

THE

Elks

MAGAZINE

JULY 1958



J. deott

* OFFICIAL ELK JEWELRY

A Gift That Will be Worn Proudly by Any Elk

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.



No. 1—50 year emblem. Beautiful, 10k gold with gold plated post and attaching button and five single cut sparkling 2-point genuine diamonds. Price \$78.85. A splendid gift to honored members or officers.
No. 1A—Same design, set with five blue sapphires. \$19.25.



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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.



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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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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. 3—25 year membership, plain (no jewels) 10k gold with gold plated post and attaching button. Handsomely enameled red, white and blue. \$8.25.

All Pins Manufactured By L. C. Balfour Co., one of America's Leading Manufacturing Jewelers

THE ELKS MAGAZINE

386 Fourth Ave., New York 16, N. Y.

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Street.....

City..... State.....

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STARTS PURCHASE OF YOUR 1/4 ACRE AT FLORIDA SHORES

in the Famed Daytona Beach Area

CHOICE PROPERTY OFFERS IDEAL CLIMATE -CITY CONVENIENCES- SUBURBAN PLEASURES

THIS is the place where all your dreams can come true! Beautiful Florida Shores is ideally located in Florida's most temperate climate belt, with aver. temp. 70 degrees. Winters are warm and sunny, and cooling ocean breezes make summers doubly delightful.

CITY LOTS, CITY CONVENIENCES

... All lots at Florida Shores are in the City of Edgewater ... on U.S. Highway No. 1 just 2.6 miles south of New Smyrna Beach, and 18 miles south of Daytona Beach. Residents enjoy spacious suburban living with police and fire protection, and all municipal services of Edgewater.

- More than 60 miles of streets already built
- Homes Built and Occupied
- Police and Fire Protection
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- Model Homes and Builders
- Building Restrictions
- Park and Pier on Indian River
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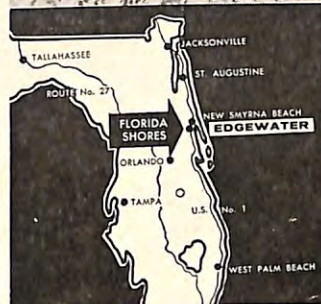
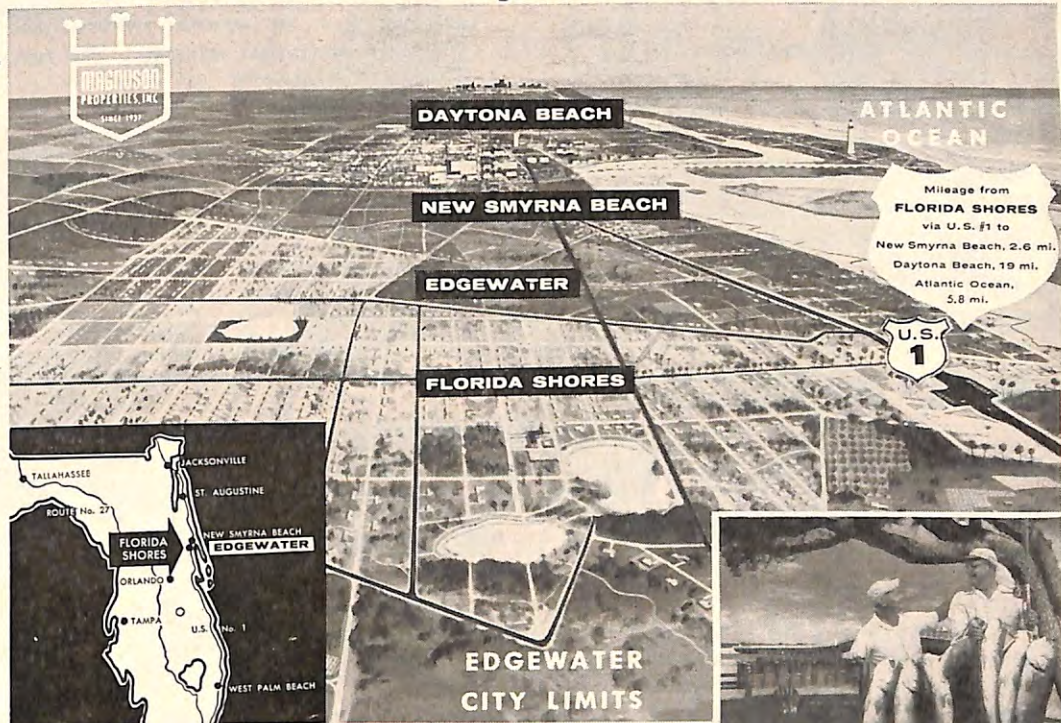
SOUND INVESTMENT The area's population, commerce & new industry increase is amazing. New Smyrna Beach has tripled population since 1940. Values are rising steadily and at today's low prices, these lots represent a SOUND INVESTMENT with excellent chances of future gain.

RETIREMENT OR RELOCATION ...

When you choose a homesite, location is vital. Here, you ARE IN A CITY, close to churches, shopping, schools, hospitals. Two wonderful ocean beaches are nearby. The Florida Shores boating pier is right on the Indian River, considered the state's best fishing area. The soil is extremely fertile—grow anything. IT'S THE PERFECT SPOT FOR HAPPY, ACTIVE, CONTENTED RETIREMENT; BRIGHT FUTURE!

FLORIDA SHORES REFERENCES

- New Smyrna Beach Chamber of Commerce
- Bank of New Smyrna Beach
- Better Business Division, Miami-Dade Chamber of Commerce



MANY JOB OPPORTUNITIES ... Nearly 100 people in the Florida Shores area now commute along U.S. Highway No. 1 to the GUIDED MISSILES BASE. New industry is locating nearby. The building trade and other commerce continue to expand here.

LOVELY LOTS, STILL LOW-PRICED! ... All lots at FLORIDA SHORES are the same size, 40 x 125 feet. The minimum homesite purchase is two lots, but you can buy 3 or even 4 for more spacious living. All lots are the same low, low price, just \$595 each. Down payment is \$10 for each lot you buy ... monthly payments are just \$10 for each lot you buy. BUT IT TAKES JUST \$5 PER LOT TO RESERVE YOUR PROPERTY TODAY!

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE PROTECTS YOU If you are not 100% satisfied with the lots assigned to you, every penny of your money will be immediately refunded! This guarantee is good for a FULL 60 DAYS after you send in your reservation coupon, and there is a one-year exchange privilege! So there's no risk—you are fully protected. Land values are increasing, don't delay, MAKE YOUR RESERVATION TODAY!

MANY ELKS among more than 6,000 PROUD OWNERS

The great majority of Florida Shores owners are business and professional people—including many ELKS—and world-travelled Military personnel. In every case, they have expressed approval of their purchases by mail.



From the Travelguide in the May issue of
The Elks Magazine

"Particularly were we pleased with Florida Shores. The most impressive features, both police and fire protection, are on hand, and insurance rates are reasonable. Also, an additional advantage is a location near all city conveniences such as hospital, library, golf, etc. Land prices are still low in comparison with other property in the immediate area."

FLORIDA SHORES, New Smyrna Beach 2, Florida

Please assign to my name the number of lots I have checked below, and for which I enclose a deposit of \$5 for each lot. Please send me zoning chart showing clearly the location of my lots, subject to my approval, exchange, or refund of deposit.

Minimum 2 lots at \$595 Deposit \$10 Full price \$1190	80' 40' 40'	3 lots at \$595 Deposit \$15 Full price \$1785	120' 40' 40' 40'	Maximum 4 lots at \$595 Deposit \$20 Full price \$2380	160' 40' 40' 40' 40'
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60-DAY MONEY BACK GUARANTEE AFTER MAILING THIS COUPON

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Cover Painting.....	JOHN SCOTT	
Tom Wrigley Writes from Washington.....		4
Why Hold Back the Airlines?.....	BRUNO SHAW	6
Impossible Thief.....	HUGH B. CAVE	8
For Elks Who Travel.....	HORACE SUTTON	10
A Rewarding Year—A Message from the Grand Exalted Ruler.....		12
Elks National Youth Day.....		13
In the Doghouse.....	ED FAUST	14
Rod and Gun.....	TED TRUEBLOOD	15
Early '58 Conventions.....		16
Elks Meet When Service Leaders Confer— Elks National Service Commission.....		17
Lodge Visits of H. L. Blackledge.....		18
News of the Lodges.....		20
5,000-Mile Relay to Alaska.....		27
Elks Family Shopper.....		28
Check List of Grand Lodge Convention Events.....		34
Travelguide.....		40
Elks National Foundation—"The Joy of Giving".....		42
Freedom's Facts.....		48
Elks Home Workshop.....	HARRY WALTON	50
The Elks Magazine Editorials.....		52

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For Older Folks who want a youthful body!

THERE'S NO EASIER WAY TO KEEP FIT, TRIM AND STRONG!



TERRIFIC FOR HEAVYWEIGHTS!
There's no form of ordinary exercise that can "burn up" calories faster than an EXERCYCLE. This remarkable instrument handles a 300-pounder as easily and gently as if he were a baby. EXERCYCLE is a favorite among overweight people all over the world.

There's a world of difference between exercising *yourself*, and letting EXERCYCLE do it. That's why tens of thousands of men and women have chosen this easier, simpler and more convenient way of keeping themselves fit, trim and strong. For EXERCYCLE is the *only fully-automatic, motor-driven* exercising instrument that can give you a complete physiological workout from head to foot *while you just sit and relax*.

There's no form of indoor or outdoor activity designed to keep you slender, young and active that can compare with an EXERCYCLE ride. You can do yourself more good in a few minutes with this amazing EXERCYCLE than you can with hours of ordinary exercising.

EXERCYCLE is a complete home gymnasium in itself. No form of artificial stimulation such as massages, baths, vibrations, slenderizing or reducing techniques can match its overall efficiency. Once you own an EXERCYCLE, you have solved your exercising problems for a lifetime. Start now to turn back the clock and add many happy years to *your* life.

A MODEL FOR EVERY PURPOSE

EXERCYCLES are made for both normal and handicapped adults in need of exercise, regardless of age, weight, size or sedentary condition, and at a price you can afford to pay. Easy terms to suit your budget.

Also distributed in Canada.

WRITE TODAY!

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- Send me FREE literature and prices.
- I want a FREE home demonstration.

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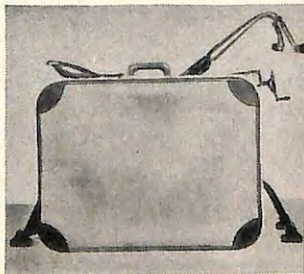
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IDEAL FOR THE HANDICAPPED!
EXERCYCLES are also made for handicapped adults who require exercise, regardless of age, weight, size or sedentary condition. There's a model to suit every purpose, from fast to very slow.



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EXERCYCLE fits into any small nook or corner. It's only 14 inches wide at the base, 43 inches long, and 30 inches high to the seat. Plugs into *any* wall socket.



SILENT AS YOUR REFRIGERATOR
EXERCYCLE is so unbelievably silent and smooth-running that you can ride it while others sleep. This is why many users keep it in their bedrooms where they can ride it upon arising, or just before retiring.



Tom Wrigley ★ ☆

★ ☆ WRITES FROM WASHINGTON

NAVY'S PRIVATE YACHT. There is no Presidential yacht in Eisenhower's administration, but the beautiful 104-foot "Sequoia" is the official ship of the Secretary of the Navy and is often seen gracefully gliding through the waters of the Potomac. The "Sequoia" was the yacht of Presidents Hoover and F. D. Roosevelt. It seats 22 for formal dinner, has five staterooms and three baths. The Navy's Undersecretary and the Assistant Secretaries all use the boat for parties.

CORRECTION. It's July 1, 1959, not this July, that odd size envelopes will be banned from the mails, re an item in the May column. Thanks, United States postal workers.

GOOD TIME TO BUILD. This is a good time not only for G.I.'s but non-veterans to build a home under the new housing law. Veterans make no down payment and get their VA mortgages at 4% per cent. Non-veterans, on homes costing from \$8,000 to \$13,500, pay a down payment of only 3 per cent. For instance, on a \$10,000 home the down payment is \$300. Down payments on homes of higher price are: \$14,000—\$480; \$15,000—\$630; \$16,000—\$780.

Here's something more to consider. If you build in an area where prices of real estate are rising along with land, labor, and material costs, you may save more than the cost of the mortgage. In Washington an average of 5.6 per cent has been added to the value of single family houses each year.

H-BOMB POWER. It will take a 100 million degree temperature to explode a controlled H-bomb for peace-time power. Dr. Arthur E. Ruark, chief of the AEC's thermonuclear power program, says this nation will reach that goal in a few years. The Commission has four programs well under way to heat heavy hydrogen gas to the ignition temperature for nuclear fusion reactions which will produce as much power as is lost by radiation. Heavy hydrogen in ocean water would give man a source of power practically inexhaustible.

CONVENTIONS WITH WIVES? This may be bad news for some men but good news to wives. A Georgia Insurance Company held a convention in Washington for 700 salesmen, and their wives were invited to attend with all expenses paid. The affair cost about \$250,000 and the wives had fun, their

husbands stayed sober and didn't galavant around at night. When the thing reached adjournment, nearly everybody said they had a good time.

STARLINGS. United States Supreme Court's magnificent white marble building is messed up by the pesky starlings. The Court has asked the government for \$33,000 for an electric shocking system which will give the birds the hot foot and make them perch elsewhere.

FORECASTERS. Delegates to the American Meteorological Society (forecasters for short) met at the Academy of Sciences and all wore raincoats. They couldn't go wrong because it was raining outside. When asked by reporters, however, what sort of summer we'll have, they hedged. An average summer perhaps hotter or colder and maybe a little wetter or dryer was one reply. Many scientists said they are more interested in earthquakes and hurricanes and are studying sun spots. "We're making progress," they said.

HOPE DIAMOND. Smithsonian Institution has hopes of displaying the famous Hope diamond now owned by New York Jeweler Harry Winston. Smithsonian has one of the finest gem collections in the world but Dr. Leonard Carmichael, Secretary, said the exhibit has no "name" diamonds such as the Hope, which was bought by the late Mrs. Evalyn Walsh McLean, leading Washington hostess, for \$180,000 from Cartiers. The Hope supposedly brought evil to whoever owned it but Mrs. Walsh laughed at the superstition. She wore it at her parties, kept it in a paper bag on her dressing table. Smithsonian would like to get it on a "permanent loan basis" from Mr. Winston.

CAPITAL CRACKERS. An advertising firm in the boat and motor business is named Ruder and Fin . . . At 37 of the 52 blood centers in the country the Red Cross now makes a charge for each pint of blood . . . Sen. Barry Goldwater of Arizona has all kinds of gadgets on the dash of his sporty Thunderbird car, one an inside-outside thermometer. He was a World War II Air Corps pilot and wants to feel at home . . . A bull whip cracks because the tip breaks the sound barrier, Dr. Horace M. Trent of Naval Research Lab discovered . . . This reporter dropped in at the Lewistown, Pa., Lodge of Elks. Never had a better time; hospitality plus . . . Just before President Eisenhower gave a TV address for Republicans a commercial came on for "White House Applesauce" . . . Some of Washington's 28 cemeteries are overgrown with weeds and piled with trash and are a disgrace to the Capital, a District Health Official charges . . . National Education Association says it costs 17 cents an hour less to send a kid to school than to hire a baby sitter.

Budweiser®

Where there's Life...there's Bud®



SMALL TALK: the tiny printing on the label tells you exactly what makes Budweiser so good. Know of any other beer label that lists its ingredients?

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES

Why Hold Back



As commercial aviation makes the high-cost transition to jet power, there are far-ranging problems to be met and restrictions to overcome.

By **BRUNO SHAW**

THE JET AIRPLANE AGE is going to arrive just about this time next year. Flying from New York to San Francisco, you will cover the 2,400 airline miles in 1 hour and 30 minutes by the clock. You will fly at an altitude of from 30,000 to 45,000 feet at a speed just short of breaking the sound barrier (about 600 miles an hour), in an intense, blue, sparkling sky in which you will have the illusion that the horizon, instead of being circularly flat, dips down around the great ball of earth far, far below you.

Up where you will fly, several miles above the weather, there are no clouds, haze or dust. You will have no sensation of speed because everything on which you might fix a sight, on the face of the earth, is much too remote. You will seem to be suspended in air without motion, because of the smooth, vibrationless performance of your giant turbojet.

You may notice that I spoke of the 2,400 airline miles between New York and San Francisco. Time was, in describing the shortest distance between two points, that we did so in terms of "as the crow flies". To mix a metaphor with birds of somewhat different feathers, the crow has now become a dead duck. About the only thing he's still fit for,

is for political prophets to eat the day after election. The lumbering crow, hopping from one newly planted garden patch to another, has given way to the man-made bird as a speed-distance symbol. Today it's "airline miles", and it takes a lot of them, about 350, to make an hour's flying. Next year, this time, it's going to take almost twice as many.

In preparing to meet the jet age, the civilian airlines are confronted with a multitude of problems, the least of which are concerned with their principal business of taking some twelve million passengers a year from here to there with speed, comfort, and safety. Their greatest problems, they tell me, are those hung around their necks like millstones by the Government agency that controls their operations, and to whom their pleas and protest thus far, they say, have been to little avail.

An elderly country minister assured me many years ago that "If God had intended man to fly, He would have equipped him with wings as He did the birds." The old gentleman had accepted the horseless carriage as a raucous intrusion into the gentle way of life to which he was accustomed. But the eagerness of the younger generation of his time to

The Airlines?



climb into the air on canvas wings bewildered him beyond all comprehension.

He was pleased by the healthy skepticism of the United States Patent Office which, at the turn of the century, classed "heavier than air flying machines" in the same "impractical" category with perpetual motion machines and refused to accept a patent application for either unless accompanied by a model that would actually work.

Many more changes than he could possibly have imagined have taken place in the years since then, including successful conquest of the air by physically unwinged man. But leaders of civilian aviation with whom I have talked in the past few weeks charge that the departments of our national Administration concerned with civilian flying must feel quite the way my elderly friend did about man on the wing several decades ago. Otherwise, they ask, why do present Government policies seem designed to restrain progress in civilian aviation instead of encouraging it in its imminent leap forward into the turbojet age?

For the purpose of pinning down a few flames of fact under the smoke charges of government bureaucracy, red tape, inefficiency, and delaying tactics, I decided to go right to their source. I wanted to know, for example, what the heads of the major domestic airlines such as Eastern, Northwest Orient, American, and United, actually had to say on this subject. With interviews arranged in advance by phone, I began my quest by donning my figurative asbestos suit and taking off for a visit with William Allan Patter-

son, President of United Air Lines, at his home office in Chicago. No waster of time on mere match scratching to light up his troubles, he turned on the flame thrower in full force.

"The Civil Aeronautics Board has been a miserable failure," he said. "If they had been charged with creating the most uneconomic system capable of being devised, they couldn't have done a more perfect job. You may quote me on that," he added reflectively, seeming a bit sorry that the words that flitted through his mind were a bit too strong to appear in these pages.

Let it not be thought that Mr. Patterson is a particularly explosive individual, shooting off charges and counter-charges like a Roman candle in all directions. Far from it. Actually, he is a most likable, calm and friendly person. Born in a little village near Honolulu on the island of Oahu, T. H., he is steeped in the Hawaiian tradition of *aloha*.

He entered the transportation industry thirty years ago with the Boeing Airplane Company, when airplanes as well as ducks were canvasbacks. He saw it through the days when Henry Ford experimented with the first all-metal plane that looked like corrugated roofing taking off in a windstorm.

When he became President of United in 1934, the system had 1,000 employees and its air routes totaled 2,600 miles. Today there are 20,000 employees in 80 cities on the 14,000 mile Main Line system extending from the Atlantic Coast to Hawaii, and from Vancouver, B. C., to San Diego, California. He talks happily and (*Continued on page 45*)

Impossible Thief

By HUGH B. CAVE

Certain advertisements in the magazines always remind me of Mr. Gerald Brightman, and make me wonder what would happen if that delightfully original gentleman were ever to send in a testimonial.

He never will, of course. He just isn't the sort to seek publicity. But if he did, and if some bright young executive saw fit to use his statement, the advertisements in question would be refreshingly different.

Allow me to explain.

He arrived in San Marlo City one wet July afternoon and came directly by taxi to the Papagayo, having chosen my modest little place, he confessed with charming frankness, because it was inexpensive. The Papagayo is not the least expensive hostelry in San Marlo City, you understand, but we do believe in substituting comfort and refinement for the frills of certain gaudier establishments, and charge accordingly.

He settled on a small but adequate third-floor room and, having climbed the rather steep stairs that led to it, collapsed with a sigh onto the bed. He was feeling a bit shaky, he said; the plane ride had been bumpy. Actually he looked ill, and so pathetically thin that I felt like a bull beside him. When asked if there was anything he might like in the way of refreshment, he patted his pale and wistful face with a neatly folded handkerchief and sadly gazed at me.

"Doesn't my name mean anything to you, Señor Moncada? Think, please. Gerald Brightman."

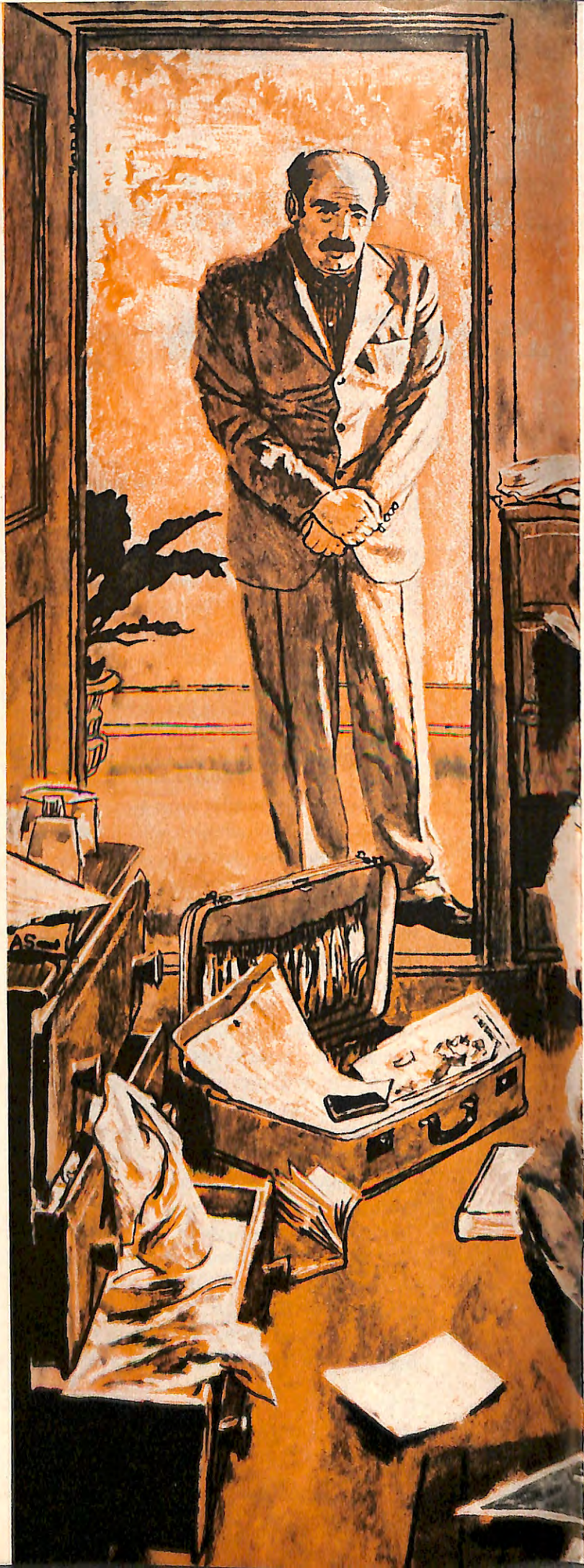
I thought and shook my head. "I am sorry."

"It will to the police." His sad eyes looked past me to the open door, as though he expected men in uniform to come rushing in upon us. "I do wish I might speak to someone in authority before there is any of the usual unpleasantness."

I was puzzled. He was about thirty years old, perhaps a year or two younger, and wore an inexpensive tropic-weight suit, a wrinkled white shirt, black shoes, rimless glasses, and a gray tie with just a hint of pink in it. Rather startling, that touch of pink, like a sly wink. I would have guessed him a shop clerk or school teacher on vacation. "I do not understand."

He smiled wanly and shook his head. In his mild, underfed way he was really quite attractive. "Gerald Brightman, the other Gerald (*Continued on page 34*)

Upstairs I stood in the doorway while he searched the room. If our Mr. Brightman possessed so much as a tie-clasp that the Colonel did not uncover, I have no idea where it could have been hidden.





A Avenida de los
Antes Cristobal

Señor
Sr. de
María de

Esos
de
de

de la familia
to you the follow
to be a general subje
the general subje
matters you will
We can manage
within 4 weeks
the time of weeks
and
in sta

- a. The
- b. The
- c. The
- d. The
- e. The
- f. The

Yours very truly
Sr. Lopez de

Spectacle of the Year

By HORACE SUTTON

Our travel writer reports his impression of the Brussels Fair



The huge, atom-shaped Atomium houses restaurants and beer gardens.

THE FAIR at Brussels which is now under full swing must be recognized, by those who are still in doubt whether to make the pilgrimage or not, as the spectacle of the year, if not of our time. If the space between major world fairs can be judged by the time that has elapsed since our last effort on the flats of Flushing Meadows in New York, then I speak for those of us for whom another twenty years or so would have a certain debilitating effect.

