Misery loves music. Down all the days of man's sorrows, he has set to melody the afflictions life visits upon him.

On the fire wall doubling as a screen for the slide projector there appears the picture of a Dahomean native, big as life and holding what seems to be a bell without a clapper.

Up over a dress shop in the drawling little city of Carbondale, Ill., Bucky Fuller's men are taking inventory of the world.

"Shake the hand that shook the hand!" It became the byword of a brotherhood, this cry -- the greeting of a glad-handing group of U.S. fight fans and saloon stalwarts whose hero was John L. Sullivan, heavyweight boxing champion of the world in the late 19th century.

First, you cross a cattle stampede with a horse race. For flavor, toss in Saturday night in a frontier town. Then lean back and enjoy.

It is strong country.

Intrepid as a covey of nuns on motor scooters, the Rotarians of Limerick-Shannon beguilingly go their generous way.

Among the softly green hills of northern Wales is Llangollen, a town of 3,000 beside the wandering River Dee.

Bright banners in the sky tell the story. This hard blue sky of Colorado is so clear that jet contrails hang like streamers of greeting for Rotarians and their guests.
The camera-made lawmen of the old West are too much with us. Dazzled by tin stars and the metallic blur of the quick draw, we forget that white man's law also came west wearing a frock coat and a plug hat.

Ferries have me in their spell. I cherish them as one of the nobler features of the Puget Sound world, and this is a love song to ferries as one of the last leisurely and pleasant ways to get anywhere.

Seattle is a city upon a hill. So is Galena, Ill.

Once upon a Christmas week, the snow turned blue all around the home of Wilbur, the Christmas tree seller. Not a beautiful blue like mountain sky, but an angry blue like spilled ink.

The fires of summer have flared in the North Cascades probably since the first patch of trees appeared on those high slopes.

Sounds stroll past my study window. As much as my giddy bluebells along the front walk and the sunshine giving the lawn unneeded encouragement, the sounds bring me summer.

When I was an undergraduate a hundred thousand years ago, several acres of lawn graced the expanse in front of the library of the university I attended.

It looks like something Mary Poppins would ride to a Sousa concert.
"The everyday-ness of raising a child takes care of that," Pat Ford said. "When you spend the day changing diapers, kissing bruises, wiping noses -- well, how often does it enter your mind that you're wiping a mixed race nose?"

"The University of a Thousand Years," a grillwork sentence once proclaimed above the door of the administration building at the University of Washington in Seattle.

"This is the university of a thousand holes," mocks a scrawl chalked on a fence surrounding an enormous excavation, just yards from the same building.

He spent the day chopping and hauling wood, young William C. Cummings told his diary on January 7, 1868, and then took his relaxation: "... went up to a Temperance meeting this evening at the Methodists."

One dusk I squinted across the land where I was growing up and saw that the prairie is a seascape.

Francis Lufkin did not see anything odd about jumping out of an airplane his first time up in one. He still doesn't.

The ladies were not to be denied. On August 26, 1920, the 19th Amendment to the U.S. Constitution was ratified, and women at last received the right to vote.
David Wing studies Diane Hayes.
She juts her elbows out and back, her hands near her hips.
He does the same. She bends her knees wide and starts a low strut.
So does David.
And while the big beat of the music is pounding through them,
they grin to each other.

The music lovers of Moscow loved Van Cliburn.

In summer the room is a mess hall. The three dozen young men
who file in each mealtime remind you of a football team -- but a
team without huge men, a team where everyone looks like a halfback.

About a year ago, a brave little group of adults in Seattle
began trying to learn the latest dances.
No, Uncle Mortimer, not the schottische.

The snowfall in the Stevens Pass area was fantastic, that
February sixty years ago. The two trains high up the mountain
side looked like toys dropped in a snowdrift.

Jumping into trouble has been a way of life for Francis B.
Lufkin, a member of the board of directors of the Kiwanis Club
of Winthrop, Washington.

Warren Gamaliel Harding was quite possibly the only American
President who could look dignified while somebody handed him a fish.
The year 1911 scattered a few milestones through the history of transportation.

Lost worlds long have intrigued us.

A writer who had worked for a major news magazine once looked back on those days in an article with the zingy title, "There Are 20 Trees in Russia."

The shortest distance between two points need not be a straight line. Rather, it is any route, direct, circuitous, or zigzag, stretching from one city where sale of goods is governed by a certain set of taxes and regulations to another city with a different set of taxes and regulations.

For the time being, the Methow Valley drowses as a long pocket of ranch life and a few tiny towns.

Just for the time being.

A poetic thread runs through each of us, whether or not we have the talent to stitch something memorable from it.

Do you remember them? Every week when the Saturday Evening Post showed up in our mailbox like a plump dowager wedged in a broom closet, I thumbed through to that page first.
When the war ended...

