer.

But the manufacturers have run up a staggering advantage and they have few fears for the future. At some far off date criminals may attempt a fresh war with radically new equipment, yet the designers will make the necessary adjustments in new models and it will come to nothing but more poverty in one shabby corner of the underworld.

The hulking metal-penetrating x-ray machines conceivably might someday be trimmed down to pocket size, and jolting plastic cup explosives, slapped on nearly any surface, might go on the market. The defenses will be basic. Lead plates covering the insides of combination locks will blind the eye of the x-ray, and sunken safe doors with smaller seams will offer no foothold for the explosives.

In a way, though, a recent event that passed without notice was a wistful note. It faintly stirred up whispers of an almost forgotten era when safecracking offered a bright young man a fairly good future. One of the larger safe manufacturers received an unusual request for a copy of its safe booklet,



Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn's tenure of office has fully reflected the executive ability that he brought with him when he was accorded the Order's highest honor at the Convention in Chicago last July. He gave to his office in Zanesville, Ohio, after his election, a most capable staff, with him in this photograph. From left: Dorothy Clare Roach, Mona M. Culver and his Secretary, James W. Plummer, who was recently elected President of the Ohio Elks State Association.

"What You Should Know About Safes."

A careful investigation by a company agent showed that the letter had come from the Reprive State Prison in Texas

where a curious convict doing three-to-five was shamelessly begging for help from the people he hoped to hurt a little later on. In an earlier age the

proud and resourceful thieves who opened safes for a living would have considered this desperately futile approach treason.

Small Business

(Continued from page 5)

discernible increase in failures from that cause. And, of course, many of the disasters could have been covered by insurance. Among very small concerns, especially, uninsured losses from fire take a consistently regular toll.

When these minor causes are seen in their true perspective, it leaves as the overwhelmingly major reason for business failures one single cause: lack of experience. (For the past few years, a fairly constant 60 per cent of all failures happened in businesses which were under five years old.) And experience is not just the time spent in a line of business, but what was learned in that time. One Eastern businessman says his headaches did not start until he had been in business five years. He had the personal experience in his field to get over the five-year hump and was a successful man, when on his own. But when he enlarged and started to build an organization he learned that he lacked a new kind of experience: the management of other people.

Inexperience leads to the choice of poor locations for a shop, inability to sell (and, equally important, inability to buy), overextending oneself financially and personally, heavy operating expenses and most of the other deficiencies that are normally given as the cause of failure. However, these are only the apparent causes. The basic underlying cause is lack of experience.

A Case in Point

Nor is knowledge of one business always enough to handle another. The president of a novelty manufacturing company made a great deal of money during World War II but found little demand for his products in 1947. He took the \$200,000 cash that had accumulated, checked the consumer's market as carefully as he could and decided to manufacture kitchen ranges for which there was a growing market. In a short time, rising costs and decreasing prices, due to competition, used up that \$200,000 and another \$200,000 besides. When that was gone, creditors took his plant. His own rueful moral? "There is no substitute for experience."

Inexperience can cause losses when making needed changes to meet new consumer demand. A coat and suit manufacturer who started producing a better quality line than he had been making—in itself a wise decision—unfortunately under-priced his finished product and went out of business.

A successful auto dealer bought a shoe factory which held several gov-

ernment contracts, but failed within a year because he did not know his new line.

In the building construction trades, the number of contractors and sub-contractors has doubled in the last five years. They are usually people who worked for other contractors, accumulated the work experience they felt was essential, and then went out on their own. Many were willing to work for very little just to get started, and there is no doubt, most had experience in their own field. The experience they lacked was in the financial side of construction contracting. Many did not know how to figure basic costs, or indirect overhead, or gauge the kinds of delay over which they had no direct control.

Not long ago, an air conditioning installation firm won the bid on a school contract. While waiting for some other contractor to finish his part of the job, the air conditioning company paid for idle labor. The losses drove them out of business. Failures in the construc-

tion field now account for 14 per cent of all business failures. In 1940, they accounted for six per cent.

"The tempo of business is increasing today," says Mr. Sanzo. "Things are moving rapidly, constantly changing. Business management requires more information, more understanding of the hazards. If the root of auto accidents is the driver, the root of failure is the individual businessman. And some of these refuse to recognize hazards. These hazards involve improper book-keeping, improper understanding of costs, improper merchandising, inventory speculation, poor credit practice, excessive management salaries and dividends, and improper financing over rapid expansion."

How, then, can you overcome these hazards while at the same time accumulating the experience to learn to recognize them? In the files of Dun and Bradstreet are hundreds of stories of small businessmen who have managed the job. What they learned, and how they learned it, is important news

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Dedicate Memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell



At 2:30 p.m., on May 15th, the dedicatory ceremonies for the memorial to Past Grand Exalted Ruler Bruce A. Campbell took place at Mt. Hope Cemetery in Belleville, Ill.

Mr. Campbell, who died in 1955, was for many years Chairman of the Elks National Memorial and Publication Commission. Tributes were rendered by Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn and Nick H. Feder, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees. Past Grand Exalted Ruler James R. Nicholson presided. The memorial, a mauso-

leum, was unveiled by Mr. Campbell's widow, who was accompanied by her son Joseph Campbell and his wife. The Invocation was given by Rt. Rev. Msgr. F. A. Kaiser, Pastor St. Luke's R. C. Church, Belleville, and Rev. Alford F. Schroeder, Pastor of Christ Evangelical and Reformed Church, Belleville, delivered the Benediction.

In attendance were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson, John S. McClelland and Earl E. James, Grand Secretary Lee A. Donaldson, George F. Thornton, President of Illi-

nois State Elks Assn., and delegations from Elk lodges in Illinois, Missouri and Arkansas.

In the photograph taken as Mrs. Beulah Campbell unveiled the memorial, from left: Grand Exalted Ruler Bohn, Rev. Kaiser, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, Rev. Schroeder, Past Grand Exalted Ruler McClelland, Past Grand Trustee Nick Feder, Past Grand Exalted Ruler James, Grand Secretary Donaldson, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Nicholson and Charles Wasem, Jr., Exalted Ruler of Belleville lodge.

for every small businessman in the country.

The advice boils down to nine essential points, most of which, fortunately, can be controlled by the individual.

Handle What You Can

1. *Recognize your limitations.* Every business—even the largest—has limitations of some kind. In small business, the limitations may be imposed by physical strength or finances. The owner of a very healthy small business recalls the early days of his firm. "We had little capital and no relationship with a lending institution," he said. "Therefore, we turned down some orders which at the time were known to be profitable." The firm could have taken the orders, but would have had difficulty meeting them due to the limitations on financing. This could have started the company off with a bad reputation when orders were not met. Instead, it handled what it could.

Some times the limitations are in those around you, your family or your assistants. These limitations must also be recognized. One retailer in the Midwest tells how his business was so successful that he decided to expand and open a new store across town. "I

found," he said, "that my managers could not seem to grasp my particular method of operation. I couldn't teach them. I had, therefore, to be in both stores at the same time. I made a little from the store where I wasn't until my wife took sick and I couldn't help out there. Then my latest manager offered to buy me out and I sold. Now I only have the new store and things are running smoothly again."

When a limitation is recognized it can be reduced. When it is capital, the prudent use of credit may be the answer. When it is a poor location, a careful survey of available space can help solve the problem. When it is inventory, whether too much, too little, or the wrong kind, a thoroughgoing check should produce the solution.

Write It Out

2. *Planning.* A university professor of management insists that all his classes practice the actual writing out of policy. You write: "My policy regarding mark-ups should be as follows . . . My policy regarding the kind of customers I wish to draw shall be as follows . . ." And then stick to this policy until a changed situation forces changes.

A couple bought a restaurant re-

cently and without bothering to think about, let alone write, their policy, they set about to put in pleasant fixtures and hire waitresses, whom they outfitted with dainty aprons. They ended up with a charming tea room atmosphere. But they did no business. Most of their potential customers were workers who took one look at the place and went to the restaurant down the street.

Proper planning will tell you that a higher rental for a good location is a better bargain than a low rental elsewhere. On the West Coast, a woman finally achieved her dream of owning her own shop. As in most cases, she had to watch her pennies to start. She took a shop which rented for \$45 a month—and found she was on one of those streets where the traffic is fast and it is practically impossible for anyone to stop and shop. The \$45 in her case was more expensive than \$150 would have been for a more desirable spot—and only planning could have helped her.

About Keeping Records

3. *Keeping proper records.* A surprising number of businessmen have told the Dun and Bradstreet reporters that "If I were starting again, I would

learn some bookkeeping or accounting. The figures are the best guide to experience." But Dun and Bradstreet cautions: keep *just enough* records. Too many can be a fault, too. A jeweler who failed spent most of his time in the backroom, poring over his books, and too little time out front, selling. Records should tell you where you stand, and why; no more than that is needed.

The margin between success and failure can often be traced to record keeping. The example of two builders in a small New York town is revealing. Both are good craftsmen, both give good service. One of them has an office and employs a young woman bookkeeper five mornings a week. The other carries his office in his hat; the one concession he makes to record keeping is that for each new job he buys a 10-cent notebook in which he keeps the record of the number of hours his men put in each day on a job. (He went that far because of requirements for payroll deductions for taxes and social security.)