In the full flush of life and what's left of youth, we did manage to get around this fair for three solid days and we look forward to another go at it this summer when it has mellowed a bit. This is not to imply, however, that its great acreage, its myriad attractions, and its emotional and physical drain did not take a serious toll of our energies. We have said before and would repeat for anyone who was not in earshot the first time, that this is not a fair to be done in one day, or two.

In the grievous matter of accommodations—it was the one thing that Brussels at the outset didn't possess—I can only tell you that the prices in the first rate hotels are up about twenty-eight per cent of what they were last year, but that is still not as bad as what you might pay in the top flight hotels of Paris and London, not to mention New York. It must also be added, quickly, I think, that the best of Brussels does not compare with the best of the aforementioned cities. Some hotels, better than a dozen, are requiring that two meals be eaten on the premises as a prerequisite to lodging. This reminds me of the highway robbery that was rife during Coronation week in London, when those nefarious hoteliers required one full week's occupancy at something like double rates or it was no go. It is particularly annoying to those on a watchful budget since the restaurants at the fair are, to my mind, a great part of the over-all interest. How often is anyone going to have a chance to eat at a Russian, or a Polish, or a Hungarian—or, in the case of a foreigner, in an American restaurant? This restrictive measure obviates some of the basic principles of the fair.

At least this scheme is not being fostered by the Palace, which is the top hotel of Brussels, a large and roomy

establishment that stretches through an entire block and offers comfortable room and bath—if not glittering—at roughly \$13 the day. Slightly higher is the handsome new Amigo Hotel built just behind Brussels' Grand Palace. The hotel's exterior has been cautiously designed to conform with the rest of this ancient quarter, the rooms are adequate and comfortable, there is a bar just off the lobby and the midtown location can hardly be bettered. Just a block away is the square, all illuminated at night and lined with apartments and restaurants. Gilded to the nines and carved with Renaissance and Gothic façades, it encloses the ancient market place. On the nearby Rue des Harengs, which translates (rather inelegantly, I'm afraid) to Herring St., there are those two eminent centers of gastronomy in Brussels, L'Épaule de Mouton, and its equally able neighbor, the Filet de Boeuf. Nor need one forget the two standbys of Brussels, the Savoy, which is also running the restaurant in the Atomium, and the Carlton. Should you be journeying in your own car you can, with directions, make your way to two notable places in the very near suburbs, or maybe I had better say they are just on the edge of town—LeFond' Roy and the Villa Lorraine.

Among the specialties of the Belgian kitchen which you are bound to see on

almost every menu is Ardennes ham (which is rather like the prosciutto that Italians are so fond of serving with melon), Zeelande oysters, and *water-zooie de poularde*, which is sort of chicken in the pot. Belgian hare, which has long been a national specialty, is in rather short supply now because of a blight on the blighters who once all but overran the dunes. There is no blight on chocolates and pastries in Brussels; indeed all Belgium does as estimable a job of catering to the sweet tooth as I have seen since I was last in Switzerland and Austria. Some of the fair's buildings close at six and a number—ours included, thanks to a last-minute increase in Congressional funds—stay open until eleven each night. After that, there is an assortment of nightclubs such as Boeuf sur le Toit and the Eve de Paris which are low and smoky and, not being quite as artful as Paris in spectacular presentations, rely on costumes sprinkled with radium to glow in the dark, or on a paucity of clothing altogether.

A streetcar or a cab will take you out to the fairgrounds daily, or an organization called Baltour will meet you on arrival in Belgium and trundle you back and forth from hotel to fairgrounds daily, sell you a hotel room and even rent you a small motorcycle-driven go-mobile in which to buzz around the
(Continued on page 40)



Russia exhibits this straining statue, which is supposed to portray Soviet worker.

At this sparkling fountain, fair-goers pause to admire the United States pavilion.





A Rewarding Year

SOME READERS may be interested in knowing that this message is being written on May 23, at an altitude of 21,000 feet on a non-stop flight from Phoenix, where I attended the Arizona Elks State Convention, en route to Chicago from where I will go to Cadillac for the Michigan Elks Convention. This will complete my visits in 45 states and Puerto Rico and, if God so wills, I will have made my visits to the three remaining states in the Pacific Northwest and to our lodges in Alaska before this message is printed.

It is difficult for me to realize that this is my last message and that in six short weeks my term of office will be over, but it is only the temporary period of serving as Grand Exalted Ruler that will end.

My devotion and dedication to the Order of Elks will continue always.

I approach the completion of my administration with mixed personal emotions. There is admittedly a distinct sense of relief in the prospect of some rest from a traveling schedule that has always been demanding and frequently grueling, and yet at the same time there is a deep sense of regret at reaching the end of a year that has been filled with so many rich and rewarding experiences, with many old friendships renewed and many, many fine new friendships made. My book of memories is overflowing and I treasure every one of them.

It is good to be able to report to you that Elkdom's march of progress continues. Our many good works, representing a planned and continuing program of "doing unto others", is steadily increasing, both in scope and variety and also in the number of lodges and individual members participating. It is significant, and not a coincidence, that the working Elks, the members who make possible our good deeds, are also having a lot of fun and many good times in the process.

For the 19th consecutive year we have had a gratifying net increase in membership and in new lodges being organized. Our lodges are sound financially and occupy positions of earned community respect; in many places the Elks hold a commanding position of civic leadership. In my many interviews with representatives of the press, radio and television there is an apparent and noteworthy knowledge of and appreciation for the Order of Elks, on both the national and local levels. Our battle to overcome the "play-boy" public opinion of us is being won, but we must never let up on our attack, which is to say that we justify the plaudits and respect of the public only to the extent that we earn them.

Elkdom's record is indeed America's reward. For all who have joined with me so generously in writing our record for this year, I am grateful and very proud.

H. L. BLACKLEDGE
Grand Exalted Ruler

MAKING MAY DAY AMERICAN

THERE CAN BE no doubt that the Elks of America have taken the control of May Day celebrations out of the hands of the communists.

Complying with Grand Exalted Ruler H. L. Blackledge's request that each lodge "recognize the achievements of youth and give our young people assurance that the Order of Elks stands solidly behind them", our Fraternity went all-out in making May 1st a real Elks National Youth Day. Hundreds of lodges reported on their programs to the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee which sponsored the Youth Day celebration and offered three prizes to lodges in each of three groups—as well as to three State Associations—whose observances were deemed the finest Salutes to Youth. Plaques will be presented to the winners at the Grand Lodge Convention this month, with Certificates of Honorable Mention to be awarded to three additional lodges in each category.

For lodges of more than 1,000 members, designated as Group I, Williamsport, Pa., walked off with top honors, followed by Milwaukee, Wis., in second place and Richmond, Calif., in third. Phoenix, Ariz., San Diego, Calif., and Medford, Ore., Lodges were given Honorable Mention in this group.

One of Elkdom's favorite and most worthwhile features of National Youth Day is Student Government. In the Williamsport Elks' very ambitious and well thought-out undertaking on May 1st, 28 students were selected from nine high schools of the area, five of whom were placed in high government positions in our Nation's Capital, four others in State Government spots in Harrisburg, and 19 handled local civic duties for the day.

J. Grant Peterson, a member of the Committee Chairmanned by Vaughn S. Spotts, took the five students to Washington where the boys assumed for the day the duties of Postmaster General Arthur E. Summerfield, Senator Estes Kefauver of Tennessee, Senator Joseph S. Clark, Jr., of Pennsylvania and the Keystone State's Congressmen James E. Van Zandt and Alvin R. Bush, under these officials' personal supervision.

Luncheons were held for the Washington visitors, as well as for the

(Continued on page 33)



On the steps of the Capitol is the delegation from Williamsport, Pa. Left to right are students Forrest E. Leitzell, III, Michael Rhoads, William Durrwachter, Carl Reams and Douglas Shoemaker, their escort Grant Peterson and U.S. Congressmen Alvin R. Bush and James E. Van Zandt.



Ohio's Governor C. William O'Neill presents the State Youth Leadership Award to Stephen D. Geckeler at the Ohio Elks' outstanding Youth Day Program in Columbus. The Governor also rewarded State Youth Leader Carol Lee McCollum, the second-prize winner for girls in the National Youth Leadership Contest. Mr. Geckeler placed among the top six in the National Boys' Division.

HOME—A DOG'S BEST FRIEND

By ED FAUST



PHILIP GENDREAU

A Labrador retriever misses no chances to go swimming, but also likes his home.

IN THE PLACE where I live right now, there are quite a few nice homes minus quite a few nice dogs, because those purps are out gallivanting around town instead of staying in or around those homes where they belong. The local canine wandering Willies have become such a nuisance that our town law makers are steaming and the word has gone out they will shortly do something about it. That something promises a tough time for the dogs and their owners.

Ours is a community of lawns and gardens, and at this time of the year the stray dog becomes a particularly undesirable citizen. That kind of pooch has caused many an amateur gardener, including your writer, to use language that otherwise he, yes and perhaps some she's, would never think of uttering. Of course it isn't the fault of the dogs. Fido-on-the-loose can't be expected to respect property rights or recognized boundary marks. But that

same Fido's owner, nice as he or she may be, knows that neighboring land isn't open as a public playground for his or her pet. To turn a dog loose to trample another's property, destroy flower beds, vegetable gardens and shrubbery, or intimidate children (and grownups, too) isn't exactly the mark of a good neighbor.

For these reasons, more and more communities have passed or have reached the point of passing laws to curb dogs—in some instances, laws that threaten to become decidedly adverse to dogs. It has even been proposed by some, who take more than a house pet owner's interest in dogs and whose livelihood itself depends upon dogs, that dog owners themselves be licensed. The privilege of owning a dog incurs a definite responsibility, not only to the dog but to the community.

It is the wandering dog that plays a large part in continuing that dreaded although fortunately rare disease, ra-

bies. It is that same four-legged vagabond that all too frequently is the cause of preventable automobile accidents. Not long ago, a woman driver in a nearby town demolished her car and almost herself to avoid hitting a stray dog.

How often this has occurred elsewhere is anybody's guess. It is estimated that there are about twenty-two million dogs in the United States and more than twice that number of automobiles, with both dogs and cars using the same streets and highways; so it isn't difficult to realize how often the two meet. While Nature has endowed the dog with unusually keen senses of scent and hearing, in the matter of sight Fido is anything but eagle-eyed. True, our friend is quick to note anything crossing his line of vision, but he is at the same time sadly deficient in detecting an on-coming object, which very likely accounts for the great number of

(Continued on page 32)

SIERRA GOLDENS

A great adventure of fishing—the golden trout of California

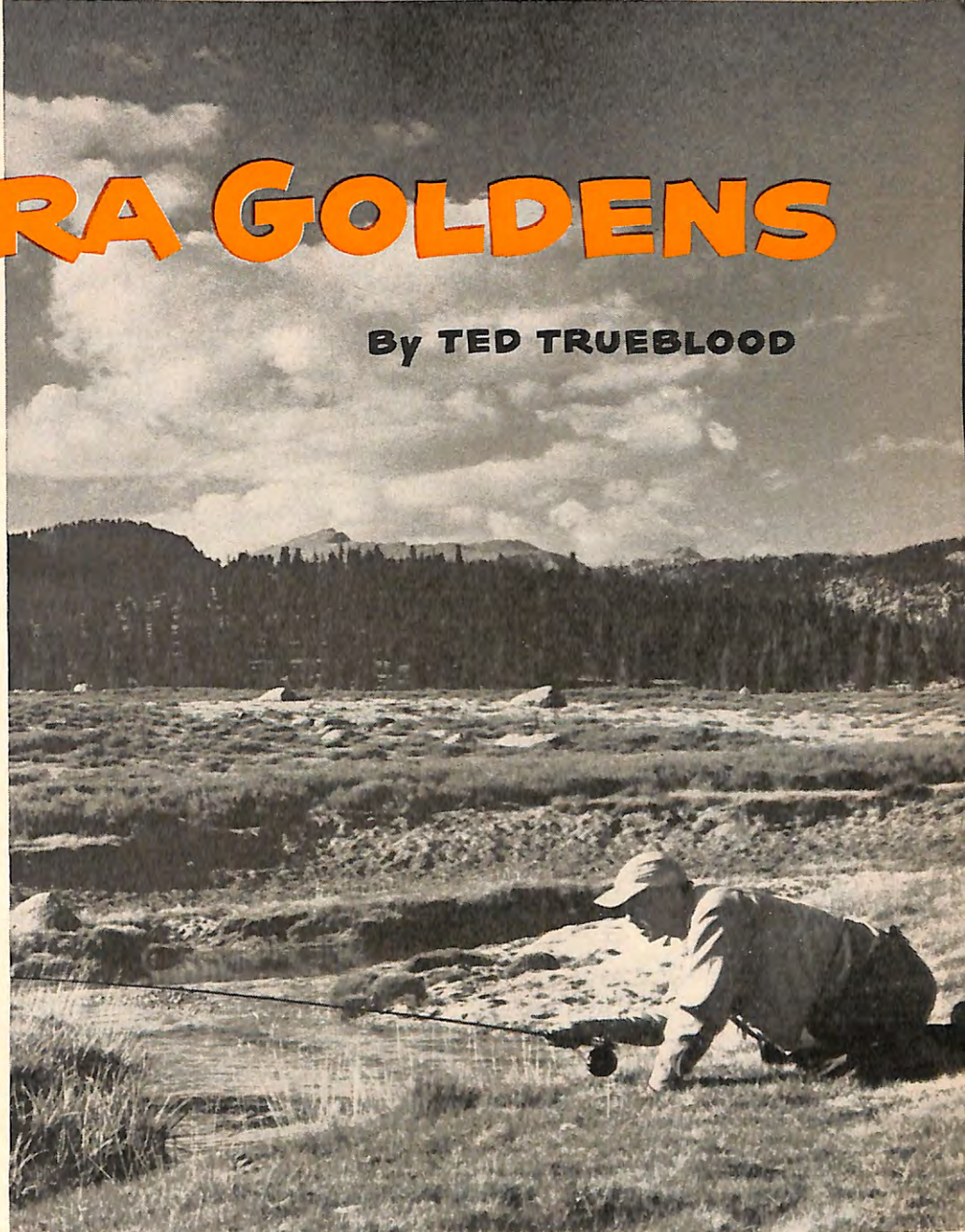
By **TED TRUEBLOOD**

BEFORE US lay a meadow, dotted with feeding cattle. It was rimmed with timber, a dark band between the lighter green of the grass and the dazzling granite of the barren ridge above, but on the valley floor itself there were no trees. Not even a willow broke its smooth expanse.

Down its center meandered a little stream, here sparkling in the sunlight, there hidden by its banks, its course marked only by a line of darker green. It was Golden Trout Creek, formerly called Volcano Creek. It is generally credited with being the home of the California golden trout.

Al Klotz and I were anxious. We had come far to fish this stream. We left Charles Morgan, our packer, to unsaddle the horses and set up camp near a spring in the fringe of pines bordering the meadow while we hurried down the gentle slope toward the brook.

Imagine if you can, you Eastern angler, attempting to tie on leader and



Ted Trueblood stalking a pool on Golden Trout Creek, generally credited with being the home of the California goldens. To obtain the remarkable photograph at left, Ted set his camera's timer for ten seconds, hurried to a pool on Rock Creek, and hooked a trout at the instant the shutter clicked.



fly as you hurry toward the original source of all your lovely brook trout. You couldn't really know that, of course, because brook trout were already present from Georgia to Newfoundland when the white man first came to America. But if you could, you might well be excused for hands that trembled slightly and for stumbling in your eagerness.

In this case, Al and I knew that we were about to fish the stream from which came trout to stock lakes and other streams throughout the California Sierra, and high-altitude lakes in several other Western states. In "American Food and Game Fishes," by David Starr Jordan and Barton W. Everman, copyrighted in 1904, there is this statement: "The most beautiful of all our many beautiful Western trout is the

famous golden trout of Mt. Whitney. It is an inhabitant of small mountain streams on the western slope of Mt. Whitney, tributary to Kern River. It is locally abundant in Volcano Creek. . . ."

And only a few days before, we had talked to an old cowman, A. H. Johnson, then 83, in Lone Pine, California. He ran stock in this high country before the turn of the century, and he told us that his father and uncle were members of a party of early day cattlemen who carried golden trout on pack horses from Volcano Creek, across Cottonwood Pass, to the Cottonwood Lakes on the eastern slope.

The golden fish thrived here, and the State of California set up a spawning station. Eyed eggs and fry went to lakes (*Continued on page 48*)

Early '58 Conventions



Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. H. L. Blackledge are conveyed by pony cart to their hotel upon their arrival in Ogallala for the Nebraska Elks Association Convention.



Dignitaries photographed at the Illinois Meeting in Decatur include, left to right, foreground, Past President Sam Ryerson, retiring President Eugene W. Schnierle and Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner. Background: Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Nick H. Feder, Past Grand Exalted Ruler Floyd E. Thompson, State Secretary and Past President Albert W. Arnold and incoming President Stewart Strain.

CANCER RESEARCH again received a generous assist from the Elks of Indiana who have given well over \$500,000 to this important work during the past 11 years. At the 1958 Convention of the State organization in French Lick May 8th through the 11th, a check for \$15,000 was presented to Dr. George E. Davis, representing Purdue University, and another check for \$40,000 was given to Dr. John D. Van Nuys, representing the Indiana University Medical Center, both of which schools conduct extensive research programs on cancer. The presentations were made by Chairman Thomas E. Burke of the Association's Permanent Activities Committee.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Joseph B. Kyle, Past Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Robert L. DeHority, Grand Lodge Committeemen Gerald L. Powell, J. L. J. Miller and Dr. Wm. A. Hart, and former Grand Lodge Committeeman L. A. Krebs were among the many prominent Indiana Elks in attendance at this meeting.

Many interesting events were featured at this session during which Evansville Lodge officials conducted an inspiring annual Memorial Service and Goshen Lodge won the State Ritualistic title in a six-team competition. The social highlight was the annual banquet at which retiring President John H. Jennings presided and Secretary Shideler made the introductions. Past Grand Exalted Ruler Kyle and former State President P. W. Loveland, Co-Chairman of the Convention Committee, spoke briefly. Their remarks were followed by an enlightening address given by Dr. Davis, the principal speaker.

The 700 delegates to this Convention made several long-range decisions concerning their future meetings. This year's Fall Conference will be held in Indianapolis Sept. 20th and 21st, the 1959 Convention will be a four-day session at Muncie, opening May 21st, and the 1960 Session is to take place in Elkhart.

Officers installed by Past Presidents C. E. (Continued on page 41)

Right: Dr. George E. Davis, of the Adult Education Department of Purdue University, left, receives a \$15,000 check from Thomas E. Burke, Chairman of the Permanent Activities Committee of the Indiana Elks Association. Looking on at right is retiring State President John H. Jennings. At the same meeting of the Association, the State Elks contributed \$40,000 to the Indiana University Medical Center for cancer research to which they have contributed over \$500,000 in the past 11 years.





Five good Elks discuss the participation of various service organizations in the VAVS program. Left to right, they are William A. Andresen of the American Legion, the Nation's Administrator of Veterans Affairs Sumner G. Whittier, E. Albert Pallot of B'nai B'rith, Bryan J. McKeogh of the B. P. O. Elks and Cicero F. Hogan of the Disabled American Veterans.

Elks Meet When Service Group Leaders Confer

Once a year, representatives of 42 national organizations serving veterans hospitals meet in Washington, D. C., for a three-day conference. The group is known as the National Veterans Administration Voluntary Service Advisory Committee. These annual meetings present an opportunity for the various veteran, fraternal and welfare organizations to compare notes on their activities, discuss new ideas, and coordinate plans to prevent duplication of effort. Top level VA officials are on hand to discuss all phases of hospital operation.

The Elks National Service Commission takes an active part in these annual meetings. Representing Commission Chairman James T. Hallinan is Director Bryan J. McKeogh who has headed the Public Information Committee and the Committee on "Planning for the Pa-

tient's Discharge". This latter Committee concerns itself with a study of the problems of the patient who returns to his home community after receiving the maximum in medical benefits.

Brother McKeogh reports the gratifying news that serving on this Committee are many Elks who are national representatives of other organizations. The National Director of the Disabled American Veterans Rehabilitation Program is Brother Cicero Hogan of Portland, Oregon, Lodge, No. 142. He was going through the chairs of his lodge when his activities in the D.A.V. brought him to Washington some years ago. The national representative of B'nai B'rith is Brother E. Albert Pallot, a P.E.R. of Miami, Florida, Lodge, No. 948. He was a law partner of our late and beloved Commission member, Past

Grand Exalted Ruler David Scholz. The American Legion's Alternate National Representative is Brother William A. Andresen of Washington, D. C., Lodge, No. 15.

Heading the entire Veterans Administration is the recently appointed Administrator Brother Sumner G. Whittier, former Lieutenant-Governor of the State of Massachusetts, who is a member of Everett, Mass., Lodge, No. 642.

Thus, we again find that wherever good works are being performed, you will find an Elk. Whether he is working in his own lodge, State Association or the Grand Lodge, or giving his talents to other organizations, he is still proud of the common bond of fraternal purpose which brings over 1,200,000 men together—the dedication to benevolence and charity.



On March 18, outside the Harry-Anna Crippled Children's Home (maintained by Fla. Elks) are, left to right: George Carver, the Home's Managing Director; Leesburg PER Bill Herbert; former State Secretary J. J. Fernandez; Mr. Blackledge; Leesburg PER Byron Herlong; State Pres. J. Pierce Smith; Vice Pres. Almer I. Tedder; District Deputy John W. Mor-

gan; Past State Pres. Alex Arnette; Grand Trustee W. A. Wall; Vice Pres. Vaughan Martin; Mrs. Blackledge; Leesburg Exalted Ruler Thomas V. Ferguson; Acting State Secretary William Lieberman; Mrs. Lester S. McClure; Mrs. W. A. Wall; District Deputy Lester S. McClure, and the late Mrs. J. J. Fernandez, who passed away on May 2.

150 Lodges—Plus

THE closing months of Mr. Blackledge's administration find him maintaining the same pace that has enabled him to visit over 150 lodges during his term of office.

For example, Nebraska, the home state of our Grand Exalted Ruler, has a new lodge; and Mr. Blackledge was present at its institution, on March 30. Sponsored by McCook Lodge, the new lodge is Holdrege, No. 2062—the twenty-third in the state. Some 200 charter members were initiated by McCook Elks, and the Holdrege officers were installed by officers of Kearney Lodge. Bernard DeLay, Chairman of the Nebraska New Lodges Committee, presented the new lodge with gifts from other lodges in the state, after which a speech of acceptance and response was made by Dr. Donald Jones, charter Exalted Ruler of Holdrege.

Officials of Elkdom who were present with the Grand Exalted Ruler on this occasion included State Pres. W. W. Wenstrand and District Deputy W. K. Swanson. A note in the program for the ceremonies called attention to the fact that the birth of Nebraska's twenty-third lodge has taken place during the administration of a fellow Nebraskan—"who is distinguishing himself as Grand Exalted Ruler of our Order."

Following his tour of the Southern lodges (as reported in the May issue) Mr. Blackledge drove from his home in Kearney, Nebr., to Wichita for the Kansas

State Elks Assn. Convention. He was accompanied by Grand Chaplain Rev. F. W. Zimkosky and Past State Pres. C. E. Klein. Past Grand Exalted Ruler and Mrs. Henry C. Warner were present at the Convention.

TEXAS. Arriving by plane in Houston on April 20, Mr. Blackledge was met by State Pres. W. J. B. Frazier, Exalted Ruler E. L. McMullen and a group of local Elks, including the Grand Exalted Ruler's brother, Captain Allan D. Blackledge. Also present for this visit was Grand Lodge Credentials Committeeman Carl R. Mann. That afternoon the Grand Exalted Ruler presented dancing prizes at a teen-age dance sponsored by Houston Elks, then visited his brother and family.

After luncheon next day at Houston Lodge, Mr. Blackledge flew to McAllen. En route, the plane touched down for three minutes at Victoria—but despite the brevity of this stop, Exalted Ruler Ferri Gary and a group of local Elks were at the airport, ready with a big welcoming sign to greet Mr. Blackledge. The Grand Exalted Ruler also made a brief stop at Corpus Christi, where he was welcomed by Past State Pres. George Strauss, ER Robert Fagan and local Brothers.

At McAllen, Mr. Blackledge was met by Charles C. Bowie, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, District Deputy Marvin Hamilton, Exalted Ruler Robert B. McLeaish, Jr., (Continued on page 44)



Gathered for the dedication of Arcadia, Fla., Lodge's new home on March 14 are (from left to right) District Deputy Lester S. McClure, Exalted Ruler J. A. Sams, Mr. Blackledge and Grand Trustee William A. Wall, who accompanied the Grand Exalted Ruler on his Southern visits.



Mr. Blackledge was present at the birth of a new lodge in his home state on March 30. Shown at the institution of Holdrege, Nebr., Lodge are (from left) Mrs. Blackledge, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Holdrege ER Dr. Donald Jones and Mrs. Jones, and DD W. K. Swanson.



Conferring in the Dallas, Tex., Lodge rooms on April 23 are (from left to right) District Deputy D. E. Biser, Grand Exalted Ruler Blackledge, Past Exalted Ruler Claude Phillips (who is the Secretary for the lodge) and Exalted Ruler Vernon B. Heath.