Civilization began edging in on Green Lake just a century ago. Around 1870, a settler known as Green Lake John built a cabin near the lake. In 1876, neighbors homesteaded nearby. Progress was accelerating.

Back when men were first starting to send words through spans of wire, Henry David Thoreau as usual looked closely and foresaw clearly. This gadget called the telegraph might be all right, he conceded in 1854, and perhaps even the giddy plans to web the United States together with telegraph lines from Maine to Texas were acceptable; "but Maine and Texas, it may be, have nothing important to communicate."

The wind is fretting the storm warning flag as a giant would rub a little girl's kerchief between his fingers. We huddle for a moment near the sheltered side of the New Dungeness lighthouse, shivering even there, and watch the faded red pennant snapping itself to tatters.

Families have always come in a variety of sizes. More and more, they're coming in a variety of colors and cultural patterns as well.

From his hillside, the boy looked across at the thin quick fountains of light in the night sky, the fireworks flaring high and then vanishing an instant too quickly as fireworks always do, even against a boy's wishes.
Pasadena Mini-Con

by Dick House

All the factors were there to make it a mini-WWA conference as many of the Southern California WWA contingent gathered Saturday, October 10, for an informal luncheon at Pasadena’s landmark Huntington-Sheraton Hotel.

The get-together of 21 WWA members, including some spouses and guests, was the inspiration of Western publisher Don Duke of San Marino. Duke not only engineered the event, but all but single-handedly pulled it off.

The Southern California crew that turned out boasted one charter member and past president, Tommy Thompson (1957-58 and 1966-67).

Other past presidents sitting down to a steak, baked beans, salad and apple pie lunch were Brian Garfield (1967-68) and Paul Bailey (1979-80).

Rounding out the list were Katherine Ainsworth, Henry Allen, Garo and Margaret Armen, Phil and Karoline Ault, Jim Bellah, Colette Burns, Cal and Agnes Clements, Peter and Muriel Germano, Ormly Gumfudigin, Dick House, Gary McCarthy, Don and Dagmar Moore, Jeff Nathan, Jack and Midge Sherwood, June Thompson (Tommy’s better half), John and Jane Toombs, and Nelson and Shirley Wolford.

Vi Russell, along with Garfield, was on hand to represent Bill Cox, briefly detained in the hospital the weekend of the gathering.

Of 43 members in the Southern California area, most had responded favorably to Duke’s call to assembly; many had prior commitments for this one.

Response to Duke’s questionnaire brought a letter from Niki Reese that her husband, WWA active John Reese had passed away August 15, in Santa Maria.

“He has a book yet to be published by Doubleday this fall, and left a partially completed manuscript,” Mrs. Reese wrote. “But most, he left a huge void in the hearts of his friends and family. John left seven children, many friends, 43 books, hundreds of short stories — and priceless legacy of courage and independence.”

With Duke consenting to continue as ex-officio chairman, the group consensus was that quarterly meetings on a Saturday would be supported, and that moving the meetings around Southern California’s better bearejos would spread around the hardship of long-distance travel.

Speeches were held to a minimum. The group heard from Thompson who “nostalgized” a bit and commented that regional WWA get-togethers had been successfully held in the past.

Both Thompson and Bailey applauded Duke’s initiative in getting this kind of event off the ground. Bailey also took a moment to praise Roundup; “It’s like it used to be,” Paul commented. “It’s come back to life again. We have a real publication!”

A small sideline caucus of SoCal WWA black-powder buffs such as McCarthy (recently moved from San Diego to Ojai), Moore, Gumfudigin and House are planning an interim meeting to test shootin’ eyes in the High Lonesome. ⭐

Bundy’s New Address

The postal folks out in Victor, Montana, have changed our Secretary-Treasurer’s address, so please make note of this new one:

Rex Bundy
Secretary-Treasurer, WWA
1052 Meridian Rd
Victor, Montana 59875 ⭐
Just for Openers...

12 Famous First Western Lines

Following are the opening lines of some famous Westerns. Name the book and author. (Two clues: the selections range in age from 1902 to 1978 and there is one short story amongst them.)

1) He rode into our valley in the summer of '89. I was a kid then, barely topping the backboard of father's old chuck-wagon.

2) A sharp clip-clop of iron-shod hooves deadened and died away, and clouds of yellow dust drifted from under the cottonwoods out over the sage.

3) In later years people often asked Hugh Hitchcock about the Canadian River cowboy strike of 1883.

4) Some notable sight was drawing the passengers, both men and women, to the window; and therefore I rose and crossed the car to see what it was. I saw near the track an enclosure, and round it some laughing men, and inside it some whirling dust, and amid the dust some horses, plunging, huddling, and dodging.