When the first contractor gets a job his bid is based on previous jobs on which he has kept books. He knows what he can charge and he knows what his profit will be. In addition, he pays himself a steady weekly salary and runs his household and personal expenses from a separate bank account. The second contractor is in trouble. He is often low bidder on a job and is quite busy, but he ends up with little or no profit. Having no exact figures on the cost of materials for former jobs, he relies on guesswork. He will sometimes say, "Oh, that will cost about a thousand dollars," instead of being precise, which his customers would prefer. His wife draws her household checks from the same account he uses for business bills. He claims he is saving on a bookkeeper's salary—but his business is costing him more than that salary because of lost discounts, extra accounting fees around income tax time, and in under-bidding.

All-Important Balance

4. Watch the balance sheet, not just profit and loss. Most businessmen know the amount of their sales, their gross profits, their expenses and their net profits. But a look at the balance sheet, especially liabilities, would prevent many a business failure. Liabilities stay firm. Assets change, value of inventory changes, profits go up and down, but this debt is firm until paid. Liabilities should be checked regularly. Are you going too far into debt? How do you stand in debts compared with what you have in the business? Look at the changes in working capital. Is it up or down? Compare your net worth with that of last year. This is often a great guideline to what you can validly take out of your business and still stay in business.

A midwestern retailer who inherited a sound and established family business found himself in trouble. Poor crops had brought a drop in local consumer purchasing power and he brought his troubles to the attention of his suppliers. Upon examination of his books it was found that his net worth had declined to about \$30,000 and his debts were up. But at the same time he was taking \$15,000 a year out of the business, just as he had been doing for the last few years. No attempt had been made to cut expenses. This meant that in poor years, his own compensation amounted to 22 cents out of every dollar of sales. A check of his balance sheet would have alerted him earlier, and cutting his own expenses as his neighbors and customers were cutting theirs, would have saved him a great deal of agony.

Take a Long Look

5. Investigate before you buy and before you extend credit. Most of us have a tendency to grab a bargain—and find to our regret sometimes that we have actually overpaid. Most salesmen will allow you that day "to think it over," especially if they have nothing to hide. That 24 hours is enough time in which to find out if all his other customers are being offered the same "bargain," which would give you no competitive advantage at all, or whether the offer is indeed a bargain.

On the selling side, investigation is equally important. When other shops are granting credit, it is hard for you to insist on cash. But before leaping into the credit business, investigate yourself as well as your potential customer. One man's sad experience can easily be yours. "I found I wasn't a good collector," he says. "The losses were too high for me to carry. I am now back in the cash-and-carry business and much better off."

Know Your Supplier

6. Make sure you have reliable suppliers. "The best thing that ever happened to me," says a retail merchant, "was hooking up with a good supplier." Take the case of the man who was running a successful haberdashery. Business was so good he decided to expand by adding a men's clothing department. He put \$5,000 into it, but things didn't go well at all. He had a long talk with his major shirt supplier, who gave him some sound advice.

"You are a good haberdasher and one of our best accounts," the supplier told him. "But you are a poor clothing man because you can not offer enough selection on the \$5,000 you've put in. Why not close it out and put that money to working for you again. You'll make more out of it from your old lines than you will from the new." The haberdasher followed his supplier's advice, paid up his bills and got on a discount

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AN OPEN LETTER ON LAPSATIONS

The following letter to The Elks Magazine is printed in its entirety, not only because of its sincerity, but also for the reason that it points up the basic problem which the Order faces in the matter of lapsations. The Brother Elk who wrote this letter would be very glad to have his name used, but it was decided that it would be preferable not to use his name or the lodges concerned.

"In the two years that I have been getting The Elks Magazine I have noted from time to time the many articles pertaining to the problem of getting members to re-up their membership each year. As you point out in the editorial "Elk Membership" that ran in the May issue, Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James, during his tenure of office, made an extensive survey of this problem and found that the greater percentage of the defectives were Brothers who had moved from the jurisdiction of their parent lodge and then lost interest. I am now an Elk in that category. I moved from my parent lodge last August and I do not intend to renew my membership. I thought you might be interested in knowing my reasons.

"To begin with, when an Elk leaves his home territory he immediately seeks the lodge nearest his new home, or at least I did. On his first visit he is usually afforded the customary courtesies either out of curiosity or as a matter of form. Thereafter, nine times out of ten, he becomes "that fellow from Lodge blank." If he decides he wants to become an active, supporting Brother of the new lodge, he finds that he must demit. A demit is time, trouble and a nominal sum. The aspiring Brother can even be black-balled should misfortune be his lot in this new territory. Consequently, he still "hangs on", joining in the idle chatter in the club rooms; but when the meetings roll around, unless he has taken the trouble to apply for a demit, he's merely a body without a vote.

"In the meantime, his home lodge has forgotten him. In my case I wrote six letters in as many months to my home lodge, telling them of my activities in my new home, how I missed the old

grounds, etc. Never once did I receive a letter or card in return. Never once was my name, or the fact that I had written, mentioned in the monthly paper (which somehow was still mailed to me). I became a man forgotten by his home lodge and a non-entity in the new one. I gradually drifted from meetings, stopped writing to my old lodge and now am not going to wear the Elks pin for the next year, or the year after that. I am just simply going to forget the Elks as they have apparently forgotten me.

"I once considered myself a Good Elk. I participated in all the projects of my lodge and am a member of "The Golden Book of Elkdom", so I feel that I just cannot sever my connections without telling someone of my feelings and, more important, my recommendations to prevent others from meeting with the same treatment.

"*First:* Abolish "demits" as such. When an Elk leaves his home territory, permanently, have his file transferred to the lodge nearest his home, accompanied by a letter of introduction from the one Exalted Ruler to the other. Then the new lodge should show themselves to be *actively* interested in getting this new Brother into the fold. If necessary, a welcoming committee could call at his home. Above all, make him feel that he is wanted.

"*Second:* Make it a matter of policy for all lodges to keep close and continuing contact with Brothers no longer in the lodge's jurisdiction, until such time as they learn that the man is firmly entrenched in his new lodge. Above all, make him feel that he is missed by his Brothers of the past.

"Until the above, or something similar is adopted, I am afraid you will have many more such as I."

the bags had been made for twenty years.

"Last year," the store's owner said, "after I bought 500 of this item, a manufacturer introduced a new cotton bag with a body of cotton material and the base made of a more durable plastic. Now everybody wants the bag with the plastic, so I find myself stuck with unwanted merchandise."

Learn and Earn

7. *Learning.* The old advertising slogan of "earn while you learn" is more applicable to the small businessman than to almost anyone else in the country. Learning outside the business is often a major way of getting experience. It may come from regular meetings with other businessmen, formal business courses or clinics at the local college or high school, or from a subscription to the trade journal in your field. On courses, Dun and Bradstreet, appends a word of caution: don't take them just to say you are taking them. Find out the areas in which you need guidance, then find the course that will give it to you. Don't sign up for Management when you need Bookkeeping.

Membership in local business organizations is frequently not only a pleasant way to learn, but one of the most profitable. The local Chamber of Commerce, which brings together your competitors as well as businessmen in other lines, handles problems that affect the entire business community. Trade organizations which are devoted to your particular line are an excellent source of experiences that may be applicable to your own situation. The trade magazines and books should not be overlooked, either. One idea from any of these sources often can be translated into solutions to knotty problems.

But extra-curricular activities can be overdone. Too much time devoted to business and civic organizations may mean too little time behind your own counter. Ask yourself: "How much time and energy can I take from my business and have it still remain healthy." Some businesses require a great deal of time spent away from the shop or office, some very little. The time put into outside activities should be measured in terms of usefulness to the business.

Call on an Expert

8. *Professional assistance.* Do not be afraid to go to an outside expert when you are in trouble. Seek him out before you are in trouble when you get to where you can read the signs. A good accountant can save more headaches than a gross of aspirin.

Do you plan to expand? An accountant can tell you whether you have the necessary capital, what the risks are, where the pitfalls lie. Your banker knows the money market better than you do. He can be a great source of

basis. He was able to put in a more varied line of haberdashery and thus increase those sales.

Good suppliers have a reservoir of good advice because of their wide experiences with other businesses in your line. In addition, being human, they are frequently inclined to give preferred treatment to what they call "our accounts," the people who have done business with them consistently and whose record of payment is good.

A reliable supplier will not try to sell you more than you need or load you with the wrong kind of inventory. Suppliers can frequently spot trends before you can and are in a good position to prevent the kind of problem recently faced by the owner of a general store in the South. One of his staple items year in and year out had been a cotton bag, used in the fields by cotton pickers. They were made entirely of cotton and no change in quality or appearance in

help, even between the times you see him out of necessity.

Another Business Asset

9. *Your personal health.* Small businesses are usually dependent upon the activities of a few people. It follows that the success or failure of the business depends upon the energy and vitality of these people. And poor health can be the vulnerable spot in management through which a number of other faults slip through.