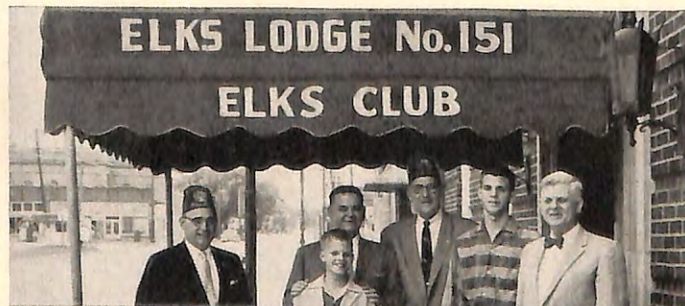
At a reception given by Huntington, W. Va., Lodge on April 10 are (from left to right) Past Grand Exalted Ruler Wade H. Kepner, Mr. Blackledge, Exalted Ruler Jack M. Williams, Grand Trustee Dewey E. S. Kuhns and State Pres. W. Don Morris.



On his visit to San Antonio Lodge, April 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler was proclaimed Mayor of La Villita, the historic little settlement from which San Antonio grew. Presenting the proclamation to Mr. Blackledge is Mayor J. Edwin Kuykendall, who is also an Elk. Looking on are (left) Lodge Secretary C. E. Smeltz and Exalted Ruler Vernon M. Dowda.



The Grand Exalted Ruler's visit to Union, S. C., Lodge on March 11 brought together (from left to right) State Secretary James E. Parker, State Vice Pres. Leon Hobbs, District Deputy Wade H. Wilburn, Jr., Exalted Ruler David N. Wilburn, Jr., Mr. Blackledge, Grand Lodge Ritualistic Committeeman Marston S. Bell and State Pres. Thomas W. Kerlin.



A partial family gathering was accomplished on April 21, when Mr. Blackledge visited Houston, Tex., where his brother is a lodge member. Shown outside the Elks Club are (from left to right) Past Exalted Ruler Noxie M. Romano, Peter Blackledge, the Grand Exalted Ruler, Exalted Ruler E. L. McMullen, Michael Blackledge and Captain A. D. Blackledge. Captain Blackledge is the brother of the Grand Exalted Ruler, and Peter and Michael are the Captain's sons.



Decked out in sombreros and serapes for a barbecue at McAllen, Tex., Lodge on April 21, Mr. Blackledge and Charles C. Bowie, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee, are shown with (left to right) Victoria Exalted Ruler Ferri Gary, Weslaco Exalted Ruler W. J. Banker, District Deputy Marvin Hamilton, McAllen Exalted Ruler R. B. McLeaish, Jr., State Pres. William J. B. Frazier, San Benito Exalted Ruler Joe M. Spears, Jr., and Harlingen Exalted Ruler Jay Kirksey, Jr.

The Order Spreads Its Antlers

The growth of the Order in recent months is brought to attention with the reporting of several new lodges.

We find New York State welcomed four lodges within a month's time—two of them instituted on the same day. The four are Greenwood Lake No. 2067, Keeseville No. 2072, Rensselaer No. 2073 and Potsdam No. 2074. James A. Gunn, Chairman of both the 1957-58 Grand Lodge State Associations Committee and the New York State Elks Assn.'s New Lodge Committee, played a top role at three of these ceremonies, while retiring State President Frank H. McBride was a participant at all four.

Other dignitaries assisting in these programs included Past State Presidents Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, Frank D. O'Connor, William F. Edelmuth, John J. Sweeney, and Bert Harkness; District Deputies Abe Smith, Raymond Wiley and John L. Fleming, Jr.; State Vice-Presidents Dr. P. S. Miller, Carroll W. Barnes and Robert M. Smith; State Trustees Chairman Peter A. Buchheim; State Secy. Wm. R. L. Cook; former Deputies Edward A. Burns, J. H. Furlong, Dr. W. R. Eger and W. E. Hudson, and former State Vice-Presidents Edward F. Turchen and T. J. Ryan.

Greenwood Lake Lodge was sponsored by Middletown Elkdom; Potsdam, by Massena; Rensselaer by Troy, and

Keeseville by Plattsburg. Greenwood Lake welcomed 238 Charter Members, 404 became Potsdam Elks, 320 joined Keeseville Lodge and 160 became affiliated with Rensselaer.

East Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 2063, came into being with 300 candidates, headed by Exalted Ruler Michael Kiro, a former official of Manchester Lodge which was the sponsor of No. 2063. District Deputy G. R. Caron handled the institution, Manchester's Past Exalted Ruler Edward N. Serrell conducted the initiation and Past Exalted Ruler James M. Reardon of New London headed the installing officials.

Massachusetts Elkdom added two lodges within a two-week period—the first was Tewksbury-Wilmington Lodge No. 2070 which was given a royal send-off by a crowd of over 500 Elks at the home of Lowell Lodge when George A. McDermott was elected Exalted Ruler by the 218 Charter Members; the second was Billerica Lodge No. 2071 sponsored by the Elks of Concord; its 214 original members have Charles F. Swan, Jr., a Concord Past Exalted Ruler, as their first leader.

State Vice-President and District Deputy Louis Dubin was largely responsible for the Bay State's newest lodges and conducted the Billerica ceremony, a duty handled by District Depu-

ty Arthur D. Kochakian for No. 2070. Others lending vital support were State President Dr. William F. Maguire and Chairman I. J. O'Connor of the State's New Lodge Committee.

Witnesses at Billerica's start in Elk life included Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Trustee Edward A. Spry, Grand Lodge Committeeman Wm. F. Hogan and Dr. Maguire.

Out in California, Westchester Lodge No. 2050 had a happy beginning under the aegis of Inglewood Lodge, with Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Past State President Owen Keown participating, with many other leading Elks of the State. This lodge had 201 members on its original roster.

Mojave Lodge No. 2059 was also added to California Elkdom when 235 Charter Members were initiated and 43 accepted on transfer dimit. Max H. Carol was its first Exalted Ruler and he reports that his lodge enjoys the warm approval and full cooperation of the community in its many fine projects. These Elks already sponsor a Little League Team and a Girls' Brownie Troop.

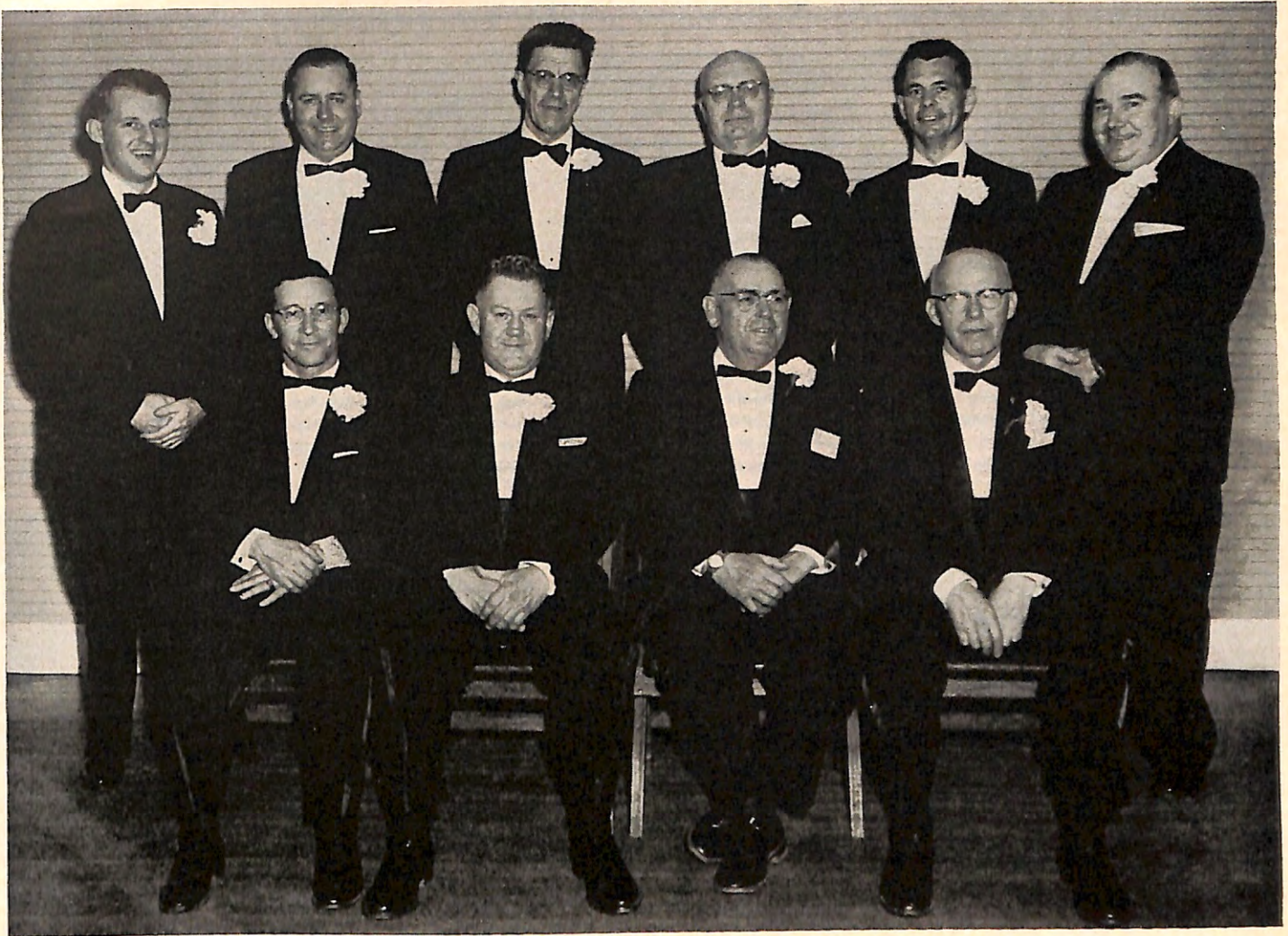
Nebraska has a new lodge at Holdrege; since Grand Exalted Ruler H. L. Blackledge participated in its institution, it is reported on page 18, in the section devoted to his visits.



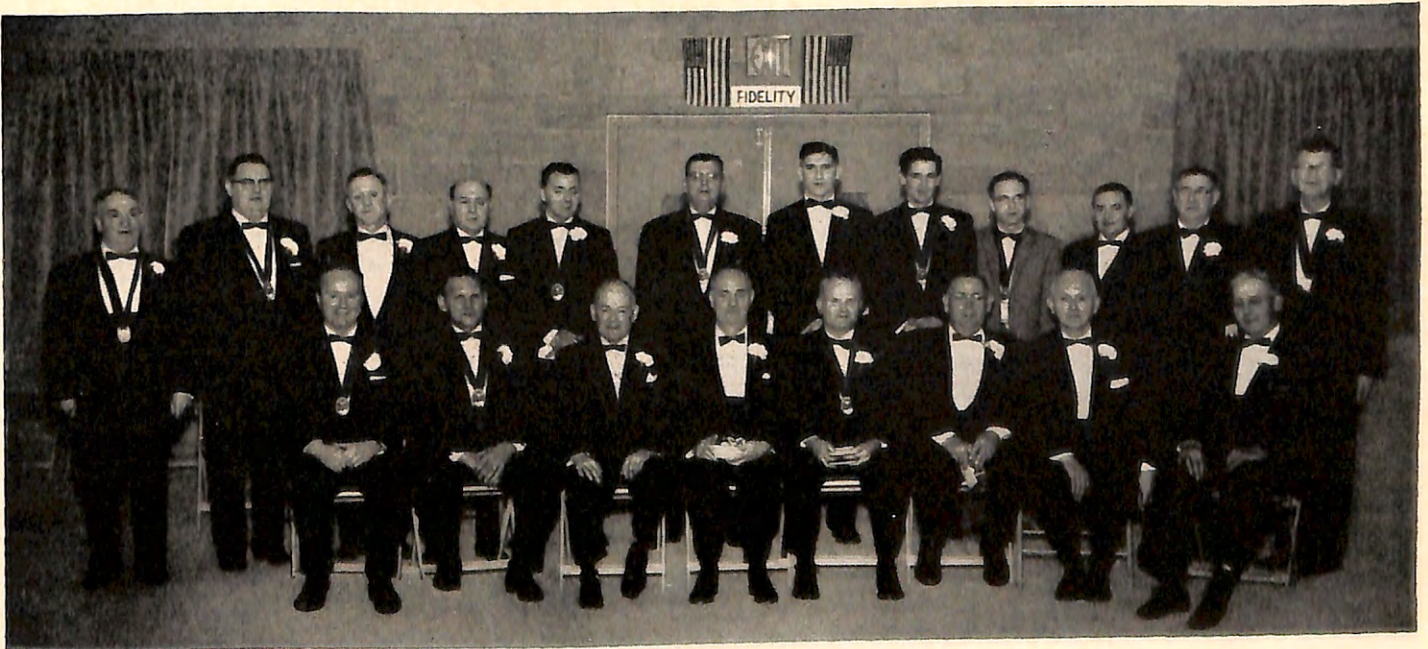
When East Hartford, Conn., Lodge, No. 2063, was instituted, left to right, Past Grand Est. Loyal Knight Arthur J. Roy, State Pres. A. C. Weisner, D.D. G. R. Caron, East Hartford's E.R. Michael Kiro, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Grand Trustee Ed. A. Spry, New London P.E.R. J. M. Reardon and State Committee Chairman G. H. Williams.



Westchester, California, Lodge, No. 2050, has this photograph to commemorate its institution. Left to right are Est. Lect. Knight Ed D. Ryan, Est. Loyal Knight C. F. Van Loozen, former State President Owen Keown, Exalted Ruler Ray D. Conover, Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis and Est. Lead. Knight Charles W. Pearson.



Photographed at the institution of Potsdam, N. Y., Lodge, No. 2074, were left to right, foreground, D.D. Raymond Wiley, E.R. Dr. John H. Low, State Pres. Frank H. McBride and P.D.D. E. A. Burns. Standing: Est. Loyal Knight Charles Bullard, Lead. Knight Joseph Bastow, State Assn. Secy. Wm. R. L. Cook, Elks National Convention Director Franklin J. Fitzpatrick, Est. Lect. Knight Joseph Bouvier and Past State Pres. Francis P. Hart.



On hand when Greenwood Lake, N. Y., Lodge, No. 2067, came into existence were, left to right, foreground, Est. Loyal Knight James A. Gunn, Lead. Knight John Spiedel, Past Pres. William Edelmuth, Grand Lodge Committee Chairman James A. Gunn (no relation to the Loyal Knight), E.R. J. D. McCormick, State Pres. McBride, Vice-Pres. Robert Smith and Past Vice-Pres. E. F. Turchen. Standing are other officials of the lodge.



Above, left: Winter Park, Fla., Lodge is sponsoring Dog Obedience Training Classes for both child and adult dog-owners. Photographed with the graduates of the first class and their dogs, outside the new lodge home, are Elks Bert M. Gillespey, E.R. C. J. McCarty, Sidney Hammond, Jacob Stephan, Werner R. Jahn and Kurt Rissman who conducts the classes. ● ● Above, right: At the airport



when Past Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James arrived in Alexandria, La., for a visit were, left to right, host E.R. G. E. Humphries, Jr., Mr. James, D.D. E. W. Ortego, Commissioner William Lambdin, P.D.D. S. B. Pressburg and Acting Mayor L. G. Wilson. Past State Pres. M. A. Honigman was also on hand.



Above, left: Houston, Texas, Lodge presents four leading educators with scholarships for four deserving students at the freshman level. Totalling \$2,000, the awards are divided equally among the four leading universities of the city. Left to right are retiring E.R. N. M. Romano; Rev. Fr. V. J. Guinan, C.S.B., President of the Univ. of St. Thomas; Dr. J. E. Parish, Assistant to the President of Rice Institute; Chief Justice Spurgeon Bell, former Board Chairman who accepted the gift for Texas Southern Univ., and R. E. Frede, Director of Development Projects of the



Univ. of Houston. The scholarships, effective with the mid-term, are to be presented at the discretion of the School and Scholarship Committee of the lodge ● ● Above, right: Tournament Chairman Kenneth V. Malmberg starts off a strike during the Second Invitational Bowling Tournament sponsored by Rockford, Ill., Lodge in which 400 keglers participated, including 20 teams, and 24 single and double entries.

LODGE NOTES

Recently this column carried an item regarding George Hurst who was initiated into El Reno, Okla., Lodge at the age of 79. We have heard from Fairhope, Ala., Lodge's Secretary, Joseph W. Henry, Sr., that one of his fellow members is 83-year-old L. A. Funk. Mr. Funk, who is not only an active Elk but an active member of the local police force, was initiated on his 81st birthday, along with his son.

Another answer to the challenge came from Secretary William M. Kelso of Wakefield, Mass., Lodge. It seems that Arthur M. Griffin become affiliated with that lodge in February, 1957, at the age of 86. His son and grandson are members of that lodge, too.

Secretary Archie R. Campbell of Flint, Mich., Lodge also has a candidate in Mark H. Piper, Sr., who was initiated last October at the age of 82. His son, Mark, Jr., who proposed him for membership, became a Flint Elk in 1944.

Parma, Ohio, Lodge honored its newly elected officers at a gala ball. The affair, which was attended by over 100 members, their wives and other guests, took place in the lodge's newly decorated lodge room.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson sent along to us the April edition of Juneau, Alaska, Lodge's bulletin, pointing out an item referring to Charles D. Garfield, the 60-year-old lodge's sole surviving Charter Member. Mr. Garfield served his lodge as Exalted Ruler in 1903. This makes him a Past Exalted Ruler for 54 years—or four years longer than New Rochelle, N. Y., Lodge's Past Exalted Ruler George P. Forbes who was mentioned in our own April issue. We offer our heartiest congratulations to Mr. Garfield, as well as to Mr. Forbes.

A gremlin evidently got into the presses during the printing of our May issue. No one knows why, but when

the final copies were printed, page 19, covering the Elks National Service Commission activities, carried the same line as the first line for two captions. When that page was okayed for publication, the first line of the photograph concerning Johnson City, Tenn., Lodge's veterans' work read: "Above, left: This scene is a familiar one at Mountain Home VA Hospital". That is what it should have read; the photograph was taken at that Hospital during a program given by the Johnson City Elks' Committee of which Past Exalted Ruler L. L. Cuisson, a very gracious gentleman, is Chairman. We apologize for the error—and the gremlin, which we trust is now under lock-and-key.

Exalted Ruler Robert B. Cameron of Holiday Isles (Madeira Beach) Fla., Lodge informs us that his lodge recently received a complete new set of officers' jewels from an anonymous group of its members. Since the lodge received another set of jewels when it was insti-



Above, left: Pictured at the first Anniversary Party held by Paradise, Calif., Lodge were, left to right, E.R. Dr. A. A. Anderson, P.D.D. Rawlins Coffman, D.D. Robert M. Grant, State Pres. John A. Raffetto, Jr., Vice-Pres. F. E. Corson and retiring E.R. Dick Rypkema. ● ● Above, right: Auburn, Calif., Lodge was host at a dinner-dance to Captain Joseph N.



Dahrouge of the Beirut, Lebanon, police who is in this country to study work in his field as a guest of the Calif. Highway Patrol through the U.S. International Cooperation Administration. Pictured at that time were, left to right, Inner Guard Melvin Munkres, Exalted Ruler John H. Munley, Capt. Dahrouge and Past Exalted Rulers Clarence A. Reeves.



Above, left: J. W. Nelson, Jr., sports editor of The Evening Tribune and WWHG sports director, receives Hornell, N. Y., Lodge's "Sportsman of the Year" award from E.R. A. L. Blades at the Elks' first annual Tri-County Sports Night dinner. Left to right: Toastmaster James McLane, Athletic Director at Alfred University; Mr. Nelson; E. R. Blades; P.E.R. E. C. Alger, General Chairman, and Alex Yunevich, main speaker and Alfred football coach. ● ● Above, right: Red Wing, Minn., Lodge's campaign to



raise funds to send a local high school student to Europe this summer, and to sponsor an International Student at Red Wing High School next fall, is culminated in the presentation of a \$1,307 check to the American Field Service International Scholarship Committee's local Chairman, Harold Ullrich. Left to right are Youth Activities Chairman Esteemed Leading Knight L. M. Hughes, Exalted Ruler C. A. Betcher, Treas. E. P. Wintervold and Mr. Ullrich.

tuted a few years ago, the membership decided to offer that set as a gift to some lodge which is about to be instituted. The set which is available is of the two-inch, lavender ribbon collar type, with two-inch bronze officers' insignia.

When Derby, Conn., Lodge celebrated its 58th Anniversary recently, the dinner program was combined with Old Timers Night. Dr. James Moore, head baseball coach and line coach at the New Haven State Teachers College was guest speaker and Jack Broderick was the oldest member on hand.

Edwin R. Bayliss has just retired as Secretary of Ferndale, Mich., Lodge after 22 years of devoted service in that post. Now 88 years of age, Mr. Bayliss has been an affiliate of Ferndale Elksdom since 1934, having dimitted to that lodge from Bessemer, Mich., where he was initiated into the Order in 1918. He has held an Honorary Life Membership in Ferndale Lodge since 1945.



Breaking ground for the \$120,000 swimming pool which is being constructed at the Terre Haute, Ind., Elks' Fort Harrison Country Club were, left to right, P.E.R. James J. Jenkins, P.E.R.'s and Trustees Karl Werneke and H. E. Hickman, Trustee and House Committee Chairman John G. Schmidt, Pool Committee Chairman Dr. Byron E. Price and Exalted Ruler Raymond F. Fischer.

WHEN FATHERS MET SONS at Monterey, Calif., Lodge, No. 1285, they were served a prime rib dinner prior to a meeting when Y. A. Tittle showed a sports film and delivered an interesting talk. Mr. Tittle is the quarterback of the San Francisco 49er professional football team and was voted the most outstanding quarterback in his league last year. The film he showed included highlights of the 1957 football games in which his team tied for league title.

GOING TO THE DOGS is not the most unpleasant idea in Winter Park, Fla. The Elks of that city inaugurated a type of community service which is unusual in Elkdom—the sponsorship of Dog Obedience Training Classes. The primary purpose of this program is to teach children how to teach their dogs to behave; not satisfied with this, Winter Park Lodge No. 1830 also conducts these classes for adults. While there is no charge for the tutelage of the youngsters and their pets, a project taken care of by the lodge's Youth Activities Committee, there is a small fee for the adults which defray the expense of diplomas, trophies, ribbons, equipment and the graduation party which climaxes the series.

Elk Kurt Rissman conducts the eight-week course which consists of an hour-long class each Saturday afternoon. The course trains the owners to train their dogs to heel, sit, stay and down on leash, with the ultimate aim the further training of these pets to obey off the leash, as well as to recognize and obey hand signals. As a result, there's many a dog in Winter Park which is now well-trained and a credit to itself, its master and the community.

400 BOWLERS AT ROCKFORD. More than 80 teams, totaling over 400 men, took part in the second Invitational Bowling Tournament sponsored by Rockford, Ill., Lodge, No. 64, at the Strike At Reitsch Bowling Lanes.

Six states were represented by the bowlers who came from 22 different Elks lodges to participate for handsome trophies and cash prizes in single, double, all-events and team competition, awarded on the basis of high games, including scratch and handicap scores.

Top keglers in the team event were sponsored by the Roberts Dairy of Lincoln, Neb. They rolled a total of 3,050 pins; second place honors went to the Rockford Booby Traps, and third to the Rapid City, S. D., Elks.

The doubles title was captured by William M. Dailey and Turl B. Hohenshell of Ames, Ia., with George C. Elsesser and Pete Cresto from Mendota, Ill., pair-off for second place.

An even 700 score racked up by South Dakota Elk Jim Diamond gave

him top prize in the singles event, with Robert E. Dahlgren of Rockford trailing by only one pin. One pin less than 2,000 won first prize in the all-events for Russell P. Hughes Jr., of Elgin, while Turl B. Hohenshell of Ames, Ia., won second place honors.

Opening-day ceremonies were conducted by Merritt J. Yale, Rockford Lodge's Publicity Chairman, with addresses of welcome given by Mayor B. T. Schleicher and host Exalted Ruler John T. Holmstrom, Jr. Other dignitaries participating in the ceremonies included the lodge's Chaplain, Dr. Joseph Cleveland of the Second Congregational Church, and Ernest W. Erickson, of Elgin, Ill., Tournament President.

The lead-off team was composed of three Rockford Elks who have been bowling together for over 30 years, they are Albert Johnson, Wm. A. McPhail and J. H. Mansfield.

NEBRASKA BOWLERS met at the Hill Top Lanes in Kearney this year to participate in the 18th Annual State Elks Bowling Tournament. A record entry of 172 teams, 387 doubles, 769 singles and 450 all-events contestants was chalked up, with 21 of the State's 23 lodges represented.

The host lodge's team won that part of the competition with a score of 3,087, while Omaha Elks S. Harry Scott and Roy Dean took the doubles title with 1,273. Kearney Lodge's Max Wilkie was top man in the singles, and G. A. Leland of Scottsbluff Lodge carried off the honors in the all-events.

SHERADEN, PA., LODGE, No. 949, has appointed a Student Assistance Committee whose function will be to give away \$1,000 cash scholarships to two deserving local high school students.

Chairman E. R. Robertson states that the purpose of the action is to aid scholastically qualified youngsters who want to attend college but may be denied the opportunity because of a limited budget at home. Senior classmen from four high schools are eligible; any child of a member of the lodge, who may be a senior in a high school which is not located in the city will also be considered.

Each senior selected will receive \$250 to help defray the cost of the freshman year, and an equal sum for each of the three ensuing years, provided passing grades are maintained; the college and courses to be studied will not be dictated by the lodge.