5) He was a young man of good family, as the phrase went in the New England of a hundred-odd years ago, and the reasons for his bitter discontent were unclear, even to himself.

6) They have asked me to set it all down for a book and I am pleased they still want to know about the old things. I mean to set down an account of it as straight as I can but you have to keep in mind that I used to have something of a reputation as a liar.

7) He rolled the cigarette in his lips, liking the taste of the tobacco, squinting his eyes against the sun glare. His buckskin shirt, seasoned by sun, rain, and sweat, smelled stale and old. His jeans had long since faded to a neutral color that lost itself against the desert.

8) Even to a high-flying bird this was a country to be passed over quickly. It was burned and brown, littered with fragments of rock, whether vast or small, as if the refuse were tossed here after the making of the world.

9) The town had a name but no shape, no street, no core. It was simply five buildings, flung without thought upon the dusty prairie at the eastern edge of Dakota, and these stood gaunt and hard-angled against the last of day's streaming sunlight.

10) Gill and I crossed the eastern divide about two by the sun. We pulled up for a look at the little town in the big valley and the mountains on the other side, with the crest of the Sierra showing faintly beyond like the rim of a day moon.

11) I remember the day as though it were but one or two suns gone. It had been an early spring. The weather in mid-April was already warm as late May. I was on the hillside above the village tending my father's horses when Itsiïyi, Coyote, the friend of my heart in those boyhood times, came racing up from the lodges below.

12) I am a white man and never forgot it, but I was brought up by the Cheyenne Indians from the age of ten.

(answers on page 26)
companions headed for the mountains of Colorado in search of gold. Weeks later Packer—alone—wandered into the Los Pinos Indian Agency near Saguache. His companions were dead.

The author, a one-time New Jersey judge, has carefully researched the story of Packer as is evident by the extensive notes and bibliography. The book includes 80 historic photographs including pictures of documents relating to the Packer story. The book is fascinating, and must reading for anyone who has ever heard the tale of Alferd Packer.

Til next time, good reading! ☆

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**Bookmarks:**
**Western Fiction**

by Judy Alter

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As most WWA members know by now, Jeanne Williams has done it again with *Harvest of Fury* (Pocket Books, $2.95), second in her saga of Arizona history. This one picks up nicely where *The Valiant Women*, winner of the 1980 fiction Spur award, left off and Williams is skillful at weaving in the characters and action of the previous volume so that readers can appreciate the background of this novel’s opening pages.

Those who read the first volume will remember the main characters: Shea, Socorro, Tjuni and Santiago. In this volume, the story revolves around three women: Talitha, the foster child Shea rescued from the Indians; Caterina, daughter of Shea and Socorro; and Chris, Talitha's granddaughter. Their trials come from the nature of the land and its occupants, their own strong natures, and, of course, the passions roused in them by certain men.

Williams exploits no one element but instead creates a coherent, meaningful world in which fictional characters are set against the backdrop of the history of Arizona. This novel carries the action through the labor disputes of the first decade of this century, and by that time the inter-relationships between these characters are complicated, their offspring numerous and difficult to fit into place. A genealogical chart is a big help; so is a map of the area. *Harvest of Fury* is the romantic historical multi-generation saga at its best.

Janet Daily is so talked about these days as the queen of romance writers that reputation alone, or publicity, might cause you to be cautious about her newest novel, *The Calder Sky* (Pocket Books, $5.95). If so, think again. This story is a skillful blend of romance, danger and the ambience of the West. Chase Calder may be a stereotyped big rancher but he's real to much that we believe is good about the West—lives by his word, does what he
has to do, and manages to maintain the empire he inherits from his father, in spite of resentment from without the ranch and outright danger within. Maggie O'Rourke, his childhood sweetheart, is fiery and independent, a ranch girl who goes off to civilization but never shakes Montana from her soul. What happens between them is the center of this story and the romance part, but there's much more to this 378-page novel. Although some of the love scenes are pretty passionate, I still wouldn't classify this as a "sweet savage romance," but I would call it good reading.

Birthright by Philip Finch (Berkley, $2.75) is a novel about three people whose lives come together in one great scheme in the mining heyday of Virginia City. Far and away, the most interesting of the three is Joshua Belden, a Boston blueblood who has been cheated out of the family fortune and who wants riches again, no matter the means. But the early chapters of this book skip, without notice, from Belden to the other characters—Jim, the Washo Indian who has learned to be a white man, or Liz, the young girl whose parents died on the Overland Trail and who turned to the wildest profession to support herself. Unfortunately, it takes chapters and chapters for the three to come together and plan the "sting" which supposedly gives the novel a center. Meanwhile, the book begins too early and dwells in too much detail on the Belden family background or the history of the Washo tribe, rather than getting right to the action. Under it all, though, there's a darn good plot and some interesting characters.