All of us try to maintain good health, but in running a business the question may be put as squarely as, "Do two hours or two weeks off now, despite possible loss in profits, mean more to me and the future of the business, than two hours or two weeks of dragging along? Are the extra efforts worth what they bring in profits or will they jeopardize the future?"

THERE you have them, the nine points that Dun and Bradstreet experts believe are the keys to successful small business operation. Some seem obvious, but it is the obvious which is too easily overlooked. Others appear to be ordinary common sense and the answer to that is that they are. But the trail of business failures in the past few years is littered with cases where common sense was not applied.

The story is not new. A hundred years ago, when Dun and Bradstreet reported 5,123 failures for the year 1857, it issued the following warning to its subscribers:

"The prosperity of the manufacturer, importer, banker and jobber is largely dependent on the manner in which the country merchant does his business. If his course tends to make or break all those above him, how important that he

should do business on sound principles... He would of necessity, buy carefully, sell prudently, collect closely and thus enhance his own prosperity as well as that of trade generally."

In 1957, Dun and Bradstreet still calls for the "sound principles" and—despite the number of failures—can pervade optimism about the future of small business and the whole economy. In talking about it recently, Mr. Sanzo is quick to point out the useful lesson that can be learned from the failure figures.

"We ought to emphasize the positive side of what business failures can teach us," he said. "Perhaps we need just a little sickness once in a while to remind us that there are rules of good living. Some failures are always going to occur. Not every new business is destined to succeed, any more than every college boy is destined to become a corporation president. Some businesses will be unable to withstand the pressures of competition—and some will fail of old age.

"For many, however, failures will be a reminder that the speed and tempo of business requires more knowledge, better managerial equipment. We are a long time removed from the leisurely days when the Vermont storekeeper could warn a customer in panic, 'Hey, don't buy all those pencils. If you do, I'll have to order some more.'

"Today's failures are no signal of impending business illness. They are more like a mild headache. They may be a symptom, but they are a symptom of tension, not of a disease. As such, they call for an aspirin, not an antibiotic. The remedy for the failure ailment is enlightened management, sound financing and due respect for the hazards of the day."

Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 10)

the fish—only because he doesn't know any better—I almost get bitter. Something should be done about bass.

In Florida I have made the most of my opportunity as a bass fisherman by taking excursions in glass-bottomed boats through some of that state's crystal clear springs, such as Silver Springs, Rainbow Springs and the like. There it is possible to observe large-mouth bass up to at least twelve pounds in their natural setting. They lie motionless in the shade of floating debris, or alongside sunken logs, or in the crevices of rocks, watching and waiting. But what they are watching and waiting for I have never discovered. Bream and minnows of all sizes and descriptions associate with them as though they were old buddies, and likely they are. This gives me considerable consolation. If these bass will permit covets of succulent minnows to swim about them unmolested, I have a good excuse

when I fail to get any strikes on my fine lures.

For all the good dollars I have spent on such tours hoping to see how and what a bass strikes, I've been rewarded only once. At Rainbow Springs out of the corner of my eye I saw a big bass smash the surface amid a mass of foam and spray. As near as I could determine, he hit a cigar butt tossed overboard by the guide.

But I am not the only one who has wasted time trying to learn something about bass. I recall hearing about a student of the sport who set out to catch a particular fish, and he decided logically that there would be no way to tempt a big bass quite as effectively as with a live mouse. This presented problems, of course. First he had to catch a robust mouse which showed promise of being a strong swimmer. Next he had to build a harness for it. Then it was necessary to put the har-

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"FREEDOM'S FACTS"—Reds Exploiting World Youth



Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn has come out strongly in opposition to the forthcoming World Youth Festival in Moscow and its intent to subvert American youth, so this month's excerpts from "Freedom's Facts" is particularly timely. This anti-communist bulletin is published each month by the All-American Conference to Combat Communism, membership in which is comprised of fifty national organizations, including the BPOE.

Organizers for the United States Festival Committee so far have induced 700 U.S. youths to apply for permission to attend the World Youth Festival in Moscow this summer.

The "Daily Worker" of April 10 reported, "At least twenty divinity students from Harvard and Princeton Universities are planning to attend, also a large group of students from the University of Wisconsin."

According to Barbara Perry, one of

the chief organizers of the United States Festival Committee, "Other parts of the nation have reported a heavy response to plans for participation." Miss Perry said she had made up her mind to attend the Moscow Festival after seeing a film on the previous Youth Festival in Warsaw which was attended by a few Americans.

While claiming the Festival is non-political, its purpose is to exploit the young people who attend it. As Bruno Bernini, Chairman of the World Federation of Democratic Youth, declared on August 14, 1956, at the meeting which laid plans for the Festival, "Anyone can take part no matter what organization he belongs to. But the Festival is not a tourist measure. Its main demand of young men and women is the sharing of the ideas expressed by the Festival."

The Festival "ideas" are the Communist interpretation of the Festival slogan, "For Peace and Friendship." It means support of Red efforts to close down U.S. overseas military bases, to step up shipment of strategic goods to the Communist Empire, and to open the doors of youth groups, of colleges and universities to Communist propagandists.

The Government of El Salvador, on

August 16, 1956, warned its students against attending any Communist-sponsored meeting or festival. The Government stated: "Our students will be interviewed and their pictures will appear in the newspapers. They will be overwhelmed by flattery and will believe all that is said to them. Thus, they will return home as propagandists of Lenin and Communism."

For those few non-Communist or anti-Communist youth who plan to attend the Festival, the following rules should be useful: 1—Do not be interviewed or photographed. 2—Do not make radio broadcasts or tape recordings for broadcasts. 3—Remember you are at a propaganda show for which the Reds have been preparing more than a year.

Expert Red propagandists will try to exploit your presence at the Festival in every way they can. Even if you are interviewed or photographed, your presence at the Festival will be exploited as evidence of U.S. student support for the Communist regime and Communist foreign policies.

Before actually attending the Festival, ask yourself whether you want to lend your name and your presence in Moscow to support Red terror in Hungary and world-wide Red aggression.

ness on the mouse. This wasn't as simple as it sounds. When all the preparations were complete, he had to conceive a means of getting the mouse to the bass. After much thought, he decided to use a shingle as a raft to float the mouse to his destination. Then, one warm August evening when conditions were right—when there was just the proper velocity of breeze blowing toward the hideout of the big fish—he placed the harnessed mouse on his shingle and launched him. Patiently he waited and fed out line as the little craft floated slowly before the wind. A half-hour later, at the precise moment when the mouse would be in the most vulnerable position over the waiting bass, he jerked the animal off the shingle and into the water. This treatment seemed a bit harsh to me, since the mouse may not have been in a mood for a swim at the moment, but at least this man approached the problem in a logical and thorough fashion. But after all this he wasn't rewarded. He didn't catch the bass. The mouse swam his weary way to shore, passing directly over the fish's lair, and climbed up on the bank, wet, cold and confused in the ways of man; whereupon the fisherman unharnessed him and went home defeated. In the meanwhile his prize bass was probably waiting for a nautically minded worm to come whipping by under a full head of steam.

A sensible and methodical fisherman

like that gets nowhere; yet a successful method of taking smallmouths developed in the Finger Lakes region of New York State is to fish late at night during the dark of the moon with a coal-black fly. Midnight and a black fly!

But that isn't the worst. A man I fished with last season actually used salt-water jigs for bass. I've always held it to be a remarkable fact that

lures designed for salt water are virtually worthless in fresh water, and vice versa, but this man didn't know that. And of all possible salt-water lures, he was using jigs. Maybe he didn't know what they were. The sad part of it, from where I sat in the other end of the boat, was that he caught a bass.

No manufacturer ever designed a lure so ridiculous that there wasn't a fisherman to buy it. And there was never a fisherman so ridiculous that he couldn't catch a bass on one of them. But I know too much about bass and their feeding habits to fall for such gadgets and contraptions. I don't care much about eating bass anyway.

That doesn't mean that I never catch any bass. There is one time when I really come into my own. In the lower stretches of some trout streams, such as the Catskill streams along the Delaware River watershed, there are a few scattered smallmouth bass along with trout. While fishing such streams in the spring before the bass season is open, I can catch some fine bass. More than once I have known the thrill of having a big, three-pound trout smash into a bucktail only to have it turn out to be a 14-inch smallmouth. Where these same bass go after July first, the opening day, I have never discovered.

But no one can tell me anything about bass. No one has to. I have the answers. This season, for instance, just to show that I am tolerant, I think I'll



When the Grand Exalted Ruler was in his home city of Zanesville, Ohio, he had the opportunity of congratulating his Secretary, James W. Plummer, who had just been elected President of the Ohio Elks State Assn. In Mr. Bohn's hands is a signed portrait of Past Grand Exalted Ruler Rush L. Holland, who was a member of Zanesville Lodge.

drag a pork chunk around on the bottom some day. Also, just for kicks, I may try some new lures. I may even rest my old trustworthy plugs for the time being. After all, I know that they are the best, and it is hardly fair to take advantage of the fish that way all the while. Instead I'll experiment with something different, some of these wild inventions that go under the name of

"Goodbye, Joe"

(Continued from page 7)

"A couple of months, they say." The bullet, he'd been told, after entering his left side, had courteously avoided his heart, but then gone on to rip him up pretty well. "I guess there'll be no running upstairs. No bowling for a long time. Things like that."