The awards will be made on the basis of scholastic standing, need for financial assistance, resourcefulness and extra curricular activities. Underprivileged and handicapped students will receive special consideration.



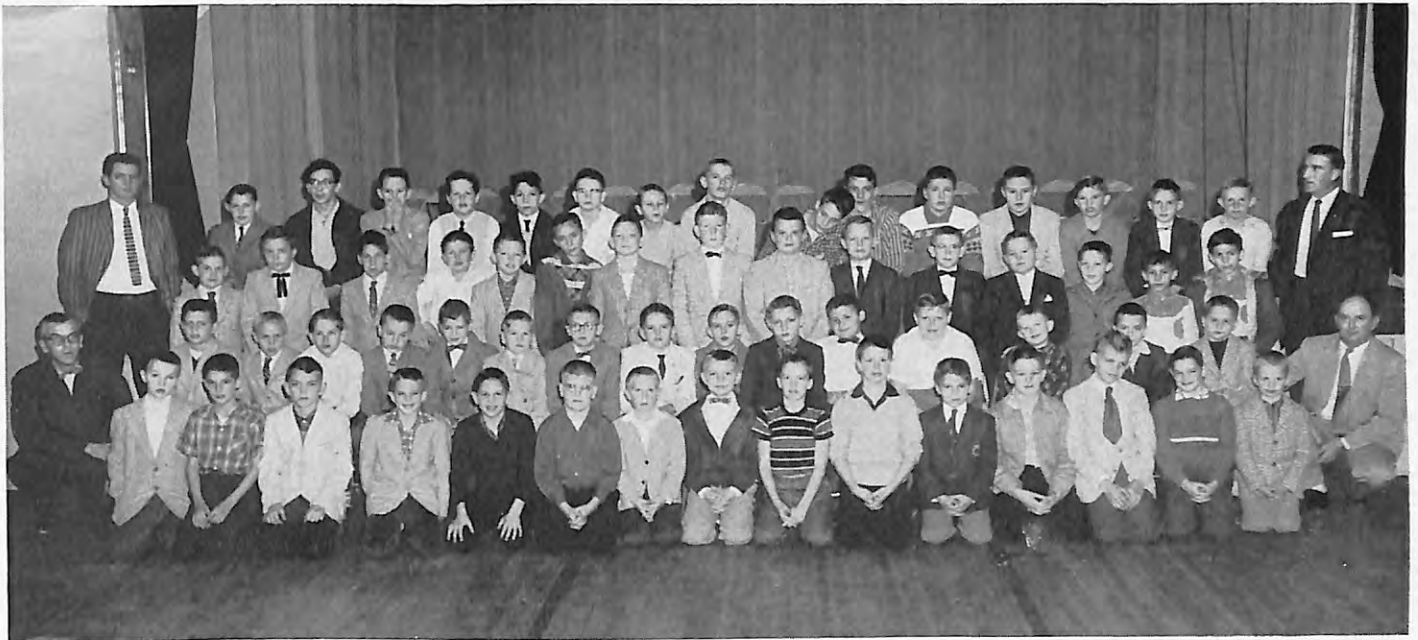
Breaking ground for the Tulsa, Okla., Lodge's \$250,000 home and swimming pool are, left to right, D.D. L. A. Wood, retiring E.R. L. R. Hedrick and retiring State Pres. Bert Wysor.



At the 7th Anniversary Ball of Auburn-Opelika, Ala., Lodge are E.R. Dr. Norman H. Franke and Treas. F. H. Hewett with guests Mrs. Sam W. Gentry and Mrs. Virginia Benson.



At a recent meeting of Ashland, Pa., Lodge, Exalted Ruler John E. Lavelle, center, presented Life Membership Cards and emblematic pins to, left to right, J. A. Bair, Theodore Horn, Robert Klase and William Lentz. The quartet, whose combined ages are 301 years, are all 30-year members of Ashland Lodge.



Princeton, W. Va., Lodge's outstanding year of Youth Activities, which were directed by C. Q. Bingham, included a baseball school. About 80 youngsters attended these classes, taught by Bob Porterfield of the Boston Red Sox and "Moon" Mullens who is pitching for the Cedar Rapids team.



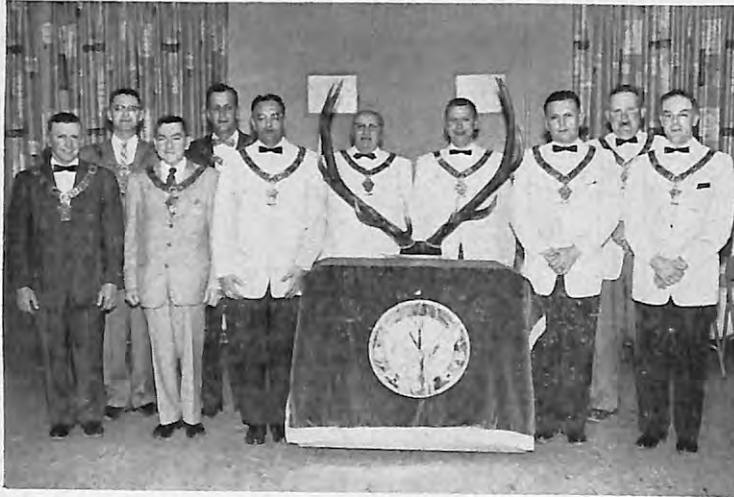
Not long ago, the Elks of Washington, Mo., Lodge were hosts to the annual District Initiation honoring State President E. F. Huncker when about 500 Elks and their guests were on hand. In the foreground are Mr. Huncker, D.D. L. B. Pratt, Acting E.R. of the All-Star Team Wm. R. Kublin and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Nick H. Feder, fifth, sixth, seventh and eighth from left, respectively.



Above, left: The true spirit of Elksdom was evidenced by Ephrata, Wash., Lodge when its entire membership pitched in to help move the Columbia Basin Hospital into its new building, thus accomplishing in two hours what was expected to be an all-day job. After the move from the old hospital, Supervisor of Nurses, Mrs. Roberta Jackman, checked tiny Susan Comstock. Looking on are two of the Elks who assisted in trans-



ferring the patients, State Assn. President Judge Felix Rea, left, and Ephrata Lodge's E.R. Wayne Lilly. ● ● Above, right: Chicago (South), Ill., Lodge goes over the top in its charity fund-raising drive. On the first of this year, E.R. R. J. Knight, Jr., Co-Chairman of the lodge's Charity Committee, inaugurated the campaign with a goal of \$20,000. The drive ended three months later with a total of \$20,001.20. Left to right are the Co-Chairmen D.D. Dr. Frank A. Farrell, Est. Loyal Knight E. W. Sayre, Mr. Knight and Harry W. Brown who was responsible for raising \$5,170.



Above, left: The officers of Platteville, Wis., Lodge, led by E.R. Oswald A. Barth, fifth from left, foreground, are photographed wearing the new jewels of office on the occasion of their presentation. ● ● Above, right: Pictured at Janesville, Wis., Lodge when a class of 17 was initiated in honor of State Pres.



Arthur J. Chadek are, left to right, foreground, Est. Lead. Knight J. B. Forrestal, E.R. H. L. Hill and Lect. Knight Joseph J. McCarthy; background: Loyal Knight George Falor, Mr. Chadek, Secy. E. H. Swegman and Esq. Maurice M. Hull.



Above, left: Garland, Texas, Lodge's retiring E.R. Don Raines receives a Charter for a Boy Scout Troop from Gar-Rock District of Circle Ten of the Boy Scouts of America, represented by Minor Morgan. The Troop, of about 30 boys, meets on the grounds of Carnet Park, a ten-acre plot on which the lodge home is located and which is used for many youth and com-



munity activities, and includes the children's swimming pool and picnic grounds. ● ● Above, center: E.R. Byron E. Senff, right, hands Chillicothe, Ohio, Lodge's \$500 check to Mrs. S. L. Bellanca, Pres. of the Ross County Society for Crippled Children, for its second annual summer speech clinic. Young John Weidauer and Paul Francis, members of last year's class



which was also underwritten by the Elks, were on hand for the ceremony. ● ● Above, right: Belleville, Ill., Lodge paid tribute to 77-year-old Arthur H. Bassler, right, on the eve of his 50th Anniversary as its Exalted Ruler. P.E.R. and Trustee Henry C. G. Schrader, who joined the lodge with Mr. Bassler in 1902, was pictured as he congratulated the guest of honor.



Above, left: This photograph commemorates the presentation of a \$1,000 check from Aurora, Ill., Lodge to the Valley Parent School for Exceptional Children. The gift, part of the proceeds of the lodge's annual Charity Ball, brings the Aurora Elks' total contribution to the School to \$7,000. The Ball also made it possible for the lodge to pay its \$636.50 dues to the State Elks Crippled Children's Assn., make a gift of \$150 to the State Elks Veterans Assn. and a final payment of \$500 on its third National Foundation Certificate. Left to right, standing, are P.E.R. A. E. Schmeiser, Inner Guard Walter J. Voitik, Secy. J. H. Barnett, Tiler Wm. H. Eissler, P.E.R. and Charity Ball Co-Chairman Homer L. Fry, the School's President, Robert Evans. E.R. Paul E. Carlson, Est. Loyal



Knight Paul W. Schnake, Gilbert Johnstone, Esq. John W. Moyer, Est. Lead. Knight Frank F. Novotone, Chaplain Frank Muneio and Est. Lect. Knight John S. Hall. Seated are the wives of several of the officers. ● ● Above, right: Following Niles, Mich., Lodge's three-cushion billiard handicap tournament in which 40 members competed, the Elks arranged to have Masako Katsura, the world's fifth-ranking billiard player, put on an exhibition at the lodge home. Watching their guest are the Elks chosen to play her, left to right, Ralph Wegner, club champion John R. Wegner, LeRoi Harrison and Fred Marshall, all star players.

5,000-Mile Relay To Alaska

THREE YEARS AGO, Alaska's 8,000 Elks adopted as their Major Project a cerebral-palsy program patterned after those of California and the State of Washington. Tremendous assistance in starting the activity, as well as in having it run smoothly, was provided by the Elks of Washington. At an annual expense of about \$40,000, there are about 135 cerebral-palsy victims of the Territory being cared for by the Elks' three therapists who do most of their traveling by plane.

Last November it was decided by the Alaska Elks Cerebral Palsy Foundation Commission, Inc., under the Chairmanship of Robert D. Lewis, to purchase a station wagon which would serve as a mobile unit for the Territory.

Getting the car from the manufacturer in Michigan to Seattle, Wash., for shipment to Alaska was taken care of by a relay team of Exalted Rulers from about 60 lodges in Michigan, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa, South Dakota, Wyoming, Utah, Idaho, Oregon and Washington.

Each was asked to drive the wagon from his city to the next on the list, in a cooperative demonstration—for as large a section of the country as possible—of what the Elks of Alaska are doing in the interests of charity. A log book went with the car, and when it arrived at its destination it was found that over 2,000 members of the Order had signed the book along its cross-country route.

The first Exalted Ruler involved in the project was Robert J. Dulude of Flint, Mich., Lodge who picked up the station wagon at the factory and started it on its journey by driving it to Lansing.

After the car reached Olympia, Wash., it was driven to Tacoma where 1,500 members of that lodge, including Past Grand Exalted Ruler Emmett T. Anderson, were on hand to receive it. When Exalted Ruler Swan Johnson drove it to Seattle, Exalted Ruler Robert A. Yothers of the lodge there took the responsibility of getting it on the Alaska steamship for the trip to Seward; from there it was taken to Anchorage where the speedometer read 4,595.5 miles.

These photographs show the start and finish of the journey, with a few shots taken along the way.



The long journey from Flint, Mich., to Anchorage, Alaska, starts as Flint Lodge's Exalted Ruler Robert J. Dulude, center, bids farewell to well-wishers. His part of the 5,000-mile cross-country relay ended in Lansing where the station wagon was taken over by Exalted Ruler Vern A. Slowinski. The Lansing leader then drove the car to Battle Creek.



The role played by several South Dakota lodges is represented in these photographs. At Yankton Lodge, left, the car was welcomed by a large group of members outside the lodge home. At Hot Springs Lodge, right, Exalted Ruler Miles Inman accepted the keys to the wagon from Rapid City Lodge's Exalted Ruler K. L. Roberts, left, who drove the car to Hot Springs after Pierre Elk leader A. R. Thompson had delivered it to him. The journey ended at Lusk, Wyo., for Mr. Inman.



The last leg of the journey was completed when the car arrived in Anchorage, Alaska, where it was photographed with, left to right, Mayor Anton Anderson, Chairman Robert D. Lewis of the Alaska Elks' Cerebral Palsy Commission, Anchorage Chamber of Commerce President Richard Kennard, Seward Exalted Ruler Jacques Roth and Vice-President Hal Gilfilen of the Alaska Elks.



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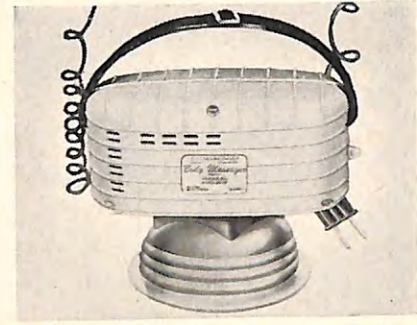
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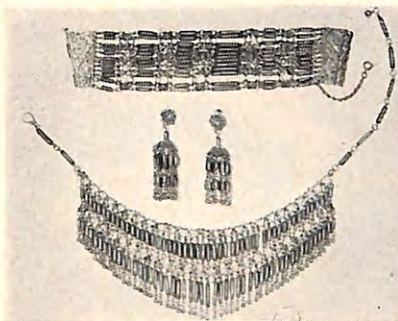
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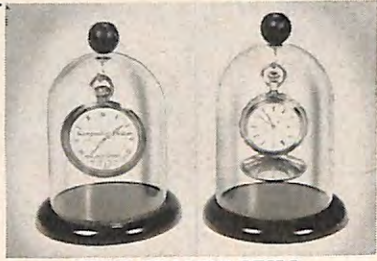


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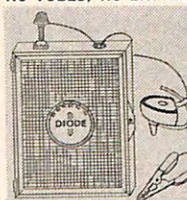
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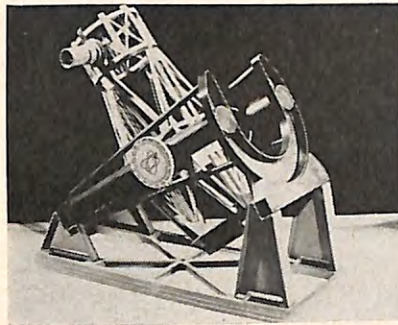
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IN
EARLY AMERICAN
DESIGN



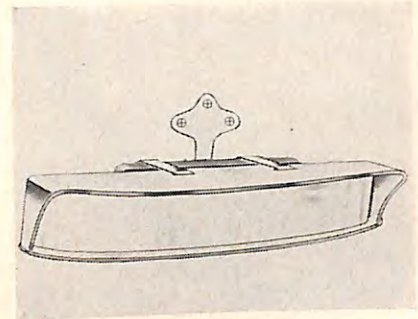
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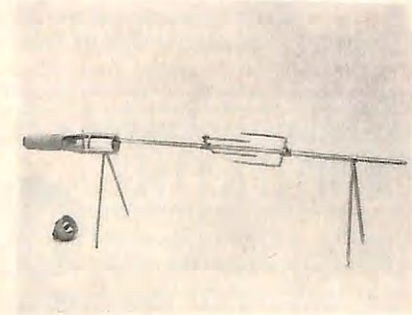
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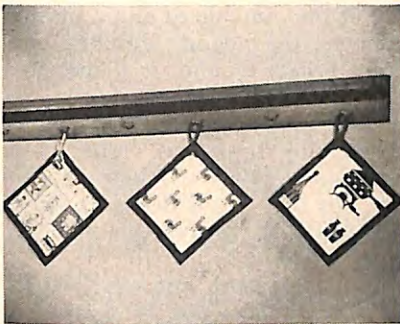


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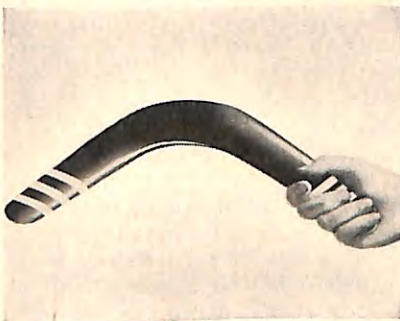


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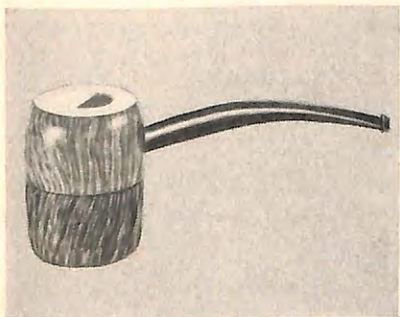
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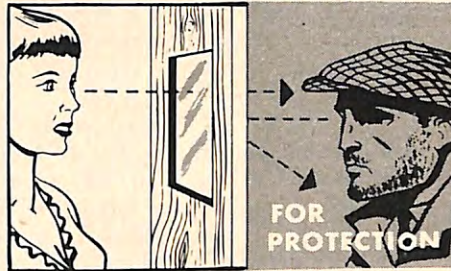
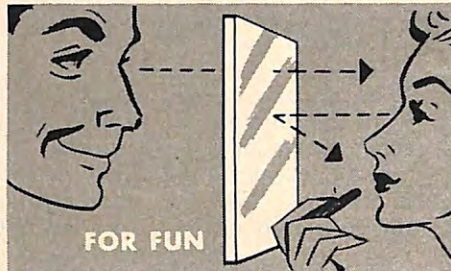
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In the Dog House

(Continued from page 14)

dogs that are hit by cars. The humane driver will do almost anything to avoid running down a dog. The lady involved in the accident I just cited is only one example of many who have gone to extremes. But it isn't to be expected that all drivers will risk their lives for a stray dog, even if those people have the tenderest regard for Fido.

It is the stray dog, too, that is responsible for the many mixed-breed puppies that find their way into animal shelters and dog pounds, many to be destroyed because no one wants them. When I was very young—don't ask me when—the dog catcher was regarded in my set as a wicked wretch, devoid of all mercy and decency. I lived to learn that that sadly misunderstood individual was a man who was simply doing his duty, and was a very necessary part of the law. The dog owner whose pooch is rounded up by the dog man (as he was known) has only himself to blame.

I don't know the laws pertaining to your locality, but where I live a property owner does not have the legal right to kill a trespassing dog, although he does have every right to scare the pants off any strange dog that invades his grounds, to scare him so that dog will have reason to remember not to come back. But I'll hazard a guess that many a stray has been killed by an irate victim of a wandering purp.

Not only does the stray dog contribute to the spread of rabies, but in other ways he's an enemy not only to people but to his own kind, because of the likelihood of his contracting and passing on any of the many diseases that afflict dogs: distemper which is so frequently fatal; mange which, while not deadly, can result in the destruction of a dog because there is one form of that disease which very definitely calls for the services of a skilled veterinarian.

In the best regulated homes occupied by the dog, there may come a time when he will run away. Some dogs have an uncanny ability to vanish seemingly into thin air, and no amount of coaxing, calling or shouting will make them appear. This does not hold true for the dog that has been properly trained, but that is another matter. Should your purp take flight, there are several things you can do to try to regain him. First, notify your local dog pound if there's one in your locality. Second, let all your neighbors know about it, particularly all children in the neighborhood. Youngsters get around, and what's more they have their own peculiar wireless that transmits information faster than a town gossip can convey it. Third, if you have a local small radio station, you may persuade the announcer to broadcast your loss.

It is best not to offer a very large reward as it may put dognapping ideas in some rapsallion's head, so that when you do get your dog you may soon lose him again. Next, of course, is local newspaper advertising. As a last resort, if you live in a private dwelling, attach something with which the dog is familiar to your front door—his blanket, a favorite toy or something that you have worn. A familiar scent will often attract a dog back to his home.

This worked for me once when I was soft-headed enough to offer to keep a dog owned by a man for whom I worked. I shall never forget the anxious hours I spent scouring nearby roads in search of that lunatic pooch. I still believe it was one of the longest nights I ever experienced. At the end I hung a scarf belonging to the wife of

Negatives Needed

Since adopting the policy of requesting negatives with all glossy prints submitted for publication, we have received a number of letters which reflect intelligent understanding of this policy.

While we are receiving this cooperation from the majority of our lodges, and deeply appreciate it, we are publishing this reminder for those who may have overlooked previous announcements.

the boss on the handle of my front door, and come sunrise darned if that dog wasn't lying on the doorstep, blandly looking at me as though as to say, "What's the excitement about? I only went around the corner."

The runaway dog should never be punished by slapping or whipping him. That will only cause him to remain away from home longer the next time. His punishment should be a sharp scolding and complete indifference to him for at least an hour after he returns. Most dogs are keenly aware when they are in disgrace, and most of them are quick to preceive a master's displeasure and are sensitive to an owner's inattention.

The dog that is truly lost either because he can't find his way home—not all dogs have the home-finding faculty—or deliberately cast off by those barbarians who will take a dog to a strange place (usually the country) and abandon it, is indeed a pitiful figure. So is the canine derelict that never enjoyed a home. These deserve our pity. The human waif, too, earns our deepest sympathy, but usually can find some shelter, some food and some way ultimately to solve his problem. Not so the dog. He is that most helpless of all

creatures, a domestic animal adrift, homeless, ownerless, always hungry, always cold in winter, overheated in summer, usually thirsty—a truly forlorn thing. For him, unable to find a master and a home, the pound, with the end it usually brings to him, is a merciful relief.

The deliberate canine hobo gets scant sympathy from this corner, and there are some few that choose to be tramps. The dog that is driven to leave home because of brutal treatment is only to be pitied.

Only in the most sparsely settled countryside should a dog be permitted to run freely. In all other places, cities, suburbs, settled farmland, the dog should be either exercised on leash or confined to its own grounds. This for the peace of mind of neighbors and for the dog's own good. In areas where domestic livestock other than dogs are kept, the dog allowed to stray has too often become a killer of chickens, an egg eater or one that will race cattle or sheep to exhaustion and sometimes kill such animals. Such a dog, of course, becomes a scourge and an outlaw, and his owner should rightly be held responsible.

So much for the stray dog.

THE next greatest canine nuisance, and he can be an aggravating pest, is the persistent barker. I once lived near a neighbor who harbored one of those four-legged alarm clocks, and that pooch made life miserable for everyone except his owner. While some blamed the dog, the real culprit was the heedless, selfish owner. It's not difficult to train a dog to be quiet when there is no cause for alarm. The purp that barks every time anyone comes within his hearing distance can be broken of this bad habit by throwing something in his direction that will make a noise. A magazine or a few rolled newspapers used as soon as Fido begins to sound off will in time teach him to keep his opinions to himself. Whatever is thrown at him should not be directed to hit him, only to scare him with the noise. A few sharply spoken commands while the throwing is being done will help considerably. The dog that continually barks when left alone (which can be an awful nuisance to those who live in city apartments) can be disciplined by confining it to a room alone for short periods. When he begins to bark, the door should be suddenly opened by someone who will then speak sharply to the dog. The idea is to trick the dog into thinking that there is always someone in the house, that he is never entirely alone.

In time, that kind of barker will learn to keep the peace. ● ●

Making May Day American

(Continued from page 13)

Harrisburg contingent, while the local students were feted by the lodge at its own home where State President John S. Buchanan and John C. Youngman, President of the Bar Association of Lyncoming County, were speakers.

Each of the 28 students was asked to write an essay on the events of this day for which prizes were awarded.

To conclude the festivities, a gigantic Student Aid Dance was held at the lodge home that evening, with all students of nine participating high schools enjoying the music of a 22-piece orchestra.

In selecting the best projects for lodges of between 500 and 1,000 members, the Committee gave first-place honors to Red Bank, N. J., Lodge, with Scottsbluff, Neb., in second place and Woonsocket, R. I., in third. Honorable Mention Certificates in this group went to West Palm Beach, Fla., Zanesville, Ohio, and Port Arthur, Texas, Lodges.

Red Bank's principal streets were the scene of an exciting Youth Day parade in which more than 1,000 participated. In the line of march were the mayors of many surrounding communities, police and fire department contingents, the 644th Tank Battalion of the National Guard, Boy and Girl Scouts, Cubs and Brownies, Catholic Juniorettes, Little Leaguers, school patrols and student units. Music was provided by the U. S. Army Drum and Bugle Corps from Fort Monmouth, four school bands, the Middletown VFW, and the Keyport Junior Drum and Bugle Corps. The groups assembled at Marine Park, and marched to Memorial Field where activities honoring America's children as the hope for tomorrow, were conducted by Exalted Ruler Joseph Quail and

Mayor George A. Gray. Youth Leaders Patricia Merrill and John Ryan and scholarship contest winners Ando Merendi and Maryanne Spaeth were rewarded by State Youth Committee Chairman Harrison S. Barnes, and parade-participation trophies were presented by State President Vernet Hicks. Among the winners were Red Bank High School's Band and the cheer-leaders and Majorettes of Red Bank Catholic High School where the Elks' dance for teenagers, which climaxed the celebration, took place that evening. Patrick J. Vaccarelli is Chairman of this lodge's Youth Committee.