Although the subtitle is "A Novel of the Legend of Wild Bill Hickok," Aces and Eights by Loren Estleman (Doubleday, $9.95) is really a novel of the second trial of Hickok's killer, Jack McCall. Granted, the book opens with a prologue recreating the scene in the Deadwood saloon where Hickok died, but the novel itself begins with the trial. Heading the prosecution team is a lawyer known as Scout (the name kept bringing To Kill a Mockingbird to mind!). With echoes of Douglas Jones' classic The Court Martial of General George Armstrong Custer, much of this action revolves around Scout's tactics against the flamboyant defense lawyer, General George Crandall. But Estleman adds a touch of violence and suspense in an alternative plan to free McCall, a plan that threatens Scout's almost-fiancee, Grace Sargent, and her entire household. The way Scout balances the threat that invades his personal life with the obligations of a courtroom lawyer makes good reading in this low-key, controlled novel.

WWA member John Toombs has written The Border Breed (Dell, $2.75) under the house name of Lee Davis Willoughby. This is the 19th in the series, "The Making of America." Toombs tells a strong action story about Texas in the 1840s, with the plot taking Joel Falconer from Texas to Santa Fe and Mexico City, and from the arms of his wife, who is brutally murdered, to a sophisticated Easterner and a Mexican ranch owner who bears him a child. There's lots of violence, plenty of suspense (for instance, Joel draws the black bean in a Mexican prison), and plenty of sex, both the loving and violent kind. This is stock historical romance, great reading for those of you who like the genre. ☆

(answers from page 20)

We're helping certain friendly out of business

We don't mean legitimate pharmacists.
We mean pushers selling drugs to our kids--to teenagers and even younger.
The spreading use of drugs by our kids must be stopped. To do this nationwide, communities must understand the problem so they can take meaningful action.

A series of drug seminars
We're helping by funding a series of drug seminars in selected communities, to be conducted by the Institute for the Advancement of Criminal Justice.
These seminars, designed to tell entire communities how to cope with the drug threat, feature a panel of psychologists, sociologists and medical experts; each a recognized drug-control authority.
Most drug-control programs are concerned with treatment of addicts. These set at prevention: do extent of the pro analyze commun contribute to ade to identify symp to how prevent fur further growth.
But the seminars beginning. To co the drug threat n era of govern institutions, indu tics--and, most o their children.

Helping with e
To help ease the shortage, our Leu has broken group factory that will j sectionalized bo (The concept wa in a Levitt townh Quality will be m
Jingo Bells

The following wire service dispatch seemed to me to have been handled in a tendentious fashion:

"WASHINGTON—At the request of the Trinidad government, six U.S. Navy ships sailed today toward the troubled Caribbean island, according to Pentagon sources.

"A Pentagon spokesman, Jerry W. Friedheim, said the helicopter carrier Guadalcanal, accompanied by five smaller ships, was sent out of San Juan as a 'precautionary measure.'"

"Friedheim would not say officially that the movements concerned the disorders in Trinidad. However, it was unofficially confirmed that the ships were headed there at the request of the Trinidad government.

"The Guadalcanal was said to carry about 2,000 Marines and 50 helicopters.

"The ships were not dispatched with the intention of landing troops, the sources said, but simply to have men in the general area in the event an emergency occurred and if Americans had to be evacuated from Trinidad.

"At the White House, Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler said the six ships had been placed on alert 'as a precautionary measure.'"

"Ziegler said they would be ready in the event a need developed to evacuate U.S. citizens. He added: 'We have no plans to involve ourselves in the internal affairs of Trinidad-Tobago.'"

My reaction, on reading the lead, was "Here we go again," and it was not until I reached the last third of the story that I felt reassured to the contrary. Why could not the lead have said,

"At the request of the Trinidad government, six U.S. Navy ships sailed today toward the troubled Caribbean island to be ready if Americans had to be evacuated. There is no intention to land troops?"

I don't know whether the story was deliberately organized as it was because of the journalistic syndrome that calls for squeezing all the excitement, false or not, and perhaps apprehension, possible out of a situation, or whether it was simply an example of inexperience. I do know that the tendency to hype things up, even at the risk of misrepresentation, is endemic among newspapermen. It is not so long ago that I learned to resist it in myself.

I would suggest that the lead as I have rewritten it might have been followed by:

"At the White House, Press Secretary Ronald L. Ziegler said, 'We have no plans to involve ourselves in the internal affairs of Trinidad-Tobago.'" This, one of the more reassuring sentences to Americans worried about entanglements in far places for questionable reasons—and this includes a great many Americans—appeared no earlier in the original version than at the very end.