"You don't mind talking about the other night?"

"I figure it's past time. Go ahead."

"The way that Ralphie had to pop up like a duck in the rain is the strangest part," Rosen said. "You don't know where he was headed when you spotted him?"

"I never spotted him, Walter. Joe did that. It might have been the way Ralphie walked, a turn of his head, or anything. All I heard Joe say was 'Stop the car,' and I stopped it." Then Hawley said carefully, deliberately, "I was listening to the radio when it happened. I think you should bear that in mind."

The older man said, "Why?"

"I wasn't listening to police calls," Hawley said. "We had the car radio on, of course, but I wasn't paying much attention to that. I had a portable radio on the seat right next to me. Tommy Cassiano was fighting in the Garden. I was listening to every punch." He watched the other man closely. "You figure it, Walter."

Rosen gazed back over his steepled fingers. "Why should I bother?"

"If I hadn't been listening to the fight like that, I might have been more on the job—the same as Joe was on the job."

"Come off it, George. Don't build yourself troubles you'll regret. The radio wasn't even yours. It belonged to Joe Regis. We checked that after we found it in the car."

"I asked him to bring it," Hawley insisted. "Two or three times, anyhow, I said to him, 'Bring the portable, Joe.' It was a present he got from Marge on his last birthday. A real nice portable. I kept saying, 'Bring it.'"

"Joe wasn't listening? He wasn't a friend of Tommy's?"

"That's not the point. You have to take it for granted Joe would never have goofed off. Radio, or no radio, Walter."

"Oh, shut up, please!" Rosen was a very mild man whose voice squeaked like a nickle whistle on those rare occasions when his patience gave out. "You've got one of those in-grown Irish

bass lures. It will be interesting to see just how foolish a bass can be. Besides, there are too many eccentric bass and not enough normal ones. Something has to be done.

I'm sure going to be embarrassed, though, if one of my fishing buddies happens along at the wrong time and finds me using a pink plastic worm—or a cigar butt.

consciences, and a stupid one at that. You're trying to make a case against yourself and I won't have one damned bit of it, and neither will the Inspector!"

Hawley said softly, "Thanks. I thought I'd tell you, anyhow. I always figured Joe was better than us."

"You could be right, too," Walter Rosen conceded. "But if it's any comfort, I was in Tommy Cassiano's own saloon with three other cops, watching him get his brains knocked out on the tee vee set. We weren't as close to Tommy as you and Joe."

"I see what you mean."

"Don't give up on yourself just because you're human, George," the older man advised him.

Then Walter Rosen left.

Hawley slept until it was mid-afternoon and the shadows had climbed the walls of his room. He was smoking a cigarette and thinking of a promised cup of coffee when the nurse looked in.

"There's someone to see you. Do you mind?"

"It's all right," Hawley said.

He knew it was Marge before he saw her in the open door. She walked towards him slowly, hardly making a sound with her steep heels on the polished floor. Her cheeks were as pale as aspirin. Her eyes, in the faded, fitful light, were dark and shadowy, indistinct. All Hawley could see was the soft, the gentle, the sad line of her mouth—Marge, who in another time could be as gay or as giddy as an adult game of tag.

"Hello, George," she said, but the first time he tried to answer her, he couldn't make a sound come out. "George—is it all right that I came?"

"It's all right—sure . . . you know it's all right . . . of course it's all right . . ."

It was almost as though, once started with words and with sounds, he couldn't turn them off, and he began to cry, because there was more in him than he could hold, and the girl who was to have married Joe Regis broke at the same time, grasping his arms with her black-gloved hands, falling to her knees at the side of his bed. It was awful, as long as it lasted. After a while, though it tugged at his wound and made him ache inside, he reached the bed lamp and snapped it on. They blinked in the glare.

"Go ahead," he said. "Go in the bath-

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room and blow your nose. Get straightened out. Don't mind a blubbing jerk like me."

"I'm all right now." Marge took the chair that Walter Rosen had occupied. "I came to see you because—who else would I see? Who else would understand how it is?"

"No one," he said, because it was so obviously true. "I'm glad you came." He didn't want to get schmaltzy or emotional. He couldn't trust himself. He'd loved her for all the six years she had gone with Joe; maybe not from the moment Joe said, "This is Marge," but all too soon, in secret and in shame, as though, like any vice more definable, it was something a better man would have managed to set aside. "Do you want a cigarette, Marge?"

"Thank you." She reached for the pack he indicated.

"Light one for me."

She lit a second one from the burning end of the first. He took it from her gloved hand. *A gloved hand doesn't feel much like a girl's hand*, Hawley thought; it felt like anything else: a piece of plastic, a stick. He had never seen her all in black before: hat, little veil, the gloves, the dress, the coat that she had folded in her lap. She looked like a lost nun, or the widow that she would have been for certain were it later in the year.

"What are you thinking about, George?"

"Not too much," he said. "It's as though we weren't here in our real selves, Marge—so solemn and scared, the two of us—and afraid to mention Joe. Any other time we'd be—well, clowning around, the way friends do. You know what I mean?"

"Of course I do." She smiled a little bit. She was as tired as he. More tired, perhaps, and with a better right. He turned his face and let it rest against the softness of the pillow. A lazy cloud of cigarette smoke lay between them. "I'll go now, George. I'll let you rest."

"It was good you came," he said. "It was very nice."

She stood up and he watched her come towards him. He didn't move as she leaned over him. He ached with longing that seemed treasonously wrong each moment she was near.

"Thank God it wasn't the two of you, George."

She kissed his forehead, lightly and quickly, as any friend, in a bad time, being kind, would have the right to do. He dared not move or make a response until she had turned away.

"Let's not get sloppy," he said finally. "Thanks for coming in."

"Goodbye, George," Marge said.

After she was gone, he had no luck with attempted sleep. He was staring at his own hands and the random items in the room when Tommy Cassiano came. Miss Colvin, the nurse, let Tommy in, but with obvious misgivings.

Elks National Home Lodge Officers Installed



At the installation of the 1957-58 Elks National Home Lodge officers, Dan F. Edgington of Wichita, Kan., Lodge, left background, who was E.R. of the Home Lodge for 17 years, presented the gavel of office to Lynbrook, N. Y., Elk Matthew Tanzer as the new Exalted Ruler. In the foreground are Esq. Herbert Cutter of Southern Pines, N. C., Lodge, left, and Chaplain Harry F. Connell, a Queens Borough, N. Y., Lodge affiliate.

"I brought you a *pizza* pie and some beer from the joint," Tommy said, "but they took it off me outside, like it was a bomb. That makes this a hell of a party, don't it, George?"

HAWLEY was off the job two months and twenty-three days on the extended sick-leave the department prescribed. This Saturday in May, in the last week of his "convalescence," he felt healthier than he believed an idle man had any right to feel. A scales outside a drugstore told him he had gained nine pounds. He walked on Southern Boulevard, in his own section of the Bronx, a half mile south of where "it" had happened in the February rain. From where he walked he could see the planes begin to slant down for the runways of LaGuardia, as flashy as newly minted tin against the pale blue of the sky. The lush May morning was like joy distilled. He wasn't even dismayed to meet a man named Buster Stark, a prosperous personality of unestablished livelihood, whose jail terms had been infrequent, painless, brief. Buster, in resplendent clothes, was taking his ease against the plate-glass window of a haberdashery.

"Well, Buster?" Hawley said.

"Well?" Buster said right back at him. "Well?"

He's pretty starchy, Hawley thought, but this was not surprising. He'd been a pal of Ralphie Dee's.

"I haven't seen you around much, Buster."

"I go to a lot of very nice and expensive places. You wouldn't know about them, Hawley."

"What do you use for money?"

"I'm so charmin' that people invite me to these places. I don't need money." Buster blew a shiny, membranous bubble of chewing gum, exhibited it briefly at the tip of his tongue, then popped it artfully. "Do you need money, Hawley?"

"You'd better go home and squeeze the custard out of your fat head, Buster," Hawley suggested. "A few more

remarks and I'll have to punch you in the mouth—just for the exercise."

Hawley walked on. He had already learned to respect Walter Rosen's prediction that he would be perversely enshrined in the memories of Ralphie Dee's admirers. It bothered him less than it should have, he supposed, because he was himself involved in emotional hypocrisy. His frequent meetings with Marge were not accidental. As a thief coordinates his opportunities with time and place, he had contrived to enter the orbit of her changed activities, now that Joe was gone. Each Saturday morning she did the marketing for Joe's mother, Mrs. Regis, at the Boulevard Exchange, a local supermarket. On weekday afternoons, at 5:45, the subway returned her from her job downtown, and while you couldn't do it every time, it wasn't difficult to be buying the paper or cigarettes when she turned the corner for home. Helping out at a church bazaar had been easier still, since as chairman of the refreshment committee, she had openly asked his help.

"We'll need a real smart detective to guard the mustard pot and split the rolls, George," Marge had said. "You might as well be useful."