A student group of 2,000 participated in Wellsburg, W. Va., Lodge's varied and interesting program which was tops for lodges of less than 500 members. The No. 2 spot in this class was taken by Fulton, N. Y., Lodge, with the Holiday Isles (Madeira Beach), Fla., program in third place. Rocky Mount, N. C., Falls City, Neb., and Beaver Dam, Wis., are the lodges receiving Honorable Mention in that category.

With the full cooperation of local and county civic officials, as well as of the heads of several of Wellsburg's leading manufacturers, the 12-man Committee of Wellsburg Elks, under Chairman Howard E. Donley, who gave 1,881 man-hours to its planning, accomplished a most effective three-day observance. On April 30th, special Elk programs, with guest speakers, were held at three local high schools. May 1st was Student Government Day in the communities of Wellsburg, Bethany and Follansbee when a selected group of students had the opportunity of first-hand experience in handling civic duties. On the same day, students interested in certain types

of industry had the chance to observe operations at the Follansbee Steel Corporation, Erskine Glass & Manufacturing Company, the Eagle Manufacturing Company and the Banner Fibreboard Company. On May 2nd, the students visited all Brooke County offices, seeing, for instance, how the sheriff and his men secure a warrant and commit a prisoner, how the county clerk records a deed, and so on.

That evening, a dance and entertainment at the home of Wellsburg Lodge's Town Club for the teen-agers of the area brought this highly successful program to a happy close.

In awarding prizes for the State-wide programs, the Committee selected the Ohio Elks Association's project as the finest. The program sponsored by the Elks of Maine was awarded second-place honors, with Rhode Island Elksdom in third place.

Ohio's affair took place in Columbus, with State President James W. Plummer's luncheon at Neil House for the State's 17 Youth Leadership and Elks National Foundation Scholarship winners, followed by a procession, in which many youth groups participated, to the Capitol Building. Former Grand Chaplain Rev. Father Richard J. Connelly offered the Invocation, preceding talks by Mr. Plummer who introduced Gov. C. William O'Neill and Mayor M. E. Sensenbrenner. State Scholarship Chairman Thomas J. Urban presented \$500 "Most Valuable Student" Awards to the five winners, a duty performed by State Youth Chairman Harold Scott for the District Youth Leaders. President Plummer then introduced the two State Leaders who received their \$200 U. S. Bonds from Governor O'Neill. All the students were warmly congratulated by Past Grand Exalted Ruler Fred L. Bohn, one of the many dignitaries attending this program, the opening event of the Ohio Elks Assn. Convention. Also present were Past Grand Exalted Ruler Dr. Edward J. McCormick, and Grand Lodge officials John C. Cochran, Nelson E. W. Stuart and E. Gene Fournace. Past District Deputy Ferd M. Pickens was Master of Ceremonies at this program during which the St. Johns Central High School Band of Bellaire, and the Caldwell, Newcomers-town, Circleville, Portsmouth West, New Lexington and Massillon High School Bands provided some excellent music. Dinner was then served to the more than 650 participants in this outstanding program at the Veterans Memorial Building, with the Ohio Elks Association as host.

And thus, with dignity and warmth, the Order of Elks expressed deep respect and high expectations for our Junior Citizens.



Governor Foster D. Furcolo of Massachusetts is pictured as he signed the 1958 Elks National Youth Day Proclamation in the presence of, left to right, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, State Pres. Dr. Wm. F. Maguire, State Youth Committee Vice-Chairman J. A. Broulette, State Youth Leader Ann Rahnasto of Fitchburg, State Youth Committee Chairman Bernard D. Ward and Medford Youth Committee Chairman Edward J. O'Hara. Grand Trustee Edward Spry was also a witness.

1958 GRAND LODGE CONVENTION

CHECK LIST

The Elks National Convention Committee presents herewith a check list for delegates and visitors as a reminder of what is in store for them in the world's wonder City—NEW YORK, from July 6th to 10th.

Open to All

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|--|---|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sunday, July 6th—Opening Ceremonies
8:30 p.m. | <input type="checkbox"/> Wednesday, July 9th—Reports of Elks National Foundation, Elks National Service Commission and Youth Activities Committee |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tuesday, July 8th—Memorial Services
11:00 a.m. | |

For Representatives

- | | |
|--|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Monday, July 7th—Grand Lodge Business Session
9:00 a.m. | <input type="checkbox"/> Wednesday, July 9th—Open Session
9:00 a.m. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tuesday, July 8th—Grand Lodge Business Session
9:00 a.m. | <input type="checkbox"/> Thursday, July 10th—Grand Lodge Business Session
9:00 a.m. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Tuesday, July 8th—Luncheon—All Exalted Rulers
1:00 p.m. | |

Attractions

- | | | |
|--|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> Statue of Liberty | <input type="checkbox"/> Boat Trips Around Manhattan | <input type="checkbox"/> Botanical Gardens |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Empire State Building | <input type="checkbox"/> Restaurants:
Cuisine of all Nations | <input type="checkbox"/> Wall Street & Stock Exchanges |
| <input type="checkbox"/> United Nations | <input type="checkbox"/> Museums | <input type="checkbox"/> Horse Racing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Radio City Music Hall | <input type="checkbox"/> Theaters | <input type="checkbox"/> Harness Racing |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Lewisohn Stadium Concerts | <input type="checkbox"/> Television Shows | <input type="checkbox"/> Baseball—Yankee Stadium |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Coney Island | <input type="checkbox"/> Zoos | <input type="checkbox"/> Bowling Tournaments |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Hayden Planetarium | | <input type="checkbox"/> New York Harbor |

Impossible Thief

(Continued from page 9)

Brightman, is terribly well known to the police. He goes about stealing things."

"The other Gerald Brightman?"

"There are two of us. Oh, we don't look a bit alike, really, but as soon as my name is spotted on a list of arrivals I'm in for it. It even happens at the airport sometimes, if I have the bad luck to bump into an alert immigration or customs man."

"And he—this other man—is a thief?"

"A very famous one, believe me. Why, I've been told that the police of half a dozen Caribbean countries are after him. So you see"—he patted his face with the handkerchief again—"it really is awkward."

I smiled. "Then you have come to the right place." And I told him how Colonel Francisco Rivas, of the San Marlo Police, stopped at the Papagayo every afternoon on his way to La Palma

de Oro. "He should be here within the hour," I said, consulting my watch. "It will be the simplest thing in the world for you to speak to him."

"Does he have real authority?" Mr. Brightman asked with pathetic eagerness. "I mean, I would be awfully grateful, of course; but he won't have to take me to a dozen higher-ups, will he? It's the most fatiguing business when I don't start near the top. Believe me, I know."

"Colonel Rivas is the *head* of our police force, *señor*."

"It's terribly kind of you."

Colonel Rivas came across the plaza from his office just after six o'clock, as was his custom: a tall, muscular man, handsome as a motion-picture hero in his spotless uniform. He greeted me with his usual nod—a hotel-keeper, of course, was rather beneath his dignity—

and made his way as usual to our little bar. For the sake of our new guest I had put out a bottle of Scotch that I had been saving; a special brand. The Colonel spotted it at once and pounced upon it with a happy smile.

We employ no bartender at the Papagayo, you understand. We are too small to need one. When in a mood for refreshment, our guests simply go to the bar and select what they wish. A pencil and slips of paper are provided. A guest is expected to make a note of what he has consumed, sign his name, and pay for the beverages later when he is billed.

Colonel Rivas was a most interesting man. As head of our police organization for the past three years he had become enormously wealthy. His home in the suburbs was a show place filled with *objets d'art*, some of them considered

priceless. When the votes were counted in the forthcoming election, at this time five weeks off, he would without a shadow of doubt be president of the republic.

But he was a bachelor. He dined every evening at the expensive and elegant La Palma de Oro. And to save the price of his before-dinner cocktails at La Palma, he invariably stopped at the Papagayo.

Day after day he consumed my best Scotch or bourbon, which in San Marlo are expensive. Day after day he carefully wrote on his chit: "One rum. F. Rivas." Of course, I never sent him a bill in any case. I may be only an innkeeper, but I am not altogether a fool. But I found it amusing to watch him play his little game at the bar.

This afternoon, when he had poured his second drink, I approached him and told him about our interesting new guest on the third floor. He scowled at me, his black eyes aglitter with suspicion.

"This is an odd one, Bernardo," he said. "We were given to understand months ago that the notorious Gerald Brightman had retired and was living peacefully in San Nicolas, where he had found asylum through generous gifts to charity. What does this guest of yours look like?"

I described the man.

He extracted a photograph from his wallet. "Is this he?"

I had to laugh. "Let me introduce him to you. Then you will see for yourself."

The Colonel laughed, too, when I led my underfed guest across the lobby a moment later. "Señor, do not concern yourself," he said. "You have nothing to fear in San Marlo. It will be my pleasure to issue a directive. My men will not trouble you."

"I have had endless trouble elsewhere in the Caribbean," the poor man sighed.

"The police of other countries must be stupid, then. Have you ever seen this namesake of yours?"

Mr. Brightman shook his head. "No, I'm afraid I haven't."

"Look at this, then," Rivas chuckled, showing him the picture.

When the thin man had recovered from his astonishment, he joined in our laughter. "Good heavens! He's fat as a pig and has a face like—a balloon! He must weigh three times what I do!"

"He weighs two hundred forty pounds. He has bushy black hair and brown eyes. The information is here on the back of the photo. Your hair is skimpy and the color of dust, if you will excuse my saying so, and your eyes"—Rivas leaned forward—"well, you do have brown eyes, of a sort. But so do millions of other men." He patted Mr. Brightman on the shoulder as one pats a frightened child. "What are you, señor? A school teacher?"

"I have a little book shop in New York. I—" Mr. Brightman plucked some

papers from his inside coat pocket, fumbled through them and handed the Colonel several with a printed letterhead. "I specialize in books on Latin America, you see. That's why I'm here. Some of my clients—"

"Go and call on Señora Marroquin," the Colonel advised. "She has rooms full of old books. Old paintings, too." He patted the book-dealer's shoulder again and turned away. "Here in San Marlo, señor, you need not be alarmed about your name. Have no worries."

When the Colonel had departed, Mr. Brightman turned to me in astonishment. "Why, he—he believed me! He didn't even ask for my tourist card!"

"Colonel Rivas is a man of great perspicacity," I said, not feeling it necessary to add that in my opinion he was also a thorough blackguard and would make a very bad president. "Well, now, that's settled, eh? If there is some other way I can be of service—"

"This woman he mentioned," he murmured hesitantly, as though reluctant to ask another favor. "Who—do you know who she is, Señor Moncada?"

Señora Marroquin? She is the widow of a wealthy merchant. An old, sharp-tongued woman who lives, as Rivas said, surrounded by her books and treasures."

"Dear me," he said. "She sounds formidable."

"Perhaps not so formidable, if you go about it in the right way." I was amused by the feeling within me that I must assist this poor helpless collector of books. "We'll talk about it later, eh? Something can be done, I'm sure."

IT BECAME CLEAR very soon that Mr. Brightman would need all the assistance he could get. For one thing, he obviously was not well. He came to the table at mealtimes but ate almost nothing, and when I asked if the food displeased him, he said that his stomach hurt.

"I have had a sensitive stomach for years," he sighed. "Pay no attention to me, Bernardo. It is not your food. The food is fit for a king."

"You should eat more than you do," I protested. "No man can live on the little you consume!"

"I manage somehow."

He did manage, but only just barely. Watching him, I was certain he suffered spells of dizziness. He would be walking across the lobby and suddenly clutch at a chair to steady himself, then carefully sit and remain motionless for moments at a time, his thin face startlingly white and his hands gripping his knees. Or, having returned from a tour of the city's book shops, he would make his way to the kitchen, struggling for breath and dripping with perspiration, and ask if he might have a glass of fruit juice, and gulp it down as though his life depended on it.

A truly sad case. I felt sorry for him.

At last the American girl, Thelma

West, paid us the visit I had been waiting for, and I introduced them.

Miss West had come to San Marlo a year before to study painting at our famous Instituto de Arte, but her funds had run out and she had accepted a position as companion to Señora Marroquin. A lovely girl. She visited the Papagayo the first time to try our food, which is, I say with pride, the best in San Marlo City. Thereafter she stopped in at least once a week and became great friends with my wife.

"Hunger brought her and friendship brings her back," my Beatriz would say happily.

She was in her late twenties, I think—one does not ask a young woman her age—and of course she was plump, but not so plump that a man would turn away after noticing her fine clear skin and good honest eyes, and hearing her merry laugh. "I should lose twenty pounds," she would say to my wife. "And would, too, if I ate only what Señora Marroquin exists on. That woman is a hummingbird!" Ah, these women. Always talking of what they should lose or gain, as though the fate of the world lay in the balance!

When introduced to the book-collector, Thelma was his friend at once, as I had anticipated. She was his friend because he was a walking skeleton and she pitied him. A powerful force, pity. More powerful, I sometimes think, than love. We had dinner together in the garden, the four of us, and she watched him all through the meal. I saw her frowning as he picked at his food.

"Mr. Brightman," she said at last, "you may think your problem is finding certain rare books, but I think you have a bigger one. I do indeed. Your problem is your tummy, and I'm going to do something about it."

"Do something, Miss West?" he said, startled.

"I have some pills at home: just the thing to put you straight. Why, you're starved!"

"I do feel terribly hungry at times," he admitted wistfully.

Thelma must have liked or pitied him very much, for then and there, with a steaming platter of *mole de guajolote* untouched before her, she pushed back her chair. "I'm going for them right now," she said. "You just carry on without me."

Mr. Brightman fluttered his frail hands. "No, no! I won't hear of it!"

"Nonsense. I have my car. Be back in ten minutes."

"But your dinner—"

"Ten minutes won't spoil my dinner." She patted him on the shoulder as Colonel Rivas had. "Oh, all right, come along with me then. I'll introduce you to Señora Marroquin. It might help you with your book hunting."

Their dinners had become cold when they returned more than an hour later, but they were chattering away like

children, obviously delighted with their discovery of each other. The pills, Thelma said, had begun to work already—look at how much better our book-collector was. It wasn't the pills at all, Mr. Brightman joked; it wasn't even the invitation he had received from *Señora* Marroquin to call on her tomorrow and talk about books; it was Miss West's kindness, pure and simple.

"The pills," Thelma insisted, seating herself to the substitute dinner our cook had provided.

"You, my dear," Mr. Brightman murmured with a smile. "And since you have the evening off, I insist on taking you somewhere to show my gratitude."

Thelma gazed at him with affection. "All right. I'd like to see the new Italian film at the theater. I really would."

"It will be my pleasure."

THEIRS was the strangest romance. As their friendship deepened, Thelma became more breezy and bustling than ever—a merry cyclone that had us gasping for breath—and poor Mr. Brightman appeared to be completely exhausted by her frantic efforts to improve his health.

He did eat a little more under her coaching, but not much. "Heavens, I can't manage a cure all at once, even when stuffed full of pills," he would say helplessly. "You'll have me popping at the seams!" But he needn't have been alarmed. What small energy he derived from the increased consumption of food was used up in his pursuit of books. He had come to San Marlo, after all, to find books.

Señora Marroquin found him interesting, and he called on her several times. She might consider selling him some of her precious volumes, she said, but he must be patient; it would take time for her to reach a decision as to price. He spent hours in the city book shops, searching through mountains of dusty tomes in back rooms. Sometimes Thelma accompanied him.

"Isn't he the most wonderful man?" Thelma said to my Beatriz. "I could just love him to pieces!"

"I should think a good hug would cripple him for life," Beatriz joked.

"Oh, come now, I'm not that fat."

"Of course you are not fat, darling. You are just the way the men of San Marlo like their women, pleasingly plump in the proper places and strong enough to look after them. But our Mr. Brightman—your Mr. Brightman—is as fragile as a cocktail glass."

"I'll fatten him up then. You just wait."

"Will there be time? He said, when he came, that he would be here only two weeks. This is the eleventh day."

Thelma smiled innocently at the ceiling. "He'll be here longer than two weeks," she predicted.

"Because he is fond of you?"

"Because he wants some of *Señora* Marroquin's books, and she has promised me not to let him have them until I say the word."

These women!

The book-collector had been with us eighteen days when Colonel Rivas stopped by to see me one morning, resplendent in his medals. It was an unusual time of day for the Colonel to be calling, and when he sat down and motioned me to do the same, I was alarmed.

"Bernardo, I have a question or two."

"My cook has thrown another veal chop at the meat-market man?"

"It isn't your cook; it is your guest with the famous namesake." He drew a pair of photographs from his pocket and passed them to me. "These came yesterday from Manigua: more recent pictures of the real Gerald Brightman than the ones in our files. They disturb me, and so does the information that he may have left San Nicolas and be active again."

I studied the photographs and tried to imagine what this Gerald Brightman of San Nicolas might look like if someone were to melt pounds of flesh off him and shrink his jolly balloon-shaped face.

"The eyes," Colonel Rivas said. "Look closely at the eyes."

"There is a faint resemblance. Only a very faint one."

"Nevertheless, I have a feeling."

"Why should a man of his talents bother himself with San Marlo?" I demanded. "What have we that is worth stealing?"

The Colonel stood up. "Who knows what interests such a man? Where is he now?"

"At the beach, with Miss West."

"I should like to have a look at his things."

I disapproved, but what could I do? Upstairs I stood in the doorway while he searched the room. He certainly was efficient. If our Mr. Brightman possessed so much as a tie-clasp that the Colonel did not uncover, I have no idea where it could have been hidden.

But to Rivas the search was a disappointment. "Names of books," he muttered, shrugging over scraps of paper. "Names, addresses and phone numbers of persons in New York-clients, I supposed. Nothing here to indicate he came from San Nicolas or is even aware that such a country exists on our border. Well"—he began putting things away—"that's that, for the time being. I have investigated his activities here, of course. When he is not with your friend Miss West, he is certainly sniffing about after old books."

He seemed unhappy, and I wondered why. It was not until some time after he had gone that I understood. In two weeks there would be the election. What a feather in the cap of Colonel Rivas if he could announce the capture

of that notorious Gerald Brightman!

Of course, he needed no such announcement. He would be president anyway.

When Mr. Brightman and Thelma returned from the beach, I simply could not bring myself to mention the Colonel's visit. Thelma was radiant, and her little book-collector beamed with happiness. They had had the most wonderful time, they said. Hours of complete relaxation in the sun, a picnic lunch, then a delightful ride through the countryside.

"I feel like a new man," Mr. Brightman declared, "and I have this lovely, lovely girl to thank for it."

"The sun," Thelma said.

"You," he insisted, putting his arm about her. "You alone."

Then he went to his room to change for dinner and returned with a face full of sadness.

"They didn't believe me," he said, his mild brown eyes gazing at me in unhappy accusation. "And I was so sure this time, after my delightful talk with Colonel Rivas—"

I explained the circumstances as best I could. "It's because the other Gerald Brightman has left San Nicolas. But how in the world did you know your room had been searched? The Colonel put everything back with the utmost care."

"I always know, Bernardo."

"But how?"

His sigh was so lugubrious that Thelma took hold of his hand. "Never mind," she said. "We are not going to let it spoil your dinner, darling."

"I—I'm really not hungry."

"You need your strength." And she led him firmly to the dining-room.

MR. BRIGHTMAN did not sleep well that night. I was up late, reading, and when I made the rounds to be sure the hall windows were shuttered, because in San Marlo we have prowlers, I saw a light under his door and heard him pacing. I thought of taking him a little sugared rum and telling him not to worry about Colonel Rivas' disturbing visit—after all, the Colonel was an ambitious man who wished to be president—but decided against it. An innkeeper must respect the privacy of his guests.

The following day I saw little of him, and when we did happen to meet he seemed strangely preoccupied. About four in the afternoon he went out. Returning at six, he had dinner—such a dinner as I had never seen him devour before: fruit, *arroz con pollo*, vegetables, a sweet-potato pudding, demitasse and a brandy. About eight he drank another brandy at the bar and winked at me, just as the pink spots on his tie had seemed to wink at me that first day. Then he went to the telephone and called Thelma.

I did not hear all the conversation. It

seemed he had found a book of some sort, a very rare and wonderful one, in the shop of Eufrasio Sigueros. It was a volume that *Señora* Marroquin passionately wanted for her collection. Thelma must take the *señora* to the shop and Mr. Brightman would meet them there. On the way, he would stop and pick up the proprietor at the latter's home. The proprietor was expecting him and would be waiting.

He turned then to me. "Bernardo, may I borrow your car? I must go to Sigueros' book shop, a most important appointment, and you know how it is with the taxi drivers at this hour. They are all running to the theaters and supper dances."

"Certainly," I said.

He caught my hand and squeezed it. The good dinner and the brandy had made him strong. "Thank you, Bernardo. You're a friend."

Exactly what happened then I do not know. Thelma and *Señora* Marroquin arrived at the book shop a little before eight-thirty. They sat and waited. It was an almost unknown shop on an obscure street in the far north end of the city, and they waited nearly an hour. Mr. Brightman, they told themselves, had been delayed. Perhaps he had fallen into the hands of some taxi driver who insisted upon delivering other passengers first. They did not know that he had my car.

When it became obvious that something more serious was wrong, they came to the Papagayo.

"But he left here more than an hour ago!" I said. "He has my car!"

"He must have had an accident!" Thelma cried, wringing her hands.

I telephoned the police. No accident had been reported. I was about to say that he must be lost—after all, he had

never driven in San Marlo City before, and our winding streets can be difficult—when I saw the expression on *Señora* Marroquin's face. She sat rigid on the edge of her chair, quivering, as though she had been struck by a bolt of lightning.

"Thelma!" she gasped. "Take me home!"

"But *Señora* Marroquin—"

"Take me home at once. At once, I say!"

Thelma looked back at me, shaking her head in bewilderment, as the old lady dragged her to the door. "You—you will look for him, Bernardo?" she begged.

I promised.

I enlisted the aid of a taxi driver and we looked for the missing man for some time, concentrating our search in the maze of little streets near the book shop. No sign of him. When I returned to the

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Papagayo, puzzled and alarmed, I found an official police car in the driveway. Colonel Rivas and some of his men were just getting out of it.

"Unlock his door, Bernardo," he said. He was trembling, I saw. He was like a man about to suffer a stroke.

"His door? But you searched his room only—"

"Open it!"

I led the way upstairs. There was nothing strange about the room that I could see. His clothes were where he had always kept them. His suitcase lay empty in the closet. "Will you please tell me what you are looking for?" I asked.

"Nothing," the Colonel sighed. "The bird has flown."

"Flown!"

The Colonel sank onto the bed and ran his hands through his glossy hair, a beaten man. It was a shock to me. Never before had I seen the magnificent Colonel Rivas like this, looking as though his world had collapsed about him. "Why, why, did this have to happen to me?" he groaned. "What have I done to deserve it?"

His policemen leaned against the wall and studied their fingers, and on the face of one, at least, I thought I detected a small smile. A natural thing, perhaps. The Colonel, I had been told, was not an easy man to work for. I hurried down to the bar to get the poor man a drink.

"Now will you tell me what has happened?"

He gazed at me sadly from the bed. "Bernardo, my suspicions were correct. Your guest is—was—the Gerald Brightman of the photographs."

"Impossible!"

"Not impossible, Bernardo. Any determined man can starve himself to a shadow and alter the color and quantity of his hair. The eyes were the same, remember. You had here under your roof the real Gerald Brightman."

I blinked at him in disbelief.

"Tonight he borrowed your car, no?"

Rivas groaned. "He was to have met Señora Marroquin and Miss West at the book shop. He did not go to the book shop, Bernardo. He asked them to meet him there only to get them out of the house. He drove to the house. He stripped half a dozen of the señora's most valuable paintings from their frames and fled with them. By now he is undoubtedly on his way to the San Nicolas border."

I looked wildly about the room. "But he has left his clothes! Even the books he bought!"

"He was no buyer of books. It was a camouflage to throw us off the scent and win the confidence of Señora Marroquin. As for the clothes"—he shrugged—"what thief would not trade a few old clothes for loot worth a fortune? They won't fit him when he puts on weight again, anyway."

"Can't he be stopped?" I asked weakly.

"The police posts on the border have been alerted. I alerted them from the señora's house, at once. But he'll get through them, never fear. Any man that clever . . ." Colonel Rivas heaved such a sigh that I looked at him more closely and thought I detected—yes, did detect—admiration for the man who had so cunningly fooled us. "It's no great feat to slip across the border," he said. "He'll simply leave the car and walk. That's why he took no luggage."

I thought of Thelma West and was all but overwhelmed with sadness.

COLONEL RIVAS was right. My car was found the following day on an unpaved mountain road near the border, at a place midway between two police posts. The road did not cross the border there, but Mr. Brightman could have done so on foot, easily, over footpaths used by the peasants. In the glove compartment was an envelope addressed to me, which the police opened before allowing me to have it.

It contained money and a simple note. *My sincerest gratitude, Bernardo, for your hospitality and the use of your car. I am not permitted an explanation at this time. Ever yours, Gerald Brightman.*

The news blew like a hurricane

through the capital, and the great Colonel Rivas became a laughing-stock.

Days passed. Señora Marroquin fumed at the police to do something about her missing treasures, but nothing could be done. Appeals to the government of San Nicolas to arrest the man and return him were shrugged aside. San Nicolas, you understand, has no love for San Marlo. It is a small country, ruled by enlightened men who have made astonishing progress in the past few years, but too often in the past it has been threatened and bullied by its larger neighbor.

In San Nicolas, we were given to understand, Mr. Gerald Brightman was a respected citizen. Arrest a man who had given so generously to charity and was beloved by all? Unthinkable! Besides, it was ridiculous to claim that the admired philanthropist of San Nicolas, a plump and well-fed man, could be the scrawny wretch with the stomach ailment who had stayed at the Papagayo.