In passing, it might be pointed out that the phrase precautionary measure is stupidly repeated in the next to-last paragraph, once again in the unthinking manner of many reporters, who cannot believe that the reader is bright enough to assimilate a simple idea from seeing it stated once. For that matter, the story also contains footless repetition of "at the request of the Trinidad government" and of the possible need to evacuate American citizens.
Esquire, Aug. '71 -- Sports, by Roger Kahn, p. 20:

With television, the networks began to hire former athletes to provide baritone obbligato and, presumably, inside information. But athletes tend to be uncomfortable with words, and scores of them began to imitate sportswriters. Flashes of fire light some sports sections, but there is also a certain inevitable pedestrianism. My parents purchased The New York Times every day and before I was fifteen the English sentence I knew best began: "The Yankees drew first blood yesterday and then had it spilled all over them as ..."
Hawaii Journalism Review, Oct., 1971

Bad Taste Award: A recent UPI-Hololulu lead said: "To 47-year-old William Dias goes the distinction of being the 75th person killed on Oahu in a traffic accident."
p. 34 -- "Drawing parallels between different ethnic groups is tricky, but say your name is Rosenbloom and your great-grandfather was a rabbi. You grew up, however, as a thoroughly assimilated third-generation Baptist in a small, predominantly Wasp mill town in Oregon. You went off to Seattle on a football scholarship, became an overnight star, and all of a sudden fans were yelling 'Oyoyoyoy' at you jocularly and the newspapers were saying: 'The Bruins thought they had a final solution to the Rosenbloom problem yesterday afternoon, but it was proven once again that a smart Jewish quarterback can get you out of anything.' The headlines were inspired, 'There's a Rose in Bloom at Washington,' and subheads just as blithe, 'Rosenbloom Crucifies Oregon.'"
The Rise and Fall Of Jersey City

JOHN J. FARMER

Once upon a time there lived a giant named Frank Hague. For thirty years he reigned despotsically as the mayor of Jersey City, dominating the state's Democratic Party, electing governors and U.S. senators, naming state and Federal judges, controlling state and county tax boards, and rising to vice-chairman of the Democratic National Committee. And he pulled the city he ruled out from under the shadow of New York City and into the national political spotlight.

Then, fifteen years ago, Jersey City's fairy-tale world turned upside down, and Frank Hague fell off. He was toppled from control in the 1949 city election by one of his own obscure ward leaders, John V. Kenny. The event gave rise to hopeful editorial speculation that a time for physical and spiritual renewal of Jersey City had arrived. It was idle speculation, and some residents have even been heard to remark in recent times that "What this town needs is another Hague."

What has happened to Jersey City since Hague's eclipse is that, with the exception of a few flamboyant moments it would rather forget, the city has become a stagnant backwater of American national life. Its voice in national Democratic politics is confined to the chorus, and even in state Democratic politics it is rarely heard above the crowd.

But this indignity is of less concern than the city's sorry financial plight. In the midst of the state's population boom (New Jersey has grown at a rate six per cent above the national average), Jersey City's figure has dropped from a peak of $16,715 in 1930 to about 276,100; its taxable wealth has fallen from $502 million to $459 million in the last fifteen years; its tax rate has nearly doubled; its middle class is vanishing; and heavy industry, with its jobs and tax dollars, is packing up and leaving.

Mayor Thomas J. Whelan says that the city needs a $100-million public-works program to repair or replace schools, fire and police stations, the giant Medical Center, and century-old wooden sewers. But it can't afford it. All but $16 million of the city's authorized borrowing capacity is exhausted, and even if the state approved expansion of the borrowing limit, the interest rates would be extremely high. "This town is bankrupt," Whelan said. "I just hope one of those old sewers doesn't cave in."

Whelan may overstate the case, but not by a great deal. The city's bankruptcy is as much political as financial. Urban decay plagues many old Eastern cities, but the affliction in Jersey City is aggravated by its recent history of political instability and its well-earned reputation for bully-boy politics.

The Bad New Days

Whelan's rise illustrates that instability. He is the fifth mayor of Jersey City has had since 1949 and he wasn't even elected to the job. His fellow city councilmen picked him as mayor when his predecessor, Thomas Gangemi, resigned abruptly last October after it was discovered that he lacked what one observer called the only qualification to be mayor of Jersey City—citizenship. Gangemi, once a Hague man and later an ally of Kenny, was elected in 1961 at the climax of a reform movement. He was not the candidate the reformers had in mind, but then, reformers have never had the last word in Jersey City. Whelan, by contrast, is the first mayor in almost sixty years who did not rise through the ranks of the Democratic organization or its dissident factions. He was raised in Jersey City, so a certain awareness of local politics can be safely assumed. But his interest came alive a few years ago after a course in practical politics given by the New Jersey Bell Telephone Company, where he was chief of security. The reform movement of 1961 gave him his opening.