"Not for me," he said. "I look stupid in an apron."

Father Ricciardi asked if I'd speak to you, George. He'd like to have somebody working besides the women."

"Do you think I'm a chump?"

"Well, yes—but a nice one, George."

Actually he hadn't had to split any frankfurter rolls. They arrived at the parish auditorium already split, in wax-paper bags as long as your arm. For six nights he had scalded his fingers plucking hot dogs from the spaghetti cauldrons he had borrowed from Tommy Cassiano's place. He hadn't minded. He had been grateful and happy merely to be with her. She had always been gayer and more openly nonsensical with him than she had been with Joe, which was natural, he reasoned, since her deeper feelings were not involved. You

couldn't expect her to show the same respect for a clown like him that she had shown for Joe.

"I've got to stop trailing her like a lost dog," he resolved, and for this reason he did not stop at the Boulevard Exchange. He figured a man with any pride at all could wait until that evening. . . .

GEORGE, how are the straws holding out?" Marge asked. "The things people sip through? Are you listening?"

"Oh, the straws," he said. "We're all out of them. Do you have much soda left?"

"One case of root beer and a little orange, George."

"Well, the rest they can drink out of the bottles. It's an old Bronx custom."

"Are you tired, George?"

"My feet, that's all. That's the thanks the taxpayer gets for motorizing the cop. No stamina in the feet."

"You're so silly, George, honestly."

He supposed he was, but not for the reasons she'd advance. He was cleaning one of Tommy Cassiano's big spaghetti pots. Saint Charles Borromeo's Annual Building Fund Bazaar was over—all but the sweeping up, a final counting of the gross receipts and a little free eating for those who had labored through the week. Joe's mother, Mrs. Regis, was talking with Father Ricciardi at the fortune teller's booth. The priest had earlier explained that it wasn't a sin to have your fortune told for 50¢—not if you paid cash at the booth and made a mental reservation to place no credence whatever in what Mrs. Regis said. Father Ricciardi walked over.

"You have a big night, George?"

"I only work here, Father." Hawley indicated Marge. "She hasn't let me near the money once. All I got so far was a stale roll and a promise you'd pray for me."

"He's crazy," Marge said. "Excuse me, Father."

She carried a cup of coffee to the mother-in-law she had almost but not quite acquired. Mrs. Regis, still dressed in the slap-dash gypsy costume she had fashioned for herself, did not look any less Irish. She was small, soft-spoken and uncomplaining. She was also, in Hawley's eyes, pathetically brave.

"It's been good for both of them, having you around, George," Father Ricciardi said. "Thank Tommy for the use of the pots when you see him—and one other thing."

Hawley waited.

"Watch yourself in the neighborhood," the priest advised him soberly. "On my job, you hear more things than a cop ever does."

"If it's Ralphie Dee's friends—well, I'm not worried, Father."

"Then you'd better start worrying just a little bit. We're counting on having you around for next year's bazaar."

Marge came back to the refreshment

stand with Mrs. Regis. They looked strangely correct together, like widows divided by thirty years, yet joined in some understanding that a man could not expect to penetrate. Marge took the cup and saucer from the older woman and put them down. She wore Joe's ring on her right hand now—the ¾ carat, blue-white job, modest but flawless, and, as was always Joe's way, paid for, cash on the line.

"Well, George," Mrs. Regis said, "you can get yourself a job in a lunch wagon now, if they ever put you off the force." She began to unwind the bandana that bound her head. "Honestly now, George—how do I strike you as a gypsy?"

"I've arrested grown women for less," Hawley said. "I think you'd better let me walk you home."

"I'm going home with Mrs. Foley," she said, "and we will manage very well."

HAWLEY AND MARGE walked east from the parish auditorium. They walked slowly, talking the way you do when you are established friends, with common reference to a thousand things. The breeze was soft. It cast a few strands of her hair in easy disarray.

"Who donated the coffee tonight, Marge?" Hawley asked. "I mean that second batch."

"One of the plasterers' locals. Father Ricciardi knows the delegate and they were having a dance. I think they sent us fourteen gallons." She turned to him. "It wasn't much good, was it?"

"They must have dropped a trowel in it," he said. "Would you like to stop off at Tommy's place and have him put a fresh pot on?"

"It's late," she said, "but I wouldn't mind."

When they got to Southern Boulevard, where the old apartment houses couldn't cancel the view, the moon hung like a skinned and deep-toned melon in the sky. It cast a mellow glow across the rich green acres of the Bronx Zoo, where the "Borough Beautiful" is host to half the fauna of the world.

"I get them mixed up sometimes," Hawley said. "'Fauna' is meat and 'flora' is vegetables—I'm right?"

"You're so very, very clever, George."

Tommy's place was a few blocks south, on the other side. Even in the little parks that studded the breadth of Southern Boulevard, the trees were fat with the triumphant season; the earth was sweet beneath the narrow, wretched, trampled plots of grass.

"It's so beautiful, George."

"You couldn't buy it in a bottle," Hawley agreed.

Traffic was light, but very swift. A couple of cabs and a truck went by, gobbling all the distance a sequence of green lights would allow. They waited on a concrete island for a chance to

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cross. George took her arm and they hastened the rest of the way.

"You're doin' all right, Hawley," someone said.

George turned to the voice and the assembled figures in the dimly lighted entrance of a candy-stationery store. Buster Stark was empty-handed. Two of his three companions carried Sunday morning tabloids in their arms.

Marge said softly, urgently, "Don't stop!"

But Hawley lingered, as a cop would naturally be inclined to linger. He said to Buster, "What do you mean I'm 'doing all right?'"

Buster and his companions looked at Marge, while Buster made a rich, appreciative noise with his lips. Buster said, smiling, "I mean it didn't take you long to move in, Hawley."

George Hawley knocked Buster flat on his back with a classic punch in the mouth. Ralphie Dee's old friend came separate from his \$30 hat. The blood welled in his open mouth. His eyes were open. He was not knocked out. One of his companions had dropped the Sunday paper. The funny sheets had come loose and they lay all over the ground. Hawley kicked one sheet aside.

"Get up, Buster," he said, and the invitation was sincere. "I don't have a gun on me. I'm a convalescent, the department says. I'm telling you now, if I was three days dead, I could still lick the four of you."

He walked on with Marge and she was silent at his side. He didn't look at her. A kind of nameless shame enveloped him. He couldn't get himself to speak of Joe, but the implication raised by Buster Stark was there, as real and adhesive as summer sweat. Marge touched his arm. She was trembling.

"George, I don't think we should go to Tommy's. Take me home."

"All right," he said.

They had stopped on the sidewalk where the big street curved, beyond the view of Buster or his friends. There was a refuse basket, a mail box and a fat tree where they stood. The glare of a streetlight filtered thinly through the leaves. The shadow of a laden bough dilated and contracted in a press of rising breeze. Marge was watching him. She was handsome, tall and straight-standing. Her closeness made his senses cry aloud.

"It wasn't your fault, George. I'm sorry. Nothing's your fault, honestly."

He leaned forward then and kissed her on the mouth as though he owned her. He held her tightly, all but convulsively, before he let her go. He wished he had a place to hide. He turned from her in confusion and slammed the mail box with the hams of his hands. He could hear her crying softly even now.

"I love you," he said. "What the hell's the use of trying to conceal it any more? It's like a sickness . . . and I'm sorry. I

didn't have the decency to keep it to myself."

He stepped forward then and stopped a cab in the street. He waited, holding the rear door open. Marge was pale and silent getting into the cab. Hawley gave the driver a dollar and her address, then walked away. It was better and quicker this way.

I CAN GIVE YOU COFFEE, beer or a couple of aspirins," Tommy Casiano said, "but I don't have nothin' for what ails you now. People are human, George. I keep learnin' it's a handicap, but what can you do? You want a pizza?"

"No, thanks," Hawley said.

It was 2:00 a.m. by the clock above the bar. A half a dozen tables were ringed with customers. The pizza fire burned brightly. Carlo, the chef, gaped out at Hawley from the kitchen. His thin face for some reason seemed a full shade paler than the white hat on his head. Tommy, at the bar, combed the overflow collar from a goblet of beer, then set it down.

"Look, George," Tommy said, "—anything you want to say about Joe Regis, I'll go along. You know the way I always felt about the guy. Joe wasn't as easy to know as a couple of slobs like you and me. That's because he had more character, you say. Well, so did St. Anthony, but he's as dead as Joe. You got to do with what you got, George. Do you follow me?"

"You're trying to be nice," Hawley said. "I was with Joe when he bought her the ring. I was with him when he paid for the furniture. I was his closest friend. I was with him till the minute he died—and I just made a pass at his girl."

"Drink the beer," Tommy said. He sighted and turned his dented profile to the kitchen. "Carlo!" he called, and Carlo came out, rubbing his hands on his apron. "Carlo," Tommy said, "tell George here what you heard tonight. Tell him who's in the Bronx right now?"

Carlo came forward and placed his hands flat on the bar. He looked carefully, almost ritualistically about, and then said, in a whisper, "Julie Dee."