Señora Marroquin wrote scathing letters to the newspapers. Colonel Rivas squirmed. The people thought it a great joke.

When the election was over and the votes counted, we had a school teacher for a president—a mild-mannered fellow who promised peace and prosperity and

HOME LAUDED BY EDITOR

Inspired by a visit to the Elks National Home at Bedford, Va., Editor M. Carl Andrews cited the Home as a "fine example of fraternal love" in his editorial headline for the May 14 Roanoke World News. Mr. Andrews' impressive editorial follows.

ALL TOO FEW PEOPLE of this area, I'm convinced, appreciate the wonderful asset of the Elks National Home at Bedford. I was reminded of this again the other day in the course of a brief stopover with a party of ladies making their first visit. The home is architecturally beautiful. Seen from a Norfolk & Western train or from an automobile moving along U.S. Route 460 close-by it is a striking scene with its white columns, broad rolling lawns and verdant 400-acre farm. I don't know who selected this site years ago, but it must have been an act of inspiration. And through the years the Elks of America have poured money and love into its development.

THERE THE NEEDY AGED of the B.P.O.E. may go—after having their individual cases cleared through channels, of course—and live out their days in dignity and serenity, free from worldly care. There is room, I'm told, for 450 gentlemen although at present there are just 270, ranging in age from the 60's to the real veteran of the clan, a patriarch of 102. Each man has his own room, comfortably

and tastefully furnished. If he becomes ill, as so many do at their age, there is a hospital with doctors and nurses in constant attendance—even an operating room. There is a magnificent dining room where each has his regular place, recreation and reading rooms, a theater, a tailor shop, a confectionery shop—almost anything that's needed for a self-sufficient community.

THERE IS A DAIRY and pasteurizing plant to handle the product of the large herd of milk cows. There are cold storage lockers and a big kitchen, so clean you could eat off the floor. There is a herd of hogs as well as beef cattle and the farm raises most of the feed for them. A striking feature of the home is that its main building, dormitories, theater and other structures are all linked with covered colonnades and even a tunnel so that the guests need not be exposed to bad weather at any time of the year. One grateful retired artist spent five of his declining years painting murals in the dining hall to illustrate the cardinal tenets of Elkdome. They are truly beautiful.

an end to political pressures on our neighbors. If we tried very hard, he said, we might one day become as enlightened as they.

Colonel Rivas turned in his uniform.

A taxi stopped at the Papagayo one morning and Thelma West stepped out of it. She had been very brave. She was brave now as she embraced my wife and bade us good-by. She was leaving, she said. She was even then on her way to the airport. Perhaps one day we would meet again. When she had gone, my Beatriz wept.

"They loved each other, those two," Beatriz sobbed. "They were made to love each other. Why, why did it have to turn out this way?"

"Dry your tears," I said sternly, trying to control my own. "He was nothing but a clever thief, and the entire affair was planned to the last detail. He starved himself to change his appearance. He came here to the Papagayo knowing Thelma was our friend and would introduce him to the *señora*. He used his real name, with his pathetic story of being inconvenienced by it, to throw the police off their guard. How can you retain any affection for such a monster?"

"I don't care. I liked him."

I took her in my arms. "I liked him too."

THE affair was forgotten. The hotel season ended and we looked about for a pleasant place to spend a short vacation. "Why don't we go to San Nicolas?" my wife suggested. "Perhaps—perhaps he will remember us."

We drove to San Nicolas City and I made discreet inquiries. He lived, I was told, in a modest house in the suburbs. He was a fine man. A thief? "Be careful what you say about this man, *señor!* We love him!"

With Beatriz I drove out to look at his house. It was as they had said, pleasant but unpretentious, in a modest neighborhood. Other homes were under construction nearby. We hesitated only a moment, then marched up the walk and rang the bell.

At first I did not know him. He was not the Gerald Brightman who had occupied our third-floor room, but the man in Colonel Rivas' photographs, plump, round-faced, a picture of vitality. He knew us at once. My hand winced in his grasp. He embraced my wife with enthusiasm.

"Bernardo! Beatriz! Come in, come in!"

We sat in a sunny room and sipped sugared rum, nibbled at nuts from a tray. The mild brown eyes looked sad as they gazed at us. "I owe you an explanation," he said with a small sigh.

"You do."

"It is simple, really. If Colonel Rivas had become your president—and there was no doubt whatever that he would—my little adopted country would have

been reduced to terror and trembling. Rivas had all but promised to apply the most appalling pressures. Something had to be done."

I looked at him in amazement. "You stole the pictures only to discredit Rivas?"

"But of course." Rising, he went to a closet and took out the paintings, placing them against the wall. "I have had them reframed, as you see, ready to hang in *Señora* Marroquin's new home when it is finished." He smiled. "You saw it next door as you came in, perhaps. It is a gift from the government of San Nicolas for her noble assistance."

"Then she knew!"

"A marvelous woman, the *señora*," he murmured. "I shall enjoy having her for a neighbor."

We recovered slowly from our astonishment, and then my wife scowled at him. "This is all very well," she said sternly, "but you deceived a lovely girl to gain your ends. For that we can never forgive you. Had you no faith that she, too, would understand?"

He did not answer. He had no need to, for a door had opened behind him and there she stood, the girl we thought had returned heartbroken to the States. Radiant, glowing, she came toward us and took our hands. "So you have come at last!" she said.

"Allow me," said Mr. Brightman happily, "to introduce my wife."

"Thelma!" my Beatriz exclaimed in horror. "You have gained weight!"

"Gerald likes me better this way."

"But why—why did you not write and tell us you were married?"

"Darling, at first it was not safe. If a word of the truth had leaked out, Rivas would have pounced on it. And then—then—" She looked at her husband and smiled, and it was a smile such as few men in this world ever receive from a woman. But, of course, there are few Gerald Brightmans. "You must forgive us," Thelma murmured. "We had so much to think about."

We talked. For two hours we talked. Then, strolling about the room, I halted before three magnificent small paintings in an alcove. I frowned at them. I had seen them before.

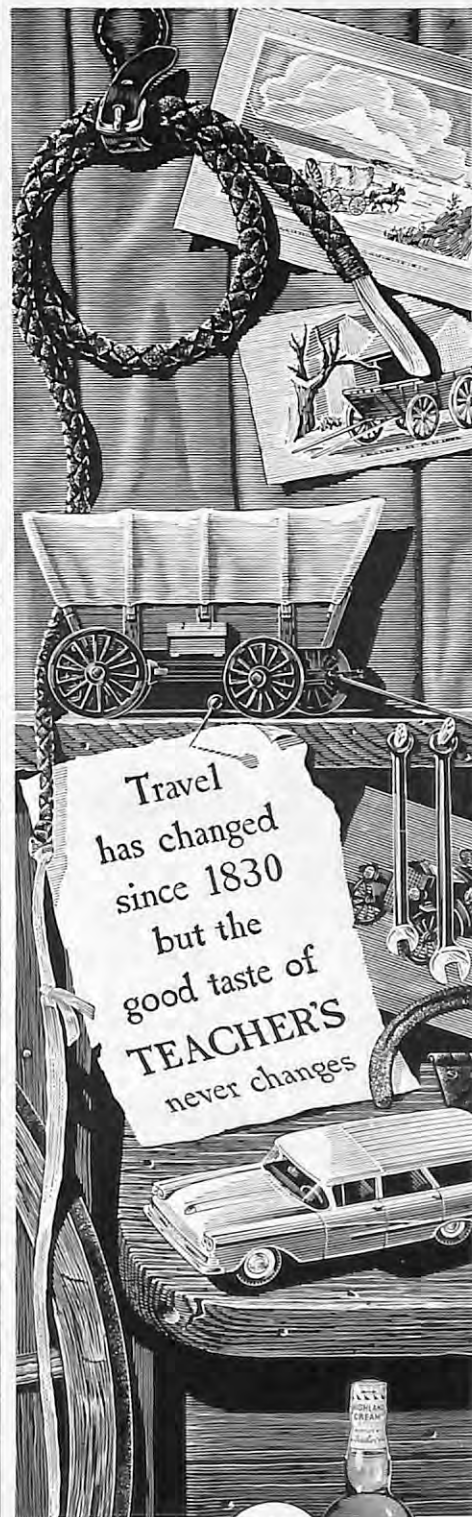
Mr. Brightman came to my side. "You recognize them, Bernardo?"

"They once belonged to *Señora* Marroquin. They were the gems of her collection. But how are they here? Colonel Rivas bought them from her several years ago."

He placed a hand on my shoulder. "Stole" would be a more accurate word, at the price he paid. So while he was rushing about in search of me, I stole them back. The Colonel never mentioned it, of course."

"They are for the *señora's* house?"

"That was my intention. But she insisted we keep them as a token of affection. They were her wedding gift." ● ●



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For Elks Who Travel

(Continued from page 11)

fairgrounds. There are also aerial cable cars, or *télépheriques*, as the French call them, which cost forty cents a ride and loop back and forth across the grounds. The footsore who are still foot-loose in mind can also take advantage of the trackless railroad (tinted transparent roofs) which steams up and down the broad avenues.

Of course the main sights, as the papers and the columns have been saying since opening day in April, are the foreign pavilions. Fifty-three nations have entered, including, after a last minute hassle, Andorra. Naturally, the great interest for Americans is split between our own efforts and those of the Soviet Union, which, as must have been brought to your attention before now, are virtually side-by-side neighbors. In concept, they are utterly different—theirs square, ours round. Theirs is chock-a-block with the achievements

they have wrought in the forty years of collective life. We seem more sure of ourselves, less inclined to show off the staples of life which we have long had, and more interested in a casual display of our good life and some of the artistic skill we have accrued in our form of government, which is better than four times as old.

It will take a day for anybody with a normal amount of curiosity to do the Soviet and U. S. pavilions, but there is plenty to be seen outside them. The French building, despite the crisis at home, is a stunning, daring structure, and there are separate fascinations to be viewed in the pavilions of the Swiss, the Dutch, the Austrians and the British. For what they have come up with, I would also recommend a look at the Czech and Hungarian buildings, as well as that of the Yugoslavs. Although Sweden and Denmark are not in the fair,

the Norwegians and the Finns have held up the Scandinavian honor with handsome wooden buildings that epitomize the northlands with a great sense of taste.

One of the most different attractions among Belgium's far-flung contributions is the 1890's village which the host country has put up. It covers twelve acres with old houses and narrow winding streets, all lined with restaurants, beer halls, music halls and cabarets. Fortune tellers and strong men perform, and Belgian beer flows. Old-time ballets and theaters flourish and there are showings of early films.

Above it all—the midway and the serious efforts by the nations—towers the strange Atomium, so large its connecting rods hold escalators and its bells are beer gardens and restaurants overlooking the first global fiesta in two decades. ● ●



WE WOULD once again like to call your attention to the golden opportunity of visiting the Hawaiian Islands with the 5th Annual Elks Hawaiian Tour, leaving New York after the Convention on July 10th. Everything is ready for you and yours to have the tour of your lives with a group of your own kind of people. The tour is planned and conducted by those who live on the islands and know where to go, what to see, and what to do to insure the most interest and the utmost in pleasure. Don't wait until you get to New York—send your \$25.00 reservation fee at once, AIR MAIL, to Chairman, Post Convention Tour, Hilo Lodge, No. 759, Hilo, Hawaii, T. H.

The American Automobile Association reports its European bookings are breaking all records. Four major reasons are cited: 1—the Brussels World's Fair; 2—the Lourdes Centennial; 3—the new, low plane fare; and 4—the relative lack of tension on the continent. The Suez crisis was held responsible for a marked falling-off in European travel last year. If the French situation can be kept in

bounds, this should turn out to be a record season for Americans visiting Europe.

A change in passport procedure, eliminating the necessity of identifying witnesses, has been announced where the identity of the applicant is established to the satisfaction of the authorized clerks of the court. A driver's license, identification pass or any other means of identification which contains the signature of the applicant, or the personal knowledge of the clerk, will now be sufficient.

Arlene Francis, television star and actress, fills a new role this summer when she serves New York City as Official Hostess during its Fifth Annual Summer Festival season. Miss Francis received her new title officially from Mayor Robert F. Wagner on June 19th at special ceremonies held at the Information Center, 90 East 42nd Street, to launch the Summer Festival Season in New York.

A short note from Brother Peter Napolitano of Portland, Maine, is the sort we like to receive. He says, "Couldn't possibly let it pass without a line of thanks to you and your department. We are back at home after ten weeks, and your maps with routes mapped out were followed to the letter all the way to California. Thanks a million."

The all modern and new 320-room International Hotel at Idlewild (New York International Airport) has been formally opened and leased by the Knott Hotel Corp. It is catering to guests from around the world who are arriving and leaving every day. In addition

to the guest room, there is a dining room seating 160 persons, a coffee shop seating 100, and a cocktail lounge. All rooms are air-conditioned.

And at LaGuardia the Traveler's Hotel, opened less than two years ago, is expanding. Being added are 45 air-conditioned rooms, a larger lobby and additional dining and cocktail lounge facilities, and a public meeting room.

The major airlines have agreed to scrap the hard-to-enforce no-show penalty rule on August 12th. The \$3.00 penalty was for booked passengers who failed to show at flight time. All other measures to protect the carriers, however, are still in effect.

The latest American Motel Guide, May '58 to May '59, is now available from this office or from the American Motel Association, Two Godwin Avenue, Ridgewood, N. J. This free guide will help you be assured of excellent accommodations on your trip, your guarantee of comfort, cleanliness, hospitality.

Reservations for accommodations during the 1960 Olympic Games in Rome, and purchase of tickets for admittance to the games, will be accepted starting July 1st this year. As soon as we have the names of the Associations and travel agents who will handle these matters, we will publish the list.

The Israel Government Tourist Office in New York has announced that the 10 per cent municipal tax on tourists' hotel bills has been abolished. Those who have paid in advance will receive a refund. The 10 per cent service charge, however, remains in effect. ● ●

News of the State Associations

(Continued from page 16)

Thompson, R. L. DeHority and P. W. Loveland include President Norman Freeland, Greensburg; Vice-Presidents Leonard Imel, Portland, Charles P. Bender, Wabash, Paul J. Manship, Noblesville, G. L. Powell, Peru, and John H. Weaver, Brazil; Secretary C. L. Shideler, Terre Haute; Treasurer J. L. J. Miller, East Chicago; three-year Trustees Earl L. Aders, Elkhart, and Stanley O. Mascoe, Indianapolis; Chaplain Dr. K. L. Dickens, Martinsville; Tiler E. H. Durr, Hartford City; Sgt.-at-Arms Howard Miller, Columbus, and Inner Guard Jack Emerson, Kendallville.

NORTH CAROLINA ELKS, meeting in Asheville May 22nd, 23rd and 24th, saw the host team win the Ritualistic title and heard many interesting reports, including that of the Elks National Foundation Committee which revealed that the State's contribution to the Foundation was outstanding.

Over 300 delegates and their guests enjoyed the hospitality of the Asheville Elks, and applauded the address delivered by Past Grand Exalted Ruler John L. Walker at the State Banquet when various awards were presented.

It was decided that the Association would hold a November conference in Morehead City, with the Annual Convention to take place next year in Greensboro. Serving until that time are G. Norman Hutton of Hickory as President; Dr. J. R. Kernodle of Burlington, Vice-President-at-Large; A. A. Ruffin of Wilson, Secretary, and G. C. Killian, Gastonia, Treasurer.

NEBRASKA, the home State of Grand Exalted Ruler H. L. Blackledge, held a very successful 46th Annual Convention at Ogallala May 9th, 10th and 11th, with the Order's leader and his wife as special guests. The 1,300 delegates and their wives applauded a splendid talk by Mr. Blackledge following the Memorial Services at which State Senator Donald McGinley was the speaker.

The Lincoln team won the Ritualistic Contest for the third year, to take permanent possession of the Blackledge Trophy. Scottsbluff took second place and North Platte, third.

A thrilling street parade had 30 entries, including a handsome float which pointed out the tenth anniversary of the host lodge. First-place honors in the parade competition went to Scottsbluff Lodge's "Heart of Elkdom" float, emphasizing the work of the Elks National Foundation. Following the parade, a group of ten of Ogallala Lodge's Past Exalted Rulers burned the mortgage on its fine home. This building is not only more than adequate for the Elks' activities, but is widely used by other organizations of the community.

Master of Ceremonies at this program was the current Exalted Ruler, William G. Dunn.

A plaque from the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis was presented to the Nebraska Elks Association by E. Clinton Belknap, the Foundation's State Director; it was accepted by E. C. Mudge, Chairman of the Association's Benevolence Commission.

Officers who were installed by Past President Walter Hampton are President Clyde E. Burdick, Ainsworth; Vice-Presidents Graden Rathbun, Lincoln, Stanley R. Danekas, Broken Bow, B. M. DeLay, Norfolk, and Bernard Dougherty, Scottsbluff; Treasurer Fred Laird, Fremont; Secretary Paul D. Zimmer, Falls City, and Trustees J. M. Fitzgerald, Omaha, H. C. Duncan, York, Elmer Bradley, Columbus, Kenneth Harding, Ogallala, and Ralph Townsend, Grand Island.

ILLINOIS ELKS LEAD the Nation in contributions to the Elks National Foundation, it was revealed at the 55th Annual Convention of that State organization in Decatur. Its total gift of \$44,119.50 for the year ending April 30th was substantiated in a congratulatory letter from Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Chairman of the Foundation; \$18,990.00, or nearly half the total, came from the Northeast District.

Over 1,000 Elks and their ladies attended the various activities held during the May 16th, 17th and 18th conclave. Harrisburg Lodge took the Ritualistic honors over six other teams, and Inner Guard Floyd R. Jones of the winning group, who had the highest individual score, also received a trophy.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Henry C. Warner was the pleasing speaker at the annual banquet at which retiring President Eugene W. Schnierle introduced his staff members, incoming officers and other dignitaries in attendance.

Accompanied by their parents, all but one of the six \$500 "Most Valuable Student" scholarship winners for Illinois were present to receive their awards from County School Supt. C. R. Gardner, Chairman of the Elks' Scholarship Judging Committee. Both Illinois Youth Leaders were rewarded by State Youth Activities Chairman L. B. Richmond.

State Chairman Wm. S. Wolf of the Association's publication, the *Newsette*, edited by State Secy. A. W. Arnold, announced an increase in its circulation of 5,038 subscribers.

The Advisory Committee, composed of former Presidents of the Association, held its annual dinner meeting with 15 of that group on hand, notably Past Grand Exalted Rulers Floyd E. Thompson, the principal speaker, and Henry C.

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At the Kansas Elks Association Meeting, Grand Exalted Ruler Blackledge stands surrounded by coin boards, each of which contains \$100 in half dollars contributed by various lodges in Kansas for the Elks National Foundation. He is flanked by C. E. Klein, State Chairman for the Elks National Foundation, left, and State President K. F. Gascoigne. At bottom of coin boards, the slogan reads: "Though you can't give a million . . . Be one of a million to give!"

The Elks National Foundation, the Aurora YMCA and the Aurora Foundation were named as beneficiaries of the \$410,000 estate of Mrs. Josiedel Carnes of Aurora, Ill., who died on February 23rd. The will provided a trust, the income from which will revert to her husband Charles Carnes, member of Aurora Lodge, for the remainder of his

life. The trust, to be handled by the Merchants National Bank of Aurora as executor, will then be distributed on the basis of one-fourth to the Elks National Foundation to be used for the benefit of crippled children and to combat cerebral palsy; one-fourth to the Aurora Foundation for scholarships to worthy boys; the remainder, to the YMCA.



The Massachusetts Elks Association has underwritten a course at Springfield College for the training of those who are to work in Cerebral Palsy clinics and furnishes the money to pay the tuition of qualified persons who wish to take the course and need financial assistance. Photo shows presentation of the Association's check for \$1,500 by State President William F. Maguire (second from right) to President Wesley F. Rennie of Springfield College. At left, Past Grand Exalted Ruler John F. Malley, Foundation Chairman, and, at right, State Trustee O. Paul Cotti attend the occasion.

Warner and Grand Esteemed Leading Knight Dr. Nick H. Feder.

A significant feature of the meeting was a demonstration of the methods of treating cerebral palsy. Through the efforts of N.E. District Vice-President R. J. Campbell, Miss Ermina Juliano, a physical and occupational therapist who was a recipient of an Elks National Foundation grant and now teaches handicapped children in Gary, Ind., was present with one of her pupils, a 14-year-old boy who has shown remarkable progress. Miss Juliano showed colored slides taken as she worked with some of her students, and this was followed by the showing of a sound motion-picture color film brought from Alaska by a former Chester Elk, Wm. E. Eggemeyer. Through arrangements made by South Dist. Trustee G. C. Berry of Chester Lodge, this film was shown at the Illinois meeting to demonstrate techniques followed by the Elks of Alaska in their Major Project which has made such remarkable strides in aiding the cerebral-palsied. The film and demonstration tied in with the program which the Illinois Elks hope to institute within the year.

Handling the Association's activities until the 1959 conclave are President Stewart Strain, Kankakee; Vice-President-at-Large Monte Hance, Rock Island; Secretary Albert W. Arnold, Lincoln, and Treasurer James R. Snelson, Granite City. Vice-Presidents are Wm. E. O'Hara, Streator; R. B. Nemeec, Cicero-Berwyn; G. C. Olsen, De Kalb; D. W. Evers, Salem; Robert Stofer, Charleston; C. R. DeVault, Alton, and Wendell Smith, Macomb. Trustees are Raymond Stroh, Bloomington; Kent Bosworth, Joliet; A. L. Jackson, Galena; G. C. Berry, Chester; A. W. Pitchford, Effingham; Rolland F. Tipword, Taylorville, and J. G. Craven, Quincy.

THE ELKS OF ARKANSAS met at Brinkley on May 17th and 18th for one of the best State meetings in many years.

Past Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James was the principal speaker at the banquet at which Forrest Long, President of the local Chamber of Commerce, was Toastmaster and Mayor John Deen extended a cordial welcome, with retiring President Harry O. Peebles responding. Mr. James spoke of the work being accomplished by the Elks National Foundation and accepted for the Foundation a \$1,000 check from retiring Exalted Ruler Charles L. Carpenter of North Little Rock Lodge. This lodge was the recipient of the Earl James Ritualistic Award and the Best Sportsman's Award. Cornelia J. Chulow of Little Rock was named winner of the "Most Valuable Student" Award for the State, while Anita Erb and Terry Poynter were announced as Arkansas' Elk Youth Leaders.

James I. Malham of the host lodge was elected President of the Association for the coming year. Serving with him

are Vice-Presidents Victor H. Wilder of North Little Rock and Boland Phillips of Texarkana, the lodge with which Secretary Sam Milazzo, Treasurer Vindell L. Swafford, Chaplain H. E. Tuck and Trustee James T. Aaron are affiliated. W. H. Laubach of Little Rock was named President Emeritus, with North Little Rock's A. L. Justin to be Tiler and M. E. Finn and Charles A. Bahil, Trustees. Hot Springs Elks Lloyd E. Darnell and District Deputy James H. Webb, who installed the officers, are also Trustees, with R. E. Johnson of Jonesboro to serve as Sergeant-at-Arms.

It was decided that the Fall Meeting of the Association would take place at Fort Smith in October.

HENDERSON WAS SELECTED as the site of the Kentucky Elks Association Convention next year and a member of that lodge, William C. Wilson, was chosen President of the organization at the Covington Convention which took place May 22nd, 23rd and 24th. Vice-Presidents are Joseph Bianche, Cynthia, James Polsgrove, Louisville, and Reynold H. Jobert, Covington. George M. Rock, a Paducah Elk, remains as Secretary-Treasurer and Trustees are J. P. Ratcliffe, Ashland, E. J. DeSoto, Louisville, and J. Edward Meier, Newport.

During this meeting, the delegates voted a \$6,000 contribution to the Health Department of the State for medicine needed by patients who have been discharged from the tuberculosis hospital. They also set up a disaster fund to which each lodge is to contribute at least \$50 annually for five years, in order to realize a fund of \$5,000. Of this amount, \$1,000 has already been raised.

Charles Stander, Committee Chairman, presented Youth Leadership Awards to Miss Roberta Coleman of Princeton and James A. Wiseman of Louisville. The \$500 Elks National Foundation Award was presented to Miss Caroline Williams of Princeton and the State Association's \$500 award went to Norman Lee Pilchner, sponsored by Kentucky's newest lodge, St. Matthews No. 2052. Scholarship Chairman, Trustee Ernest DeSoto, handled this part of the program.

ST. JOHNSBURY was the site of the 31st Annual Meeting of the Vermont Elks Association May 16th, 17th and 18th when Richard B. Sheridan of Springfield was elected President for the coming

year. Other officers of this organization are Vice-Presidents M. W. Corker, Montpelier, T. J. Lanigan, Bennington, and R. L. Murray, St. Albans. Secretary Roger J. Sheridan of Montpelier and Treasurer R. N. Owens of Rutland were reelected to office and Springfield Elks C. C. Chaffee, Frank Glidden and G. E. Becker are Tiler, Chaplain and Sergeant-at-Arms, respectively. Trustees elected for three years are H. N. Ryan, Bennington, S. C. Nelson, Montpelier, Dennis Brooks, Springfield, and G. R. LeTourneau, St. Albans.

At this meeting it was announced that the Vermont Elks' Summer Camp for Mentally Retarded Children at Silver Towers in Brookfield, the Association's new major charity, would operate during July and August. It was also decided that the 1959 meeting would take place at Springfield, with the dates tentatively set for May 22nd, 23rd and 24th.