A fighter pilot in the Second World War, a junior executive in his early forties with five children and no political past, Whelan, on the surface, might have seemed just the kind of man the reformers were looking for. But they turned him down when he sought their endorsement for a seat on the city council. Since the search for new faces was on in all camps that year, however, Whelan landed on the Kenny-Gangemi ticket, and he won. Since last October he has presided over a city that is exhausted economically, if not politically, by the anarchy of the last fifteen years and the shortsightedness of the Hague era. The city's problems are being harvested by Hague's successors, but it was the Great Man himself who sowed them.

Jersey City was in decline while Hague was in his heyday. His considerable influence in the Roosevelt administration of the 1930's might...
have helped begin the rebuilding of the city, but Hague seems to have been blind to these needs. The one thing his influence in Washington did help bring the city, the Medical Center, is today its most onerous tax burden. The sprawling hospital complex, the size of something New York City might operate, runs at a $5-million annual deficit that adds about $12.50 to the tax rate.

Hague is also responsible for conditioning the city to a rich diet of political preferment no longer available. He built a payroll army at City Hall and the Hudson County Courthouse that industry, especially the railroads, supported by taxes: he used his control of the governor's office, electing Republican and Democrat alike, to reward Jersey City followers with state jobs by the hundreds.

But all that is memory now. The railroads, which once owned one-fourth of Jersey City's land, are dumping properties back on the city to avoid taxes. Heavy industry is moving to the countryside. And since Jersey City must now stand in line with other Democratic strongholds for its share of state patronage, it is no longer the attractive professional address it once was for young lawyers aspiring to judgements and prominent posts in state politics.

Hague's successors never commanded all the weapons of fear or favor that allowed him to impose a kind of hegemony on Jersey City. (Hague himself had begun to lose them in his late years as a succession of unfriendly Republican governors deprived him of state patronage and control of the courts and tax boards.) As each succeeding administration took City Hall by storm, its first thought was to brace for the inevitable counterattack. Immediate political capital was needed. There was no time for long-range achievements; goals and gains had to be measured in that shortest of yardsticks, tomorrow's headline. The payroll was used to reward the faithful and secure their allegiance. The city's charter-study commission reported in 1960 that Jersey City had 5,925 full-time employees in direct city function, "considerably more than any American City in the 250,000 to 300,000 population group." The city's cash surplus, its lifeline for emergencies, was raided annually. Since 1948 it has dropped from $21 million to about $1 million. Meanwhile, discipline collapsed; city employees, especially police and firemen, accustomed to being whipped into line under Hague, found themselves being wooed by the new political factions competing for Hague's mantle. They liked it and took full advantage of it.

Those who long for another Hague are, at best, only half right. The city may need the political stability he symbolized, but it can ill afford another leader as insensitive to the city's social and economic problems. Whelan's statement that "Political stability is the key to financial stability" is, in part, a self-serving declaration by a man who hopes to run for a full term next May. But it is also a correct assessment of the city. Long-range planning for a massive renewal effort is needed, not just the spot programs of the past, few of which have ever gone beyond the drawing board. And outside investors in Jersey City, public and private, are likely to insist on assurance that the plans of one administration will be carried out by the next—in short, that there will be some continuity of effort.

To accomplish this, the city's political leaders must rid themselves of several clichés. The first is that City Hall can be the catapult to state and national power that it was for Hague. The second is that heavy industry can be lured back to help with jobs and taxes. Neither is true any longer.

Mayor Whelan believes that the city's future development is tied more than ever to the service it can give New York City as a bedroom and a nearby warehousing center. Long and thin, Jersey City stretches along the Hudson River just across from Manhattan, to which it is linked by the Holland Tunnel, a subway system, its preference for New York newspapers, and an accent that can mark a man for life. Whelan believes that high-rise apartments built in renewed areas of downtown Jersey City along the waterfront, and possibly near Journal Square, the city's withering commercial center, would attract New York executives looking for a view of the harbor and living space within easy commuting distance. Such an influx would restore to the city some of the middle-class voting and buying power it has lost in recent years.

Important public help may be forthcoming from the Port of New York Authority, which has long ignored Jersey City because of its acid political climate. Now the Port Authority is talking of building a new transportation center and office building in Journal Square and a giant marine terminal on the city's waterfront. But the Authority has moved cautiously so far, evidently watching Whelan. Leo Rosenblum, the city's chief tax counsel, says that without the Authority to lead development capital back, the city will become increasingly a refuge for lower-income groups and the cheap retail businesses they can support.