"Oh, come off the snuff now, Carlo," Hawley said. "Come off it, please."

"My cousin seen him."

"Where?" Hawley said. "What cousin?"

"His cousin didn't tell him where, George," Tommy interrupted, "and don't try to ask him 'What cousin?' Believe me, when I tell you he's got all kinds. If this cousin's a liar, it's not Carlo's fault."

"It's crazy," Hawley said. "Julie's been wanted for almost two years. The cops'd pick him up in fifteen minutes."

"They picked up Ralphie, too," Tommy said, "but only after they picked up Joe. Julie is crazier than Ralphie ever was. Did you see any of their crowd tonight?"

"I saw Buster Stark."

"Did he see you?"

"He should have seen me," Hawley said. "Less than half an hour ago I punched him in the mouth."

"Oh, that's very sweet. You were with Marge then?"

"Of course I was with her." Hawley began to thump the bar, matching the steady beat of his imaginings. It wasn't likely, he told himself, but it was—well, it was possible.

"Where you goin' now?" Tommy asked.

"Just for a short walk," Hawley said. "Don't get excited. I'll be back before the beer gets flat."

MARGE lived with her father, west of the boulevard, in an apartment house called The Sheldon Arms. A sign said: *Vacancy—4 Rooms—Refrigerator*. A cat walked down the five stained steps that led to the vestibule. The moon was big and well above the town. You could see all over the silent street. George would have bet his life against a leather dime that Julie had not been here. He

James S. Richardson of Cincinnati, Ohio, Is Mourned

James S. Richardson, a prominent member of Ohio Elksdom, passed away recently at the age of 83. In failing health since the death of his wife a year ago, Mr. Richardson was a patient at Christ Hospital in Cincinnati and it was there that he died.

A devoted member of Cincinnati Lodge No. 5, he had held office as Exalted Ruler in 1908 and had served as its Secretary and General Manager from 1915 until 1937. During 1934-35, Mr. Richardson was Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees.

A member of the Cincinnati Bar Assn., Mr. Richardson retired from active law practice 20 years ago. His survivors include two brothers and several nieces and nephews.



also knew that for the simple purpose of finding out, he could have telephoned. It was the other thing that brought him, he knew—the shameless need to see her and be with her, any time or any place, like a man addicted to anything—narcotics, whiskey, love.

"In the name of decency, George," Marge's father said, "this is one hell of a time to come ringin' a doorbell. Is she—what?"

"I'm sorry, Mr. Horgan, I said—is she home?"

"She's not home," Marge's father said, and Hawley's heart dropped like a stone. "She telephone to say she's goin' to stay at Mrs. Regis's tonight. Have you been drinkin', George? Are you sick?"

"No, I'm all right, Mr. Horgan, thanks. I'm sorry I bothered you. I'll explain what it was tomorrow. Don't think I'm out of my mind."

He descended two flights of stairs from the fifth floor and was rounding the turn of another flight when he saw Julie Dee. The big man was alone. He wore a pair of grey slacks, a sports shirt, and a look of animal joy.

"I don't have a gun, either," Julie said. "Guns can get you in all kinds of trouble. But you'll remember me, Hawley."

Ralphie's brother climbed a few more steps, his huge hands open and paving the air with that elaborate appetite for violence displayed by wrestlers on your television set. The difference was that Julie was sincere, and Hawley, watching him, backed carefully away. He thought of kicking Julie in the stomach or the chest, but dared not gamble on having his foot caught by those ready hands. His pride, or his lack of sense, forbade a frantic shout for help. He tightened his fists.

"Just stand still, Hawley. Wait for me."

Julie's tone was pleading. Small puffs of foam had gathered in the corners of his mouth. His eyes were strange with an unvarying light that a sane man couldn't have sustained. Hawley thought: *well, here we go*. In his patched condition he could think of many things that he would rather do. It was then he heard the sound of footsteps on the stairs below. He waited, and Julie waited, for the climbing figure to appear.

"This ain't exactly another comeback," Tommy Cassiano said, "but it's the first fight in a long time that I knew I was gonna win."

OUR AUGUST ISSUE

Looking forward to next month, there will be a digest of the Reports submitted by the Grand Lodge Commissions and Committees to the Convention in San Francisco, July 14-18. The reserve clause, the heart of baseball, which is under considerable criticism, will be studied by Stanley Frank.

Hawley sighed, then sat down on the stairs. It was certainly nice to have friends.

BECAUSE Mrs. Regis lived so close to the church of St. Charles Borromeo, many pious people passed her door on Sunday morning. Hers was the apartment with the azalea plant in the window box, the first floor, left. If you stood on tiptoe, and the shades were up, you could look in from the street. Hawley, a bit self-consciously, stood tall as he could, like a llama nibbling dinner from a tree. He heard a voice behind him and he turned.

"Marge is inside," Mrs. Regis said. "She made the coffee and I stepped over to Schlummer's for the rolls."

"I was just walking by," Hawley said.

"Were you on your way to church?"

"No, I'm going later, Mrs. Regis—the twelve o'clock."

"Come in then. Have a cup of coffee, George."

"No—like I said, I was just walking by."

"Come in," Mrs. Regis said more firmly. "I understand you didn't have much luck when you started out for coffee last night." She stood there, shrewdly watching his face go pale with immediate shame. "Don't argue with me, George."

The bag of rolls smelled very much like Sunday morning, but Mrs. Regis was not lighthearted in her customary way. She opened the vestibule door and the door to her apartment with the same key. Hawley followed her to the kitchen, where Marge was spreading a cloth on the small enamel-topped table. She stared at Hawley in silence, and then, as though remembering something, she tried to withdraw her hands.

"Leave your hands on the table, Marge," Mrs. Regis said.

Marge placed them on the rumpled cloth. She remained that way, looking first at Hawley, then to the mother of Joe Regis. Neither hand was adorned with the ring that Joe had given her.

"It's simple enough," Mrs. Regis said. "She loves you, George. I think I've known it for more than a month. She came to me last night as though I had some power to forgive. Forgive what, in Heaven's name—that the two of you are young and alive?"

Hawley couldn't open his mouth to utter a fraction of the tumult that was gathering inside of him.

"Where do you think Joe Regis went when he died—to Coney Island? Are we pagans, the three of us?" The older woman turned her eyes from them. "Joe doesn't need a girl where he is now. He used to say to me, in his serious way, 'She'd probably have more fun with George.'"

Hawley watched her walk to the door that led to the living room.

"You can bring me a cup of coffee," she said, "—and a little water for my azaleas—whenever you get a chance."

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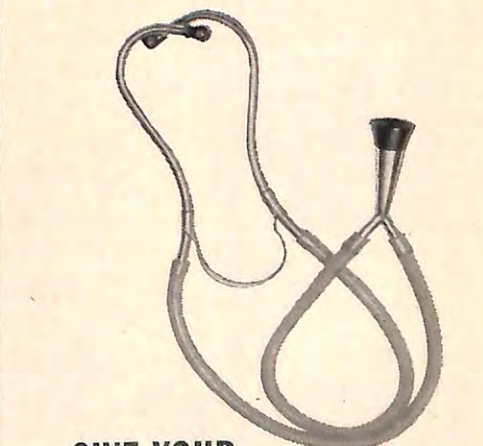
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AMERICAN CANCER SOCIETY