Brattleboro Lodge won the State Ritualistic Championship; Rutland Lodge took the bowling title; Montpelier's Elks won the cribbage tournament as well as the award for the finest float entered in the mammoth parade which was the main attraction on the afternoon of the 16th. This parade was followed by an outdoor concert given by Springfield Lodge's 50-member chorus. The Membership award went to Burlington Elksdom, while Hartford Lodge received the award for leading in Elks National Foundation subscriptions.

The Past Presidents' Dinner and Annual Banquet were well attended. Judge Sterry R. Waterman was the speaker at the traditional Memorial Services.

CO-HOSTS TO THE OKLAHOMA State Elks Association Convention was of Oklahoma City Lodge, where many activities of the meeting took place, and Midwest City Lodge. Special guest of the Oklahoma Elks, among Past Grand Exalted Ruler Earl E. James, was another former leader of the Order, Henry C. Warner, who was the speaker at the banquet which featured the April 25th, 26th and 27th conclave, and at which \$400 Elks National Foundation scholarship winner Bill Tiffany and State Youth Leader Monty Powell Hoyt received their awards. Over 500 Elks and their guests attended the 51st Annual Meeting at which retiring President Bert Wysor presided.

The home of Midwest City Lodge, a golf and country club where the State Golf Tournament was played, was the scene of the final business session, the Memorial Service and a smorgasbord luncheon.

Officers for the coming year are President Clarence H. Dietz, Sapulpa; Vice-Presidents Brooks H. Bicknell, Alva, Clair E. Hill, Shawnee, and Roy Gonders, Midwest City; Secretary John W. Coons, Stillwater; Treasurer Ernest Bussart, Tulsa, and five-year Trustee H. J. Salz, Woodward.

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STATE ASSOCIATION CONVENTIONS

STATE	PLACE	DATE
Montana	Bozeman	July 23-24-25-26
Dela., Md., and D. C.	Frederick, Md.	Aug. 14-15-16-17
Virginia	Alexandria	Aug. 16-17-18-19
West Virginia	Huntington	Aug. 21-22-23
Pennsylvania	Harrisburg	Aug. 24-25-26-27



This group gathered at San Benito, Tex., Lodge during Mr. Blackledge's April 22 visit. In front row, from left, are Exalted Ruler Joe M. Spears, Jr., District Deputy Marvin Hamilton, Mr. Blackledge—shaking hands with Charles C. Bowie, Chairman of the Grand Lodge Youth Activities Committee—State President W. J. B. Frazier, PER Earl C. Hill, Henry A. Wright and Victoria's ER, Ferri Gary.

Lodge Visits of H. L. Blackledge

(Continued from page 18)

and a large delegation from McAllen and other lodges in the area. Accompanying Mr. Blackledge on these visits were State Pres. W. J. B. Frazier and District Deputy H. S. Rubenstein. Past District Deputy C. H. Kopetzke was also present at a barbecue, given for Mr. Blackledge by McAllen Lodge.

On the following day, April 22, the Grand Exalted Ruler's party drove to Brownsville—making short stops on the way at Weslaco, Harlingen and San Benito Lodges. A group of Brownsville Elks were on hand at the local airport, to greet Mr. Blackledge before he boarded a plane for San Antonio. District Deputy D. E. Biser, Exalted Ruler Vernon M. Dowda, officers of the lodge, city officials and members of the press greeted him at San Antonio.

After a tour of San Antonio, the group went to the Alamo to place a wreath at the historic shrine. That evening, the lodge held a dinner, reception and meeting in honor of Mr. Blackledge. To commemorate the visit Mayor J. Edwin Kuykendall, a Brother Elk, proclaimed Mr. Blackledge Mayor of La Villita, the settlement from which the present city grew; and another Elk, Bexar County Sheriff Owen Kilday, made Mr. Blackledge a deputy.

On April 23, Mr. Blackledge and Mr. Biser flew to Dallas to attend a luncheon meeting of that lodge. The meeting was presided over by Exalted Ruler Vernon B. Heath. Past Grand Exalted Ruler William H. Atwell was present at the meeting, and introduced Mr. Blackledge. Still taking an active part in the affairs of Elkdom, Judge Atwell celebrated his eighty-ninth birthday this June.

After making a brief stop at Grand Prairie Lodge, Mr. Blackledge wound up his tour of Texas with a dinner at Fort Worth Lodge.

CONNECTICUT. Mr. Blackledge then flew to New York, where Mrs. Blackledge joined him, and they arrived by train in

New London, Conn., on April 26. They were greeted there by Arthur J. Roy, former Chairman of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities, State Pres. Clayton Weisner and a delegation from Norwich and other lodges in the area. Mr. and Mrs. Blackledge then went to Norwich for a short visit at that lodge, after which they had an overnight visit at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Gilbert. Mr. Gilbert is a member of the lodge, and Mrs. Gilbert is a former national president of the American Legion Auxiliary, and Past State Regent of the Daughters of the American Revolution—as is Mrs. Blackledge. The ladies have been friends for several years. On April 26, Norwich Lodge held a banquet celebrating its sixtieth anniversary. With Mr. Blackledge at this banquet was Past Grand Exalted Ruler George I. Hall.

OHIO. On May 2, Mr. Blackledge and his secretary, Chester Marshall, attended the Ohio Elks Assn. Convention at Columbus. Present there were Past Grand Exalted Rulers Edward J. McCormick and Fred L. Bohn, John C. Cochrane of the Grand Forum, and Nelson E. W. Stuart of the Grand Lodge Committee on Lodge Activities.

GOVERNMENT CONFERENCE. Mr. Blackledge flew to Washington, D. C., on May 4 and there (by invitation of the Secretary of Defense) attended the Joint Civilian Orientation Conference. At this conference a number of civilian dignitaries of this and other free countries were given a demonstration of U. S. military and naval power at Quantico, Fort Benning, Eglin Air Force Base and aboard the carrier *Forrestal*, cruising off Florida.

CONVENTIONS. The Navy arranged a flight for Mr. Blackledge direct from the deck of the *Forrestal* to Jacksonville, where he caught a commercial flight, enabling him to reach Ogallala,

Nebr., in time for the concluding session of the Nebraska Elks Assn. Convention, on May 11. At Ogallala, the Grand Exalted Ruler received the automobile which had been symbolically presented to him in San Francisco by the Elks of Nebraska.

On May 14, Mr. and Mrs. Blackledge drove the new automobile to Salina, Kans., for a visit with that lodge. Present at this meeting were State Pres. Glenn Edwards and District Deputies Lyell Rathbone, Ray M. Green, Lloyd Chapman and Harold E. Ripple. A record class of 117 was initiated during this visit. On the way back to Kearney the next morning, Mr. Blackledge also stopped for a visit at Concordia Lodge.

Mr. Blackledge again left Kearney on May 20, this time going to Las Vegas, Nev., where he was met by Las Vegas Exalted Ruler James C. Brown, Boulder City Exalted Ruler George E. LeFevre and Henderson Exalted Ruler Chester L. George. Mayor C. D. Baker was on hand, and presented Mr. Blackledge with the key to the city. That morning's activities included a breakfast meeting, a tour of the city and a brief visit at Boulder City Lodge.

That evening, Mr. Blackledge attended a meeting at Henderson Lodge, with Las Vegas and Boulder City Lodges participating. Among those present were Grand Lodge Judiciary Committeeman Sidney Robinson, State Pres. Jack Smith, District Deputy Vern V. Hursh and Arizona North District Deputy Oscar Osterman.

From Las Vegas, Mr. Blackledge flew to Phoenix, Ariz., on May 22 for the Arizona Elks Assn. Convention. He was present at a business session in the morning and for a banquet that evening. In attendance were Past Grand Exalted Ruler L. A. Lewis, Grand Trustee Horace R. Wisely and Utah State Pres. W. E. Blaylock.

In Grand Rapids, Mich., on May 24 Mr. Blackledge was met by John K. Burch, former Chairman of the Board of Grand Trustees and at present a member of the Grand Lodge Pension Committee. Also on hand to welcome him were District Deputy Ray E. Null and Mr. Burch's son Armand, who is a lodge member. After luncheon at the Burch home, the Grand Exalted Ruler went on to Cadillac for the Michigan Elks Assn. Convention. He was present at a meeting and banquet, attended by some 500. Elk dignitaries at the Convention included Grand Lodge Committeemen Edwin P. Breen, Hugh L. Hartley, John K. Burch and Benjamin F. Watson, retiring State Pres. N. H. Van Dongen, State Pres. Elect V. W. Rouse, and District Deputies Gail D. Bruce, Robert M. Owen, Ray E. Null and Robert H. Dykhuis.

Following this meeting, Mr. Blackledge returned to Kearney to prepare for his tour of the Pacific Northwest and Alaska, beginning on June 4. ● ●

Why Hold Back the Airlines?

(Continued from page 7)

enthusiastically about the airplane transportation industry, and the part his company plays in it. It is only when he mentions government regulations that he burns like a DC-6 engine's blue flames on a dark and windy night.

"Don't get me wrong, though," he said. "Most businessmen, especially in what is called big business, are inclined to be greedy and push ahead for more than they really need or can assimilate profitably. I'm no exception. I'm no different from any other man in my position, I guess. That's why I believe, very definitely, that there must be government control and regulation of industries such as ours where public interest, convenience, and safety, are more important than the welfare of any one company. The question in my mind, however, is whether the public interest is being well served by the Federal Government agency that was set up twenty years ago to safeguard it. And the answer, in my opinion, is very definitely NO."

The airplane transportation industry, Mr. Patterson tells us, came out of the military flying done during World War I. Though the flying machine of thirty years ago was not a particularly reliable instrument, it was recognized as a potential advance in communications, and imaginative people in the industry saw in it the advance guard of a revision of the social habits of the world.

After the war, the United States Post Office began an airmail service under its own auspices, and did a very good job of it. Private entrepreneurs with an airplane or two secured airmail carrying contracts. Then, in 1926, Congress passed the Air Commerce Act which imposed upon the Secretary of Commerce the duty of building commercial aviation and establishing controls; and private companies became the sole carriers of mail and passengers.

Varney Air Lines (which eight years later merged with three others to form United) was one of four successful bidders awarded the first airmail transportation contracts in 1926. These companies were charged by the Department of Commerce with three specific objectives: first, development of the art of flying; second, to find a commercial application for it; and third, though they were being paid a substantial subsidy in Post Office contracts, it was understood that they were eventually to become self-sufficient.

With respect to the first of these objectives, Mr. Patterson tells me that United Air Lines started with five single-engine planes that cost \$16,000 each. They carried 400 pounds of mail and one passenger. In the first year the company's passenger revenue was \$1,000, and its airmail income was

\$360,000. Planes of that day travelled at 90 miles per hour. Today they travel at 360 miles an hour, and their technical, safety and flying performance has been so improved that the Government's obligation upon the company, to "improve the art of flying", has been well fulfilled.

I might interrupt here for a moment just to say that, in telling the story of United Air Lines at greater length than I do some of the others, I do so only to bring the reader up to date on the background of a typical company whose experience over the past thirty years, and whose present day problems in going into the jet age, are pretty much those of most of the major passenger transport airlines.

Now, with regard to the Commerce Department's specification Number 2, "to find a commercial application for flying", the revenue of United Air Lines for 1957 amounted to \$265,000,000—and so, quite apparently, this requirement has been met amply, too.

As for the third stipulation, that the airlines should make themselves self-sufficient, Mr. Patterson points out that under their original contract the airlines carried the mail in 1926 at \$10.60 per ton mile. Today they do so for 28 cents per ton mile, even though your letters and mine that go by airmail carry on their envelopes \$1.50 per ton mile in postage stamps. This, says Mr. Patterson, is certainly adequate proof of self-sufficiency.

Up until 1938 the airlines, generally, were regulated by the Post Office. The industry had mushroomed to proportions too great to continue to be handled adequately in that manner, and the Congress, in that year, enacted the Civil Aeronautics Act which created a Civil Aeronautics Board (CAB) to lay down rules and regulations for airways traffic control.

The Civil Aeronautics Act of 1938 additionally created the Civil Aeronautics Administration (CAA) as part of the Department of Commerce, under the jurisdiction of the Secretary of Commerce, which was to be responsible for the enforcement of airways rules and regulations and the operation of air traffic control centers, and whose responsibility it would be to require safe separation of aircraft in flight.

The CAB chairman, vice chairman, and its three members, are all appointed by the President of the United States, subject to confirmation by the Congress. Its members serve rotating terms. That is to say, each year the term of one member of the Board expires.

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the CAB, says Mr. Patterson, are quite sound. There is no rule or regulation under which the civilian airlines operate, established by the CAA, that is unreasonable. And they *seemed* to be satisfactory until the recent series of air collisions proved they were not.

The final answer to air safety control will have to be found in electronic devices which have not yet been developed. What is needed now is more effective controls with the tools we have.

NEITHER the military nor the airlines can be blamed for the collisions that should be preventable, says Mr. Patterson. The CAA knows where commercial airplanes are, and it assigns them altitudes and directs their traffic. The military do the same with their aircraft.

On May 28th of this year, the CAB promulgated a set of new rules aimed at the prevention of air collisions. The Board announced restricted routes, 40 miles wide, connecting New York and Washington with Los Angeles and San Francisco, between altitudes of 17,000 to 22,000 feet, the band in which almost all commercial and military flying is done. Under the new plan, Instrument Flight Rules will prevail at all times. Visual Flight Rules have applied until now in good weather. From now on, instrument flying will prevail, no matter what the weather. And no plane will be permitted by the CAA to enter this space unless it is equipped with instruments. The new rules call for each plane to be separated from the next by at least 1,000 feet in altitude, and by ten minutes flying time in horizontal distance. This is a constructive beginning. It is recognition of the fact that something must be done, say the civilian airline people, but it falls far short of being enough.

The military announced the day before, on May 27th, that all non-tactical jet flights would operate on ground control (instrument flight rules) if they were flying on established airways at altitudes below 20,000 feet. This would seem to coordinate, partially at least, the movement of military aircraft with that of civilian transports.

The trouble is that there is no connecting link with an enforcement authority upon both. There is no common system of controls of civilian and military aircraft. Authority and responsibility are divided instead of being consolidated. The CAB had the power to coordinate the services but it has not used its authority to do so. What is needed now, Mr. Patterson tells us, is new legislation to create a single agency to replace the authority of the CAB, and which would bring together under one roof, so to speak, the safety regulations now administered separately by the CAA and the military.

When the CAB was organized in 1938, says Mr. Patterson, the legisla-

tion that created it was sound, and very few modifications have been made in it in the twenty years it has been in effect. The bill charged the Board with two broad responsibilities: first, to develop and expand the business of civilian aviation; and, second, to develop a sound economic system for it.

Within a few years the infant aviation industry began to experience violent growing pains. People who had never flown a kite saw hidden bonanzas in the air. Pressures were applied to Congress, and Congressional pressures in turn were exerted upon the CAB for the licensing of more and more flying routes to more and more airlines. Multiple competition sprang into being without adequate regard to its economic consequences. Where one route existed, the CAB created two, sometimes three, and in some areas even four.

Because of pressures upon it from all sides, the CAB overemphasized its obligation No. 1, to develop and expand the business, at the expense of obligation No. 2, to develop a sound economic system for it. The result, claims Mr. Patterson, is that we have wasteful competition. And where growth would have been self-paying with reasonably limited competition (but not monopoly by any means), the public would be getting decreases in airplane passenger fares, instead of being asked, as they must be now, to pay increases.

THE wasteful competition generated by the CAB is exemplified by the experience of United Air Lines in its operations out of Denver, Colorado, charges Mr. Patterson. In 1937, United Air Lines started the first air service east and west from Denver. It was a modestly profitable enterprise, with a traffic growth accurately predicted at about 10 per cent a year. Then, suddenly, in one decision, the CAB established three additional carriers. Today United is doing 80 per cent of the total volume of business on the route. That about makes ends meet. The other 20 per cent, that it doesn't now have, used to provide the profit. The other three airlines which together have a total of only 20 per cent of the volume, are losing their shirts on it. The net result: all four are operating at an unprofitable level.

What needs to be done about it? The major airlines ask the CAB to declare a moratorium on route expansion. With the multi-million dollar investments to which they are committed for conversion to turbojets beginning next year, they call for a chance to show reasonable earnings now—say 12 per cent on capital investment—in order to attract the venture capital needed to amortize the tremendous loans they are making for their new jet equipment, and to hold down to a reasonable level the ratio of their indebtedness to their capi-

tal structure—in order to remain, in brief, reasonably solvent.

They ask an increase in passenger rates of 11 per cent in addition to the 6 per cent experimental increase allowed by CAB early this year. This would make a total of 17 per cent increase over the fares charged by the airlines in 1938. Though costs have soared enormously in the intervening twenty years, for flying equipment, ground installations, operations and maintenance, the airlines have not been allowed an increase in passenger fares until the approximately 6 per cent stop-gap rise in February of this year.

Increased costs were met with technological progress. But the point has now been reached where the one has caught up with the other, and the only way that the airlines can meet the jet age that will provide an entirely new concept in civilian flying, is through passenger fares adequate for that purpose.

United Air Lines indebtedness on April 30, 1958, for example, was \$93,570,000. This is a debt ratio of 42 per cent of its total capitalization of \$223,541,000. With the purchase of \$175,000,000 worth of jetliners over the next few years, this will bring the company's indebtedness up to a ratio of 60 per cent by 1962. This, declares Mr. Patterson, is the kind of situation that confronts every large airline. And, he adds, it is not a good or a healthy situation. The ratio of debt to capital should not exceed 40 percent, he says, and preferably it should be down slightly below 30 percent to be on the safe side. The only way this can be done, he contends, is through a two-fold ruling of the CAB: first, to bring a temporary halt to expanding competition on existing air routes; and, second, to put into effect immediately the additional 11 percent increase in passenger fare the airlines ask for.

If the airlines get what they need to make ends meet, they will be in sound condition by 1963 when they will be in complete jet operation on all long distance flights. If they do not get it, they say, something will have to give. It is a matter of simple arithmetic, they declare, to know that you can't keep on paying out more than you take in, and remain solvent. It's a question now of self-sufficiency or a return to subsidy. And none I have spoken to wants subsidy if it can be avoided.

The heads of two other transcontinental airlines whose views I sought were Donald W. Nyrop, President of Northwest Orient Airlines (on one of whose giant airliners I recently made a thoroughly enjoyable trip from New York to Taipei, Formosa, via Seattle, Alaska and Tokyo) and C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, whose planes fill the skies like silver birds from one corner of the nation to the other.

Northwest Orient Airlines has just placed initial orders for 21 jet engines

to be installed in about \$25,000,000 worth of turbojet airplanes, though no decision has yet been made whether they will be General Dynamics Convairs, Douglas DC-8's, or Boeing 707's.

Mr. Nyrop sees, in the change-over from piston to jet propulsion, far more than a speedier method of getting from one place to another with more convenience and comfort. "The airlines," he says, "are acting in the best spirit of free enterprise by having committed themselves to more than \$2,000,000,000 worth of new jet-powered aircraft, which will need an additional \$1,000,000,000 worth of new ground installations. "This is an investment," he says, "that will not only allow the United States airlines to maintain their supremacy. It is an investment that will spread out through the whole economy, creating new jobs, making new skills, and priming the sluggish pump of the American economy in the healthiest way—through providing funds."

Mr. C. R. Smith, President of American Airlines, adds one more specification to the need for a revised attitude on the part of the CAB toward the airlines. "In practical effect," he says, "the Civil Aeronautics Board approaches its rate regulatory functions as though it were dealing with a public utility of a monopolistic nature. At the same time it establishes the amount of competition in this industry, it treats the industry as though such competition did not exist."

Mr. Smith further points out that there is one more obligation placed upon the airlines that so far has not been mentioned: they must be prepared to provide military airlift in the event of a national emergency. This they have done in World War II, in the airlift to Berlin, and in the Korea war. And this, he says, they must continue to be in a position to do.

Recently, Mr. Smith points out, the Secretary of the United States Air Force told a Congressional committee that the Air Force would not buy jet passenger transports at this time because the Air Force expects to depend on the airlines to provide military airlift in the event of a national emergency. And this will reduce the number of airplanes the Air Force must pay for and maintain, because the civilian airlines will provide them, and the burden upon the taxpayer will be correspondingly reduced.

No discussion about flying, anywhere and by anyone, can be considered to have had a thorough airing without the views of the man whose name is synonymous with flying itself—Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, Chairman of the Board of Eastern Air Lines.

Eastern Air Lines, "Captain Eddie" tells us, has on order now for delivery in 1958 through 1961 a total of 78 turboprop and turbojet airplanes worth \$280,000,000, for its fleet expansion

program. This vast sum will be financed in the same manner as the jet commitments of the other airlines, by loans from the nation's great life insurance companies, and by syndicates of banks.

The money, however, will have to be paid back, with interest. How? It should come from additional capital investment attracted by reasonably good earnings. But this will be impossible, says Rickenbacker, unless the Civil Aeronautics Board adopts a more realistic attitude. "It is impossible to achieve fair and reasonable earnings," he says, "at less than 1938 fare levels and with increasing present day costs."

Captain Rickenbacker agrees with Mr. Patterson of United Air Lines, with less vehemence, perhaps, but with equal emphasis, that a moratorium should be declared on the CAB's "unrealistic and disastrous policy of imposing more and more traffic-diluting competition which," he says, "is benefiting no one, and is weakening the entire airline industry."

"In my opinion," says Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, "this factor of multiple competition—putting on three carriers where one existed before, or, for example, putting nine carriers on the route from New York to Washington—is the straw that is breaking the airline camel's back."

Starting out with the wonder of the jet flying age that lies in the immediate years ahead, we seem to have arrived at the conclusion that the doorway to it is only half open; and that, instead of advancing boldly and confidently into the brave new era that lies before us, we are stumbling forward into it over hurdles that could make us runners-up to the totalitarian power of the Soviet Union's "Aeroflot".

Aeroflot, spearheaded by the giant turbojet TU-104, which carries about 100 passengers and has a range of 2,200 nautical miles, and cruises at about 515 miles per hour, is already in service. It is the Kremlin's answer to the civilian transport service of the West. It is also, I need hardly add, the Kremlin's auxiliary to the Red Army's airforce.

We are reminded by the Air Transport Association, Washington, D. C., spokesmen for the major United States airlines, that no department of Communist competition with the West needs to worry about adequate financing or government restrictions. This is one area in the Red spider's nest in Moscow that can have all the prefabricated webbing it needs.

But how about ourselves? Where do we stand in this area of our competition with international Communism, in the fight for freedom against the pressures of slave labor and slave nations? Our greatest handicap, the ATA tells us, is the restrictive odds we face from our own side as we prepare to enter the jet age that should be just one easy step ahead of where we are now. ● ●

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Rod and Gun

(Continued from page 15)

and streams throughout the Sierra Nevada, Idaho and Wyoming, among others, obtained some of them, and still have California golden trout in some of their high lakes.

Now, as Al and I paused beside the little stream to tie the final hurried knots, we noticed that the bed of the brook itself was golden. It was not yellow and it was not tan. The pebbles over which the water flowed had the rich, mellow color of old gold. We speculated briefly whether this might be responsible for the color of the fish.

Every angler knows that the color of

trout varies to suit their environment. A trout caught from a deep, shaded portion of a stream will be dark; another of the same species, taken from an open, sunlit reach with a sandy bottom, will be pale. The inhabitants of Golden Trout Creek were probably of rainbow stock originally, but they had been isolated for thousands of years by impassable waterfalls. Those that drifted downstream to the Kern River could never return and, of course, rainbows from the Kern River could not reach this high tributary.

Our conversation was cut short by a

golden arrow in the water. It shot from beneath the cut bank on which we stood, raced upstream through a shallow riffle, sliced across a pool and disappeared in the black shadow beneath another bank, 15 feet away. A trout!

Al retreated from the stream to avoid scaring more, made a wide loop and approached it again 50 yards away. I dropped my fly on the pool where the startled fish had vanished. I didn't expect him to strike, of course, but I thought that another might. It did not. I made several more casts in vain, then walked upstream a few yards and cast to the next pool.

Even before my line touched the water, I saw blurred, golden forms dart for the shelter of another undercut, grass-hung bank. I felt sure that they had not seen either me or my rod because I was directly downstream. They must have seen my line in the air. Perhaps its shadow passed over them. Whatever the cause of their alarm might be, it was obvious that these trout were as wild as eagles and as alert as antelope.

I approached the next pool on hands and knees. Reeling in until only a yard of leader extended beyond the rod tip, I cautiously lowered my fly to the unseen water. There was a splash behind the grassy bank. The rod dipped quickly and sprang back. I struck. I might as well have waited a week.

Again and again, I was too slow. At last, there were no more foolish trout. I stalked the next pool and here, with a new technique of beginning to raise my rod an instant after the fly touched the water. I was successful. I lifted a dancing jewel up over the bank and dropped it on the grass. It was a golden trout, about seven inches long.

HE was the loveliest thing I have ever seen. His back was olive, dusted with sapphire. His sides were the purest gold, each overlaid with nine purple blotches, or parr marks, and over them was a shaded stripe of red. Dark, rounded spots, large and numerous toward his tail, came forward only along his back. His belly was bright, living orange. His pectoral fins were spotless, coppery gold; ventrals, the same color, edged with white. His anal fin was deep rose, with black edge and clear white tip. His heavily spotted dorsal fin and tail shared the olive of his back, though the lower corner of the tail bore a blaze of gold.