A recent decision by the Interstate Commerce Commission also may prove a boon to the city. The ICC authorized railroads shipping fresh fruit from the West into Manhattan to tack on an extra charge for transporting it across the Hudson River. For more than a hundred years, Jersey City has labored under the same rate schedule as New York, although it obviously costs more to ship across the river to New York. If this ruling survives the courts, it should enhance Jersey City's position as a terminal center.

'Oh Say, Can You See . . . ?'

Mayor Whelan himself is not sure that he is the answer to Jersey City's predicament. He feels that he is unique only in that he is not driven by a desire to be a political leader and that he at least recognizes the city's problems. He is in no sense a reformer. Now on leave from the Telephone Company, Whelan likes to describe himself as a businessman. And like most businessmen, he is willing to do business with almost anyone to show a proper balance sheet. "Anyone" in this case is Kenny, Hague's old conqueror and now the boss of the Hudson County Democratic organization, aging and scandal-scarred, but still the strongest single factor in Jersey City politics.

Whelan has publicly stated that he will not run in 1965 without Kenny's support. To get this support he is willing to make concen-
sions, most notably the appointment of Kenny's son-in-law, Paul J. Hanley, as administrator of the Medical Center at $22,000 a year. It's cheaper for the city, Whelan explained, than building an election force of his own on the payroll. (The mayor's economic reasoning was jolted last month when it was discovered that Hanley had spent $38,000 to furnish his penthouse apartment in the hospital with such items as $300 bedspreads, a $1,700 high-fidelity system, and ten lamps and shades with an average price of $130.) He estimated the cost of a mayoral campaign in Jersey City, where frequently ninety per cent of the registered vote turns out, at about $250,000.

Whelan hopes to appeal simultaneously to the Kenny organization by pledging loyalty and a few top jobs and to the independent voters by cutting the general payroll. For example, he recently fired more than 600 employees, although he inadvertently lopped off a Kenny ward leader in the process and was forced to rehire him at a salary $2,560 higher than before.

His rapprochement with Kenny is not unusual in Jersey City politics, but the mass firings have made Whelan somewhat controversial. He expected praise and is bitter about complaints he said have come from all quarters from "the bishop to the scrubwoman." And he lamented, "I'm not sure Jersey City really wants good government."

What Whelan is getting at is fundamental to Jersey City—an attitude toward government that makes the election campaign the end of the democratic process and to hell with the proper functioning of government. Traditionally, the Jersey City election ends in a victory celebration that is a grand finale of parades and promises. The result is a four-year hangover of padded payrolls and inefficiency. Whelan himself best described the local attitude when he told the city Merchants Council: "The Jersey City anthem," he said, "should be 'Oh say, can you see what's in it for me?'

In the Newsboy's Garage

The immediate post-Hague years were featured by Kenny's appearances before the New York City and U.S. Senate crime commissions and by a probe of City Hall that produced sixty indictments (only one ended in conviction). The Interstate Sanitation Commission discovered in 1960 that the city's $40-million interceptor sewer system, built three years earlier, had never worked; it also came out that a 200-pound safe in the county prosecutor's office was stolen one night while thirteen guards were on duty, or at least listed on the payroll; and there was the 1957 election night when one city policeman killed another in a Western-style shoot-out over the election outcome.

About the only time redevelopment made news in Jersey City was the year the executive director of the city redevelopment agency was imprisoned for concealing his interest in a firm working for the agency. The same man, Bernard F. Kenny, is now the architect for the multi-million-dollar expansion of the county Administration Building, proving that, in Jersey City at least, they do come back. Another comeback story involves the former Jersey City city clerk under Kenny, James A. Tumulty, Jr. He was indicted for circumventing state bidding statutes, but the indictment was thrown out, and he is today the Hudson County prosecutor.

Dayton McKeen, in his book on Hague, The Boss, called Jersey City the "Horse Bourse" of the East. The city probably is no longer worthy of that distinction either, but it does try to keep up appearances. For example, there was the case of Joseph (Newsboy) Moriarty, a bookmaker, who cashed more than $25 million in cash in two garages. When the hoard was accidentally discovered, found with it was Newsboy's file from the prosecutor's office. Moriarty is regarded with affection in certain circles in the city. "Don't knock him," one officeholder remarked. "He's one of the few people who made his money in this town and kept it here." The money may be, but Moriarty isn't. He is in prison on charges brought by Federal and state officials, not the city police.

That's the way it is in Jersey City. There's a kind of beat pride in its political excesses and some notoriety in living in a city of which it can be said frequently, "Where else could it happen?"