ELKS WORKSHOP

*Put up a flagpole and
"Show Your Colors"*

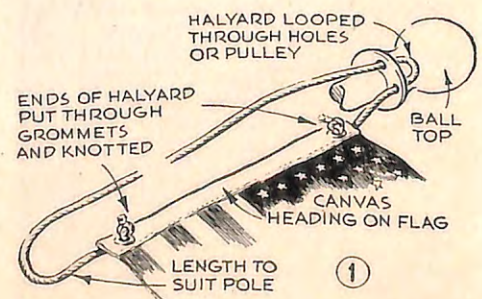
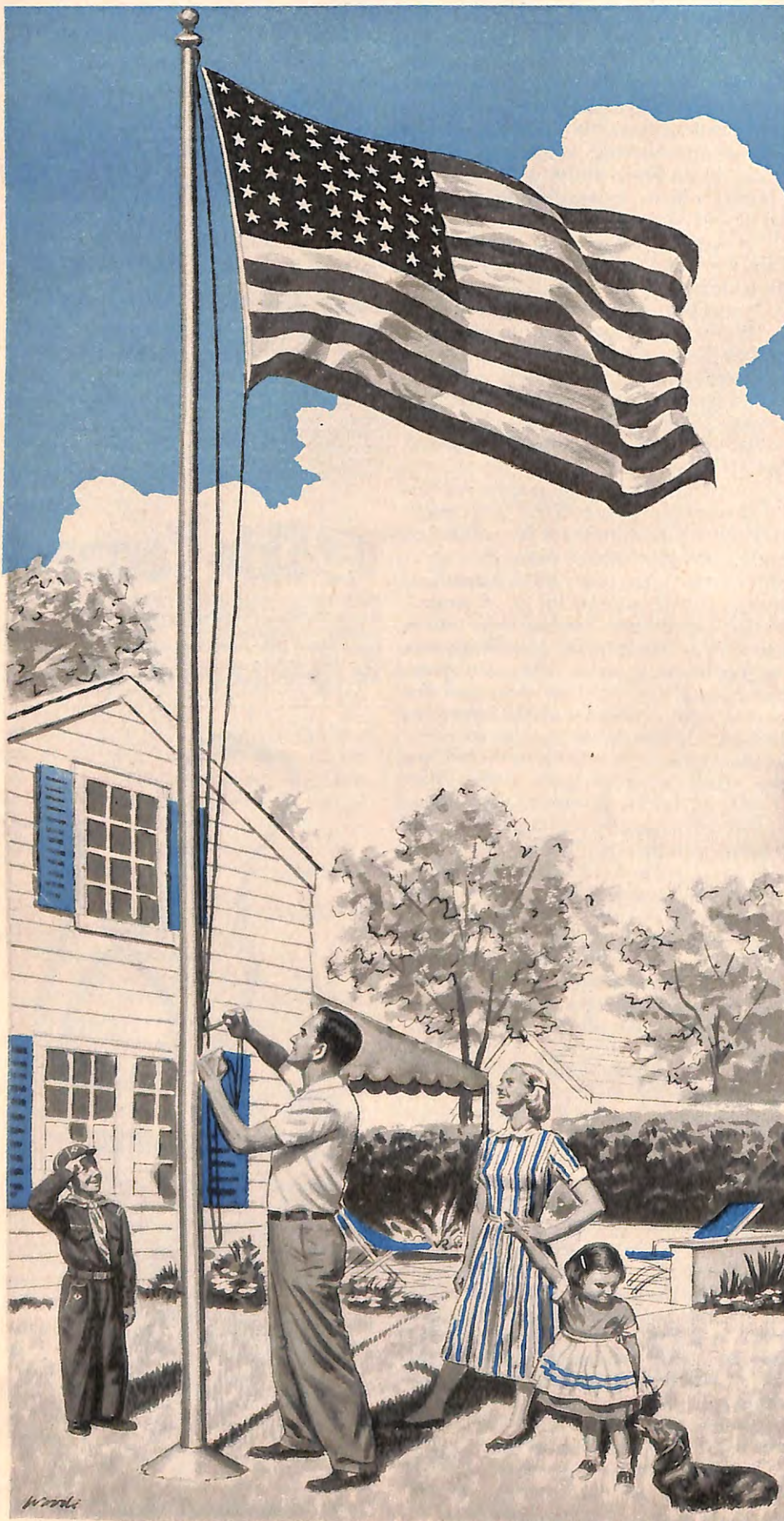
BY HARRY WALTON

On June 14th, the Elks led the nation in the observance of the 180th Anniversary of the flag of the United States. Our Order has paid this tribute to the flag every year since 1907. In recent years the aim of our Flag Day program has been to encourage members of the BPOE to display the flag over their homes on that day, the Fourth of July and other suitable occasions, the slogan being: "Show Your Colors". This month we asked Harry Walton, our Elks Workshop writer, to provide some practical, easy-to-follow instructions on preparing facilities to fly the flag at home with the hope that it would prompt many members to Show the Colors at their residences.

THERE IS ONLY ONE FLAG, but you can buy it in various sizes and materials. The lowest priced flags are made of heavy sheeting, with printed stars and sewed stripes. A three-by-five foot flag of this kind costs between three and four dollars, or with sewed stars a little over five. In the next better material, cotton bunting, the same size with sewed stars costs about seven dollars, a two-by-three foot size half that. There is an intermediate size (two and a half by four feet) for about five dollars, and a four-by-six foot flag can be bought for less than ten dollars.

For the average one or two-story house, a three-by-five or four-by-six flag is proper. A large two-story, or a three-story home might display a four-by-six flag to advantage. For a high flagpole, experts suggest a flag one-fourth as long as the height of the pole above ground. Shorter poles used on home lawns might take a somewhat larger flag in proportion, one-third as long as pole height or more.

All but very large flags have a strip of canvas sewed along the short edge

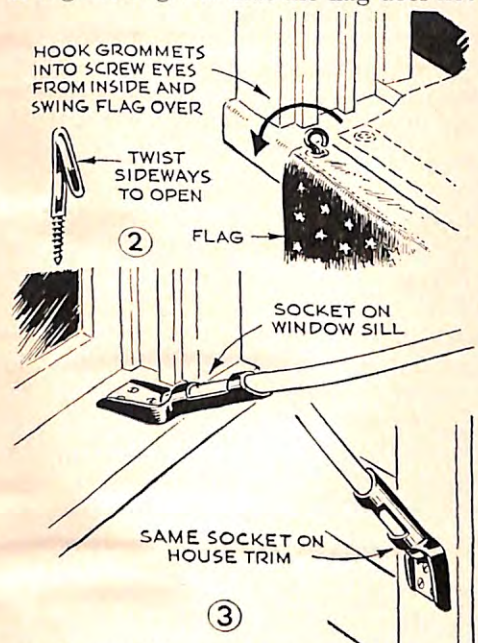


by which they are to be mounted. Brass eyelets (grommets) are set into this heading to take the strain of the halyard fastenings. Figure 1 shows how the halyard—a single length of line—is fastened to the flag and its staff.

WHEN TO SHOW THE COLORS. The flag should be displayed on National and state holidays. It should be displayed only from sunrise to sunset, not at night except on special patriotic occasions, and never in bad weather.

The method of mounting must be such that the flag will not touch the ground or any object beneath it. If not flown from a staff, it should be either flat or so mounted that its folds fall free as they would on a staff. It is never correct to drape or otherwise arrange the flag to form a decoration.

HOW TO DISPLAY THE FLAG. An easy and perfectly proper way is to suspend it from a window, provided this is high enough so that the flag does not

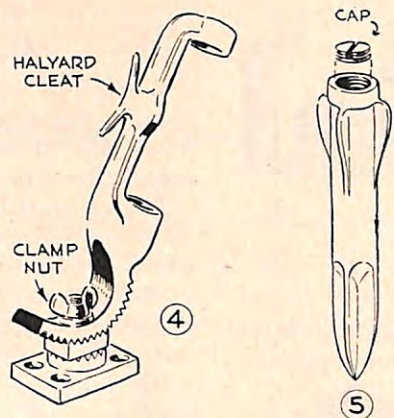


touch anything beneath it and is not concealed by shrubbery or any part of the building. All you need to hold it is two sturdy screweyes set into the outer sill. Put these close enough to the outer edge so that only the heading, and no part of the flag's field, lies on top of the sill, and space them the same distance apart as the flag grommets are with the heading stretched.

Open the screweyes slightly with pliers, as shown in Figure 2, to allow the grommets to be slipped on, turning these openings toward the house so that the flag cannot slip off outside.

With an inexpensive socket you can fly the flag from a staff mounted on a window sill or exterior wall. The same socket (Figure 3) can be used either way. Flag-display sets that include the flag, a six- or eight-foot pole with a gilt ball, halyard and pole socket are available from about five to twelve dollars.

Such light poles can be mounted on outside wood trim, provided it is in good condition and firmly in place. Use



brass, aluminum or cadmium-plated steel screws if possible.

Although the flag can be drawn in by the halyard, it is as easy and perhaps more practical to slip the staff out of the socket and furl the flag about it.

FLY THE FLAG HIGH. A socket that makes it possible to fly the flag above roof height is shown in Figure 4. Its base bracket can be fastened to any surface, whether horizontal, vertical or in between. The notched segment is easily adjusted and locked to hold the staff upright or at an angle, and a toothed ring makes it possible to turn or tilt the socket assembly to meet almost any mounting condition.

A socket and staff of this size must be firmly mounted to withstand wind stress as well as the weight it bears. On wood siding, try to mount it where the lag screws holding it can be driven into part of the framing beneath. In stucco or brick, first make holes with a masonry drill to accommodate lead expansion anchors, and drive the screws into these.

By fastening such a socket as high as possible on the house, and putting a twelve-foot staff on it, you can raise the flag to, or even above, the roof peak. The halyard can be brought down to the ground, and if you fasten a cleat at some convenient place the flag can be hoisted and lowered from your lawn or driveway.

SETTING UP A POLE. Where space permits, a flagstaff makes a handsome permanent flag mounting. Set it up on your front lawn or, if your property is on rolling ground, on the highest spot you can choose.

Lawn flag outfits include a flag and halyard, a varnished hardwood pole with a gilt ball, and a suitable socket. Poles come eight, ten and twelve feet long, with three-by-five or four-by-six foot flags, at twelve to twenty-five dollars for the complete set.

Sockets for such lawn outfits (Figure 5) have fins to anchor them against side sway, and are provided with caps to close the opening when the pole is not in place. If the ground is soft, you can drive such a socket without digging a hole for it, but hold a wooden block between the hammer or sledge and the top of the socket so as not to

damage the cap threads. Where the ground is hard, dig a small hole to at least part depth before driving the socket. Tamp the replaced soil firmly around it.