I killed him and was ashamed. Then I photographed him on a bed of wild flowers and the mountain grass.

All of the fish in Golden Trout Creek were small, though there were thousands of them, wild and shy and quick, and we caught some more and turned

FREEDOM'S FACTS

SOVIET TRADE OFFENSIVES

ECONOMIC INFILTRATION is one of the deadliest weapons in the communist arsenal; and its purpose is not merely economic, but dangerously political, as is shown by this month's excerpt from Freedom's Facts—a monthly publication of the All-American Conference to Combat Communism. Consisting of fifty national organizations, including the B.P.O.E., the Conference publishes these timely warnings to help fight the communist threat.

Americans who trade in international markets are finding business is tougher today because of Communist competition. Within the past two months there have been reports that:

1—Communist countries have been dumping raw aluminum and some ferro-alloys used in steel making on the British market at prices well under those of Canadian or U. S. companies;

2—Communists have been using rigged barter deals to buy up Turkish tobacco at prices much higher than American firms can afford to pay; they later sell the tobacco to U. S. dealers in exchange for U. S. dollars;

3—Russian wheat has been moving into Brazil via Finland at prices lower than those at which Brazil could buy the wheat from nearby Argentina;

4—Argentina, meanwhile, has been signing trade deals with Communist countries; and on March 7, the Argentine Minister of Commerce and Industry stated that he wished also to secure

technical and economic assistance from Russia.

This burst of Communist trade activity has caught many American businessmen by surprise. Yet, the Soviet trade offensive really began in earnest in the fall of 1953. Freedom's Facts reported in its March 1954 issue that the Communists were "judging every trade deal, no matter how small, on the basis of whether it will make the Communist Empire stronger or whether it will make the free world weaker."

This bulletin also reported that political ends were even more important than the economic ends of driving Western business out of world markets. *Pravda* (May 24, 1953) pointed up the relationship between politics and trade in commenting on a plea by Britain's Clement Attlee in favor of giving Red China a seat in the UN by stating: "Of course, this statement is not based on Attlee's sympathy for communism . . . but on the real economic interests of England, which are, as is known, the basis of her political interests."

Over the past five years Communist productive abilities have increased tremendously. Now Reds are undercutting prices of Western companies to drive them out of foreign markets. They are offering lower rates of interest for credit on Communist sales to boost sales at American expense.

Apparently, what the Reds can not get with propaganda, diplomacy, espionage, or subversion, they are now trying to gain through trade.



them loose. But we did not catch one that was a full eight inches long.

We fished Rock Creek, over the ridge. It, too, flows down to the Kern from the southwestern slopes of Mt. Whitney. It had the same golden bottom and was somewhat larger, and the goldens in it were bigger. Many of them were eight inches long; some a little better. They were just as quick and shy, however, and fully as beautiful.

There was a nice spot to camp where the trail crossed Rock Creek, and considerable evidence of other anglers stopping there before. There weren't so many trout, either, but a mile downstream the brook was loaded.

As I approached one sunlit pool, I decided to take a picture of myself fishing. I stalked it and laid my rod down on the grass. Then I crept back and put my camera on the tripod, framing the scene carefully.

This camera has a self-timer. You trip the release and after a delay of ten seconds it automatically takes the picture. I got everything ready, pushed the jigger, and hurried to my rod. I picked it up, dropped the fly in the water—and by the time the shutter clicked a trout was hooked and already in the air!

Unlike Golden Trout Creek, Rock Creek was bordered by trees. It was cool and inviting, a delightful spot to fish. Except for being larger, however, the trout were no different. They even took the same flies—and that meant any flies at all. It didn't matter what we tied on, the trout took it. I suppose we might have used landlocked salmon streamers and maybe they would have been too big for these little trout, but any standard pattern, wet or dry, six or sixteen, was exactly what they wanted.

It was a different story in the lakes we fished, farther north. The trout in little brooks are nearly always hungry. Unless a lake is overstocked, however, the fish in it have more food. They get bigger. They're fatter, and sometimes they aren't hungry. They may feed selectively—taking only one particular insect—or they may not feed at all. Sometimes they feed only at one particular water level or in one small area in a large lake.

It was like that at Wallace Lake. Al and I walked all around the shore, prospecting. We didn't see anything but small trout, or rises that appeared to be made by small ones, and our occasional tentative casts found only a rare six-incher. But Wallace Lake was supposed to have big ones, and we stuck with it.

Al took the fly reel off his rod and replaced it with an enclosed spinning reel. He tied a wobbling metal lure to the monofilament line and cast it far out into the lake. He let it sink a long time, and then started to retrieve it slowly. He hooked and landed a fifteen-inch golden.

This trout was far larger than the

goldens in Rock Creek, but it was not nearly so pretty. It had lost its lovely parr marks, the gold from sides and fins, and its orange belly. It was mostly a lurid red. I suppose it may have been a rainbow-golden hybrid—the two do cross—although none of the goldens I have caught in lakes was so beautiful as those from the small streams on the southern slopes of Mt. Whitney.

At any rate, this first trout gave us a clue. I put on a deep-sinking fly line and made a long cast with a small nymph. After letting the line go 'way down, I began to retrieve it with alternate pulls and pauses. A good trout struck.

All of the trout we caught in Wallace Lake were both deep and far out. They were all good fish—I think they must have averaged a pound—and all of them were similar in appearance to the first that Al caught.

WE kept several to eat, and discovered that their flesh was fiery red—redder, if possible, than their barn-red sides. This led to an investigation of their stomachs. They were gorged with copepods, minute, red crustaceans that thrive in many high-altitude lakes.

This food, of course, accounted for both the spot in which we'd found them and their red flesh. They were feeding where the copepods were most abundant, and that was in deep water. Their red color, as would be expected, came from their red diet.

This food must be one of the very best. All of the trout we caught were in perfect condition. They were so fat, in fact, that the red oil drained out of their flesh as we fried them and colored the grease in the skillet. And they were delicious.

We wandered in the southern Sierra Nevada for a week, thrilling daily to the challenge of new streams or lake, hourly to the breath-taking beauty of a new view. It would be easy to spend a summer. These mountains, the greatest single-block range in the United States, are 430 miles long and vary from 40 to 80 miles in width. There are 188 peaks higher than 12,000 feet.

Parts of it, above timberline, which is about 11,000 feet, are bleak and desolate, a world consisting solely of the bluest sky you ever saw and glaring granite. There are snow banks that never melt. But there are also inviting meadows and friendly, tree-lined dells where flowers bloom in August along the little streams, and shy deer watch you from their banks.

Nature was in a lavish mood when she came to California. Our second largest state, both in area and population, was uniquely blessed. She has the highest mountain, the lowest valley, the biggest trees, a lovely coastline, a delightful climate, fertile farm land, and an abundance of other resources.

Nature also gave her golden trout. • •

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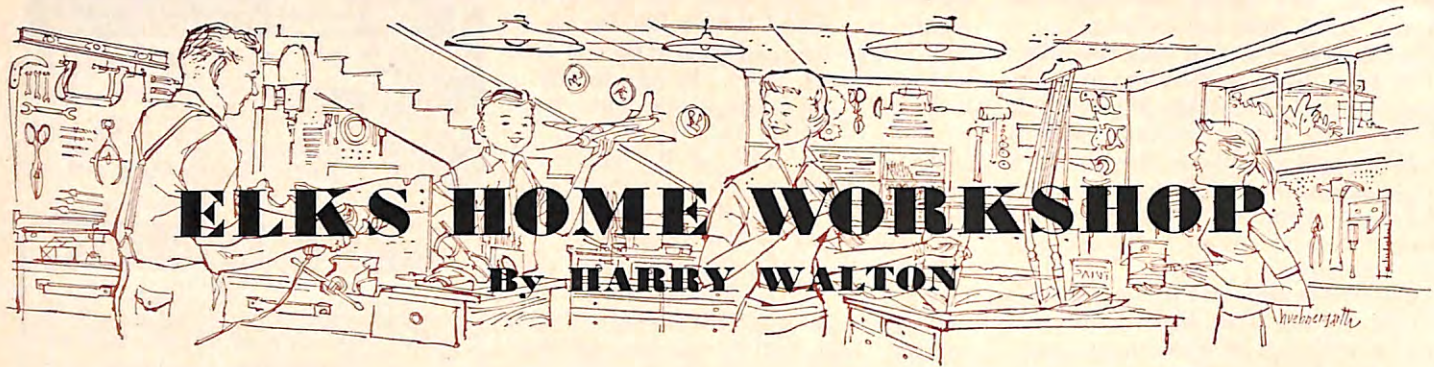
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How to Create Paved Surfaces in Your Garden

A TERRACE or patio can add an outdoor living room to your home, a spot to enjoy open-air dining and entertain friends outside the confines of four walls. Hard-surfaced walks will enable you to wander in the garden, work or pick flowers even right after a rain without spoiling good shoes or tracking mud into the house.

It may be, too, that a strategically placed paved area will make it possible to unload your car or go from house to garage in bad weather without stepping into mud. Or you may want to lay a walk to landscape the garden or serve as a border between the lawn and flower beds.

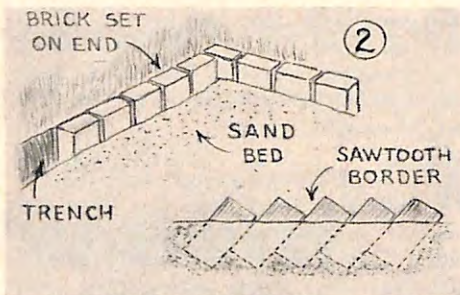
PAVING can be done in a number of ways, some of them quite easy. There is also a wide choice of materials, ranging from solid concrete to wood. This makes it possible to blend paved areas with almost any terrain to create the effect you want.



THE EASIEST WAY to form a hard surface is to bed paving units on a layer of sand. For this you don't even have to mix mortar, and you can build a terrace in one week-end in time to have Sunday night supper on it. The drawbacks to this method are that grass may tend to come up between the paving blocks, and winter freezes may heave them out of alignment.

Neither is serious, for grass can be eliminated with weed killer or minimized by butting the units closely together. Pieces tilted askew by frost can be raised when mild weather comes, the sand beneath leveled, and the paving replaced.

MARK OUT THE AREA with string tied to stakes at the corners. Then cut away and lay aside the sod, using a spade. Dig in at a flat angle and no deeper than necessary, so as to leave the soil beneath firm. Excavate to a depth



of 2 inches for the sand base, plus the thickness of the paving material (1 inch for flagstones, 2 inches for brick, for example). This should bring the finished surface flush with the surrounding grade (Figure 1).

Pitch or slant the entire subsurface just a little (about $\frac{1}{4}$ inch for every foot) in whatever direction you prefer rainwater to drain off it. Usually this will be away from the house or garage, toward a street or driveway.

Where the water table is high—that is, if the soil is poorly drained so that it stays damp or oozes water—the paving area should be dug deeper. Spread a sublayer of gravel 3 inches deep, tamping it firm. Put the sand base over this. Better still, use 6 inches of gravel and build the paving an inch or two above grade.



Tamping the sand base insures a firm bed and reduces shifting of paving units.

ON SLOPING GROUND you will have to excavate the area more deeply at one end than at the other, and perhaps fill in the low end. This may call for a border to contain the fill.

Borders can be made of 1-inch wood

boards, old railroad ties (massive, but pleasing in some settings), bricks, or 4-by-8 inch concrete blocks. Dig a trench along your marking lines deep enough to bring the top of the border to the desired height of the paving. Set in and align the border units, digging deeper beneath any that are high, or tamping more soil under any that rest low. Figure 2 shows two ways to lay brick borders.

Since wood borders are in contact with the ground, such rot-resistant woods as cypress and redwood are best. Others should be treated with preservative. Zinc naphthenate is one that is harmless to grass and shrubbery; pentachlorophenol is effective in preserving wood but kills vegetation.

Board edging can be held upright with stakes, sunk deeply enough so that the sand will cover them. For curved borders, make saw cuts across the board one third to halfway through at intervals. Bend the wood with the saw cuts inside the curve as in Figure 3 and use stakes—on both sides if necessary—to hold it in position.

FOR A FIRM BED that will keep the paving well aligned, the sand base must be well tamped or compacted. Rake it to a uniform depth and pound it down well all over. (One of the photographs shows a simple, homemade wooden tamper.) If the sand is dry, it may be soaked with a sprinkler to help settle it. Then it is ready for the paving.

TAKE YOUR PICK of paving materials by shopping local building-supply dealers. Rectangular-cut flagstones are ideal in many respects. They are large and therefore less work to lay than small units, quick-drying after rain, and can be set close together to keep joints small. But they are also costly, heavy and easily broken.

For bedding on sand, flagstones must be at least an inch thick—heavier is even better. You can use more than one size for a pleasing random effect. Experts draw a plan to scale beforehand, numbering each stone. If you get different sizes and start to lay them haphazardly, the job may turn into a jigsaw puzzle.

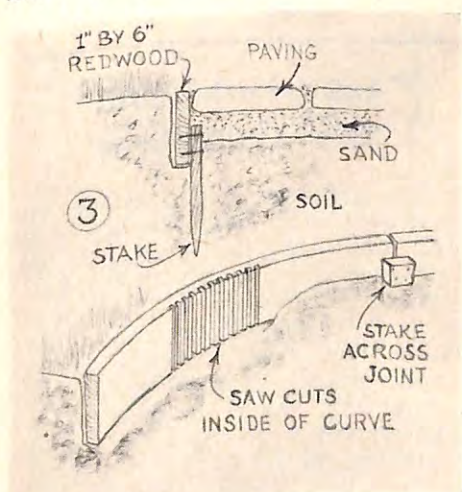
Irregular flagstones, on the other

hand, make an attractive informal pattern. They are cheaper but require some extra care in fitting and you may have to trim grass that comes up in the wide joints such stones require.

Concrete slabs and patio tile are both available in colors. You can place them in a checkerboard two-tone effect or in a random arrangement of several colors. Brick is excellent paving that can be laid several ways—in straight rows, staggered as in walls, in herringbone patterns, or in combinations of these. It is best to avoid patterns that require cutting brick.

Although new brick is costly, you can save by using second-hand brick or by mixing new and old. A pleasing variation is to lay brick in squared-off sections bounded by redwood two-by-fours or cast concrete strips. These are laid on the sand bed and the bricks are set inside them on more sand as shown in Figure 4.

Another and novel kind of paving is sawed from wood. Sections of log or square blocks cut from timbers, about 2 inches thick, are laid on sand or gravel. If you have access to a chain saw and a pile of old railroad ties you can cut your paving at low cost—the ties are already creosoted and need no more preservative. However, wood becomes coated with moss in damp, shady locations and it may crack in very dry or hot weather.



TO LAY THE PAVING, place each unit in position and slide it about under the pressure of your hands to bed it down in the sand. If it is too low, raise it and tamp more sand beneath it. As you finish each row of small units such as tile or brick, put a two-by-four on top and tamp down on the wood with a heavy hammer. Do not hammer directly on the paving.

Finally, sift dry sand over the paving and sweep it into the joints with an old broom. Wet the joints and brush in more sand until they are full. That completes the job.

Provided you live in an area where frost is no problem, or use a deep sub-base of gravel to minimize freeze dam-



Rectangular flagstones are easy to lay. Remove sand or tamp more under them as needed to align the joints. Block border retains sand bed above level of lawn here.

age, you can bind stones or bricks together with mortar even after they are laid. Mix two parts of dry sand with one of Portland cement and sweep this into the joints. (For a color accent, you can add dry mineral color to the mix.) Sprinkle with a fine spray, repeating several times at 20-minute intervals and adding more mortar mix if it sinks into the joints.

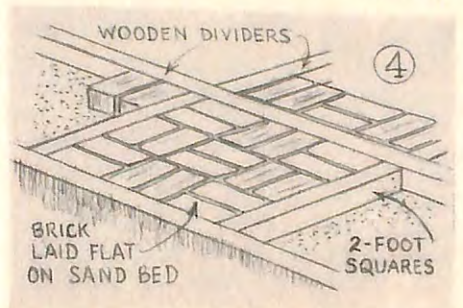
LOOSE AGGREGATE can be used instead of solid paving if the area is fairly level. This of course requires no careful fitting, but it may call for frequent raking. Even this may be reduced to a minimum by using dividers as in Figure 4, but held with 18-inch stakes. Pour a 3-inch layer of crushed rock or marble chips inside and tamp it flush with the top of the dividers.

Walks can be made the same way with brick or wood borders and gravel or cinders inside them.

CAST YOUR OWN STONES out of concrete if you want round, triangular or oddly shaped ones. An iron tire from a wagon wheel or a hoop from a barrel may serve as a form for round stepping stones. Straight-sided forms are easily made from one-by-three lumber. Figure 5 shows a form for casting several stones at once. Make your forms so that they can be taken apart if necessary (with wood screws, not nails). Coat the wood with old crankcase oil before pouring concrete.

In well-drained soil you can cast stones directly in the ground. Cut out the desired shape, removing all loose soil to leave a firm base, and pour in concrete.

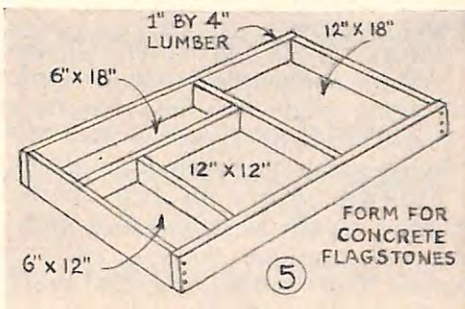
A recommended concrete for flag-



stones and walks is made by first mixing dry 1 sack of cement and 2½ cubic feet of sand until streaks disappear in a uniform gray color. Add 3 cubic feet of 1-inch pebbles and mix further. (For smaller quantities, measure in bucketfuls.)

Now, if the ingredients are at all moist, add no more than 5 gallons of water to a batch of 6½ cubic feet. If the sand and pebbles are bone dry, add 6 gallons. Mix until every pebble is well coated with moist cement.

Pour into the form and level the concrete with a board placed across the form and drawn over the mix with a back-and-forth sawing motion. Trowel lightly to bring moist concrete to the top for smoothness, or brush lightly with a broom for a grainy, nonskid surface.



WALKS cast from this mix should be 4 inches thick. Stake two-by-fours down with their top edges at grade level, sloping the walk surface slightly for drainage. On well-drained ground concrete can be poured directly over tamped soil, but in wet locations it should have a 6-inch gravel base underneath it.

Cast walks in sections four or five feet long to allow for contraction and expansion, which would otherwise crack the concrete. Fill the gaps with sand or tarred felt. Use such joints where two walks cross each other or where one is cast between a curb and a wall or building.

CURE CAST CONCRETE by covering it with canvas, burlap or reinforced paper that is kept damp. Premature drying renders concrete weak. Keep it moist for several days before putting the walk into use.

ELKS WORKSHOP TIP

ANY rag or cloth used to wipe up paint, varnish or linseed oil should be promptly disposed of outside the house. Cloth impregnated with these substances may catch fire spontaneously, especially if it is stuffed into a drawer or thrown into a waste container and covered with trash, sawdust or other material.

An Expectation Realized

Few men have come to the Grand Exalted Rulership as well prepared, naturally and by experience, as our retiring Grand Exalted Ruler Hobert L. Blackledge.

Judge John W. Delehant of the United States District Court and Past Exalted Ruler of Beatrice Lodge No. 619, in nominating Brother Blackledge, said:

"Persuaded of his high capacity and long training for such leadership and unswervingly confident of its results, the lodges of the jurisdiction of Nebraska proudly join in presenting him as Grand Exalted Ruler for the coming year."

Seconding his nomination, Governor Anderson said:

"Hobe' will preside over our Order in a manner that will bring credit and honor to the membership."

These Brothers knew whereof they spoke.

In accepting the nomination, Brother Blackledge said:

"I pledge to you my best efforts and my complete devotion to the trust imposed upon me and if each of you will continue the fine spirit of enthusiasm evidenced here then together we are going to make this Elkdom's finest year."

He has kept that pledge. His messages to the officers and members of the subordinate lodges have been purposeful, forceful and inspiring.

Such evidence as is available indicates that they have been most effective.

His definite program of indoctrination, his suggestion that the facilities as well as the purposes and practices of the subordinate lodges be made known to the citizens of their local communities, his appeals for support for programs of a beneficent character, particularly that of the Elks National Foundation, and the Order's commitment to the aid of our youth, all have met a hearty response from our membership, with lasting results.

It is difficult to conceive of any man meeting the responsibilities of the Grand Exalted Rulership with a deeper spirit of dedication thereto and giving them a larger percentage of his time and effort.

It is hard to visualize a Grand Exalted Ruler sounder in judgment and at the same time more responsive to the appeals made to him by State Associations, lodges and Elks, all requiring much travel on his part.

He was fortunate in that Mrs. Blackledge, charming and brilliant and experienced in public life as one nationally active in the Daughters of the American Revolution, could accompany him on many of his visits, making them more enjoyable for him and for the local Elks participating.

American Boys Look to the Elks

Grand Exalted Ruler Blackledge recently received from Arthur A. Schuck, Chief Scout Executive of the Boy Scouts of America, a report that will give every Elk a new pride in his Order. Mr. Schuck informed the Grand Exalted Ruler that, as of December 31, 1957, the number of Scout units—Cubs, Scouts and Explorers—sponsored by Elk lodges totaled 720. The number of Scout units sponsored by Elk lodges in relation to the total number of lodges gives the Order a percentage of 39.8, highest of all fraternal organizations.

Leading the Order is the Canal Zone, whose two lodges sponsor three Scout units for a percentage of 150. Next is California, whose 137 lodges sponsor 162 units for a percentage of 118.2. In third place is Rhode Island, whose eight lodges sponsor nine units for a percentage of 112.5. Delaware and Hawaii, each with two lodges and two units for 100 percent, conclude the list of states or territories with 100 percent or better.

Our boy crop is growing at a tremendous rate, which means that there must be a lot more Cub Packs, Scout Troops and Explorer Posts organized to help those boys to develop in manliness and self-reliance, and the love for God

and for country. Scouting does that and it does it well. Happily, Elkdom is rising to this challenge. Last year, the number of Scout units sponsored by Elk lodges rose by 37. Not a large number, true, but the trend is in the right direction. California led all the states with a net gain of 17 units, followed by Texas with eight, Indiana five, Arizona four, and Wisconsin, Oklahoma and New Jersey three each. States that showed the greatest improvement were South Dakota which moved from 50th to 33rd place; Delaware from 19th to fourth; Arizona from 14th to 8th, and Wisconsin from 31st to 25th.

The pride that this achievement of our Order gives us will be justified only if it serves as an incentive to do the real job that we are capable of doing. There are some lodges that sponsor two and three Scout units. There are hundreds of lodges that sponsor none. Today, more than 30,000 boys are the beneficiaries of our partnership with Scouting. They are members of the units that are sponsored by our lodges. We easily can double and triple that number. Thousands of American boys—and there will be more thousands tomorrow—are looking to the Elks for a helping hand. What shall we do, let them down or do as Grand Exalted Ruler Blackledge urges, and grasp the Opportunity?

"And a Little Child Shall Lead Them"

Thus spoke the Prophet Isaiah supplementing his prophecy that "The Wolf shall dwell with the Lamb and the Leopard shall lie down with the Kid."

Perhaps the prophecy was responsible for the development in the mind of Mrs. Ira J. Heller that "Today's friendship among children is tomorrow's peace among men", which resulted in her establishment of the "Share Your Birthday Foundation."

This is the children-to-children movement in which American children are encouraged to give some of their birthday presents to the less privileged children of various lands.

Since 1954 Mrs. Heller has been active in directing campaigns for the benefit of children in war-torn nations. She has succeeded in getting the movement implemented through local committees functioning as Foundation chapters under the supervision of local Boards of Education.

City Committees and Boards of Education have conducted programs in Greater New York City, Philadelphia, Allentown and San Francisco.

Appropriately, the Share Your Birthday Foundation headquarters is in Philadelphia, the City of Brotherly Love.



"FRATERNITY"

by Edwin H. Blashfield

One of the murals in the Elks National Memorial Bldg., Chicago

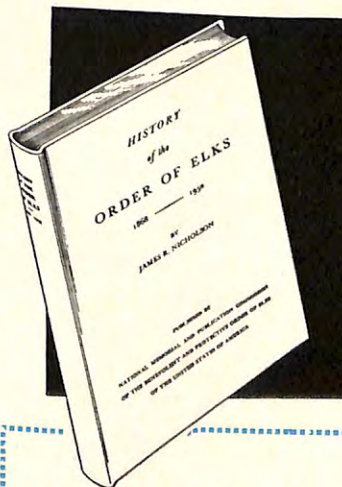
SOME HIGHLIGHTS FROM THE HISTORY

- Birth of The Jolly Corks, with an excerpt from "Origin of the Order" by William T. Phillips
 - The Vivian Controversy—some very human foibles and a difference of opinion about who founded the Order
 - The Elks and the Theater—early association with the entertainment profession
- Eleven O'Clock Toast—how this moving tradition originated
 - The Order's first participation in national disaster relief—beginning of beneficent activities
- Origin of The Emblem and Official Color
- The Elks National Home in Bedford, Va.
 - History of the State Associations The Order and American Youth Elks War Relief (World Wars I and II)
- Elks National Service Commission—its founding and development
- The Fight against Communism
 - National Headquarters and Memorial Building in Chicago, Ill.
 - The Elks Magazine and its forerunners
 - Elks National Foundation—how it came into being and its role today



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