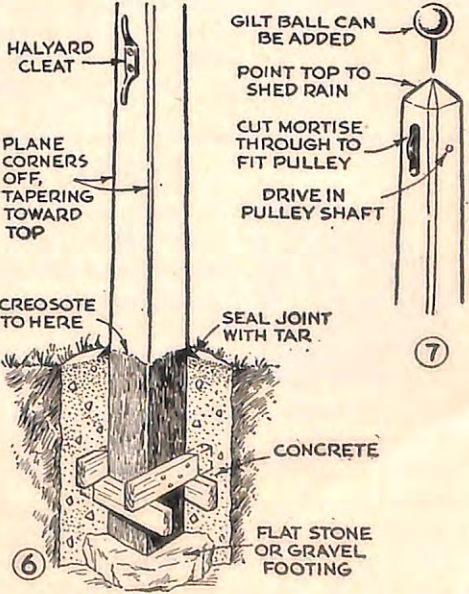
Larger poles are usually made of steel or aluminum, and should be set in to a depth equal to one tenth of their length. A twenty-foot pole with its socket, fittings and ball top, but no flag, costs fifty to sixty dollars, a thirty-footer about one hundred dollars. Such poles come in two, three or more sections.

To set a socket, dig a hole its full depth, insert the socket, and then pour concrete around it. A suitable cement-and-sand mix can be bought in 25-pound bags, and requires only mixing with water. Leave the plug in to avoid getting concrete into the socket hole. After pouring and while the concrete is still soft, remove the plug and set in the lower pole section to make sure the socket is truly vertical, checking with a carpenter's level or plumb bob against the pole.

A HOMEMADE FLAGPOLE can be made as in Figure 6. Two-by-two inch lumber (which actually measures about 1 1/2" square) will do for a pole twelve-feet long if selected to be free of knots, splits or other flaws. Apply creosote or other wood preservative to 18" of the bottom end, nail on cross cleats as in the drawing, and rest it in the hole on a base of stone or gravel before pouring concrete.

The corners of the pole can be planed off, starting a few feet from the bottom, to improve the appearance. Point the top or fit a purchased ball. Wooden ball tops have two holes through which the halyard runs (Figure 1) but you can cut a mortise through the pole as in Figure 7, and set in an awning wheel, or turn in a stout screweye and hang into its eye a small housed pulley or sheave.

Fasten a cleat near the bottom to secure the halyard. Metal cleats and sheaves can be bought from your flag dealer or wherever boating supplies are sold.



Editorial

MARK SULLIVAN

The thousands of loving and admiring friends of Mark Sullivan were grieved and saddened by the announcement of his death.

He had such a buoyant, lively, life-loving spirit that it seemed natural that he should go on enjoying life and making life enjoyable for others indefinitely.

He was a man of many parts. He was congenial, entertaining, friendly, and social and at the same time serious, conscientious and erudite, an able lawyer and jurist.

We ran across a memorandum in our file shortly after his death that we did not remember we had saved. We do not now remember who wrote it or spoke it but it draws such a true picture of the real Mark Sullivan that we feel impelled to quote it here, not knowing how we could improve upon it:

"No man has ever been selected as chief executive of our Order who was better qualified by training in its affairs than Mark Sullivan.

"He is congenial and affable with a serious turn of mind which will mark him as one whom every Elk will be delighted to meet and know intimately.

"The Order will be safe and prosperous under his leadership, building for greater usefulness as a real fraternity among men holding high above all things reverence for the Deity and love of country and home and friends."

Mark and his wife, Katherine, were most congenial. Both were deeply and intelligently religious and true to the highest ideals of personal conduct.

They had great joy in their family; Kevin and Brian, Sheila and Maureen.

They suffered the loss of their first son, E. Mark, Jr. They have had great happiness with the sons and daughters who have survived, each one of whom has been a credit to them and brought great joy to their lives.

Mark felt, as he once stated, that:—

"The family, not the state, is the primary unit of our nation, politically, socially and religiously.

"If there is not unity in the family then there is none in the nation. Here is the source of love and thought for others that makes all people of our land kin."

A JOB WELL DONE

When this issue of The Elks Magazine reaches its readers, the services of Fred L. Bohn will practically be concluded, there remaining only the responsibility of presiding at the approaching Grand Lodge session.

This responsibility, his service during the year indicates, he will meet with dignity, ability and the fairness which is a distinctive element of his character.

He came to the office of Grand Exalted Ruler exceptionally well qualified by years of able newspaper editing, successful business administration and long Elk service.

His previous experience has emphasized to him the importance of his being surrounded and aided by a staff of exceptional ability. Good judgment and friendship enabled him to obtain Brother James W. Plummer, Past Exalted Ruler of Zanesville Lodge, twice District Deputy of his district and recently elected President of the Ohio Elks Association, as his official Secretary, Mrs. Roy (Mona) Culver, as administrative assistant, and Miss Dorothy Clare Roach as Secretary, both of the latter being former newspaperwomen.

As an Elk he surely can be said to have worked his way to the Grand Exalted Rulership. He never had any advances in recognition handed to him. He never went cross lots to get recognition. He just worked his way to the top step by step.

These steps were Chair offices in the Exalted Rulership of Zanesville, various offices in the Ohio Elks Association, The District Deputyship for Ohio Southeast, a five-year Grand Trusteeship ending in the Chairmanship and thus on to the Grand Exalted.

He made an outstanding record in his official administration. His letter writing was prodigious and effective. His messages to the members of the Order through The Elks Magazine, sound in judgment, clear in vision and inspiring in sentiment and expression and everywhere he went his cheery smile, his friendly manner, his appealing talks, his virile Americanism and his great loyalty to our Order and its principles and purposes endeared him to the thousands with whom he came in contact.

He enjoys associating with his Brothers in Elkdom to the fullest extent possible. However, he recognized that in meeting his administrative responsibilities it has been necessary for him to lessen to some extent the personal contact with the individual members he so much enjoys and for which he is so well qualified.

He has approached Elkdom as a big business and has treated it accordingly in his effort to build:

"A STRONGER ELKDOM FOR A BETTER AMERICA."

PERMANENT AND DIVERSIFIED INVESTMENT



Such an investment is a contribution to the Elks National Foundation, permanent because the principal itself never wears out, never is dissipated or spent; diversified because its income is used for participation in so many activities of a beneficent and benevolent character.

It is well to keep always in mind when we make a contribution that it remains in the Foundation Fund, properly and profitably invested, and only the dividends or interest it earns are spent. They will continue to be spent to help the unfortunate not only during the present generation but through generation after generation.

Not a cent of one's contribution is used for expenses, the entire amount of which are paid by the Grand Lodge.

To recognize the diversity of our investment, a factor valued by careful investors, we have only to remember that the Foundation income is used for scholarships, youth leadership awards, special training in treatment of cerebral palsy, crippled children, emergency education, children's homes and camps, hospitalization, handicapped children and in a growing list of benefactions.

The income from interest and dividends received by the Foundation from its investments now amounts to over a quarter of a million dollars a year and that sum is available each year for the helpful support of the beneficent activities to which we have referred.

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For the lodge or the individual wanting to give an Elk a lasting gift that he will proudly wear here is the answer. Handsome jewelry officially approved by the Grand Lodge and distributed by The Elks Magazine. Prices include federal tax.



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No. 1A—Same design, set with five blue sapphires. \$19.25.



No. 7E—Economic membership pin, without years designation, in 10k gold plate finish. \$4.00.

No. 7—Same design as above, in 10k solid gold, with gold plated post and attaching button. \$7.35.

No. 7S—Same as No. 7 but set with one 4-point genuine blue sapphire. \$11.00.

No. 7A—Same design with 2-point diamond. \$20.15.

No. 7B—Same design with 4-point full cut diamond. \$28.40.



No. 10—30-year membership, plain with no jewels. 10k gold with gold plated post and attaching button. \$8.25.

No. 10A—Same pin, same quality as No. 10 but set with one 1½-point blue sapphire. \$9.90.

No. 10B—Similar to above, set one 1½-point diamond. \$19.00.



No. 9—Life membership. Design similar to No. 8 but with word Honorary omitted. Same fine construction and enameling. \$9.15.

No. 9A—Exactly like life membership pin shown above but with three 2-point blue sapphires. \$13.75.

No. 9B—Same as No. 9. With three 2-point diamonds. \$49.50.



No. 2—Plain 50 year membership pin with no jewel but brilliantly enameled red, white and blue. 10k gold with gold plated post and attaching button. \$11.00.



No. 11—Past Exalted Ruler pin. An emblem of rare beauty for one who has distinguished himself in his lodge and among his Brother members. Same craftsmanship that makes official Elk pins such fine examples of jeweler's art. Clock and pin beautifully enameled red, white and blue. Past Exalted Ruler designation gold letters on blue background. \$12.50.

No. 11A—Same as above pin No. 11 but with 5-point diamond. \$46.00.

No. 11B—Similar to 11 and 11A but jewel is a 10-point diamond. \$70.00.



No. 8—Honorary life membership pin. 10k gold, gold plated post and attaching button. \$9.15.

No. 8A—Same design with three 2-point blue sapphires. \$13.75.

No. 8B—Same design with three 2-point diamonds. \$49.50.

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