This civic spirit is not shared by the city's businessmen. John P. Loftus, chairman of the 1960 charter-study commission, recalled that city bankers were found who actually discouraged business acquaintances from locating in the city. Loftus agrees with Whelan that a period of political repose is needed if Jersey City is to be revived, but he is not sure that the mayor is the man to cure it. He feels Whelan lacks experience, that he may ultimately be compromised by Kenny. But most of all he fears the old attitudes, the old instability. Kenny is now past seventy, and Whelan is not sufficiently strong to stand alone. The 1965 election, he believes, could be another debacle. Loftus views the city situation with considerable detachment these days. He moved out of town last year, and is now dean of the Seton Hall College Law School in Newark.

There are signs that Loftus may be right about the city election next May. Old ghosts from past elections are already beginning to stir and to make preparations. Former Mayor Charles S. Witkowski, a good football player in his day, is "in training" and reports that he has "taken off weight for the battle." Councilman Joseph F. Conners, a former policeman and a veteran of the 1949 battle, promises that "It'll be 1949 all over again." Even Gangemi reportedly is grooming a candidate, his son Thomas, Jr., who has all he ever had, plus citizenship.

There are no giants in this field. But they are all that Jersey City has left, and it must make do with them. Besides, one giant in a lifetime is probably all Jersey City can afford.
Vietnam: General Taylor Faces an All-out War

DENIS WARNER

SAIGON

Throughout South Vietnam, broken bamboo fences, overgrown moats, and abandoned pillboxes tell a tale of the strategic-hamlet program and its many thousands of man-hours of misdirected effort. The lesson is basic to all understanding of past failures to halt the Vietcong and to all hope for future improvement. Although sound in concept, the strategic-hamlet program was often shameful in execution. Instead of the provinces closest to Saigon being the most secure, they are among the most insecure. And there is not a member of General Maxwell D. Taylor’s team who does not know why.

Yet now the so-called “oil stain” project and the “new life” village plan, which have replaced the hamlet program, have already begun to run into trouble, though they are scarcely past the blueprint stage. Once again the idea is to spread out from secure areas, with special emphasis on extending the main “oil stain” around Saigon. The more undesirable aspects of the hamlet program, including the haste and forced resettlement, have been abandoned. But the whims of local military commanders still take precedence over the wishes of province chiefs and their American advisers. Province chiefs in “oil stain” areas readily accept the need for substantial regular forces to drive out the Vietcong and also to prevent the enemy from returning until local hamlet militia and self-defense forces are recruited and trained. Some military commanders, however, do not yet understand Operation Oil Stain, and they do not hesitate to draw on forces assigned to the pacification operations. And any confidence that may have been created among the “new life” villagers usually departs with the regular troops. Returning Vietcong cadres have no trouble uncovering the informers; and the Communist apparatus at village levels becomes more deeply embedded, and more effectively protected by silence, than before.

As the American ambassador, Henry Cabot Lodge had power, authority, and influence that were denied to his predecessor. Frederick Nolting’s job was to co-operate with the Ngo Dinh’s, Lodge’s to get them out and then encourage the new regime to proceed with the war. Taylor’s brief is much more inclusive. “You might say that under Lodge we asked the Vietnamese to accept fifty cents of advice with every dollar of aid,” said an American official. “With Taylor we hope for something like a dollar for a dollar.”

Certainly, with Taylor’s arrival, doubts about American command responsibility have disappeared, and there is every prospect of a much more effective American effort than ever before. General William C. Westmoreland, who succeeded General Paul D. Harkins as chief of the American Military Assistance Command (MAC V), answers directly to Taylor. He retains his links with the Pentagon, but Taylor alone is the boss. This was a relationship that Harkins did not accept with Lodge, and conflicts between the civil and military arms of the American effort were deep and divisive. Now, with the unprecedented combination of military and diplomatic authority represented by Taylor and Deputy Ambassador U. Alexis Johnson, it is accepted, if sometimes reluctantly, that the independence of MAC V or any other branch of the American team is a thing of the past.

More delicate and more revolutionary than the realignment of U.S. authority are the essential changes that Taylor hopes to effect between the American advisers and their Vietnamese opposite numbers. This is an issue that impinges on the sovereignty of South Vietnam and on General Nguyen Khanh’s personal prestige and power. Both sides appreciate the need to avoid anything that suggests a colonial relationship between Washington and Saigon, or anything that would weaken Khanh’s insecure position. Yet, as the failure of the strategic-hamlet program illustrates so bluntly, and Operation Oil Stain is already hinting—accepting U.S. aid and rejecting its advice is no way to win the war. The intention, to phrase it in its most acceptable form, is that the American advisory role will become much more of a partnership than it has been in the past. Vietnamese cabinet ministers, heads of committees, the general staff, and the corps, divisional, regimental, and battalion commands will work with their American counterparts. In principle, this will join Taylor with Khanh; Westmoreland with General Tran Thien Khiem, the commander-in-chief; and Major General Richard Stilwell, MAC V chief of staff, with General Nguyen Van Thieu, the chief of staff to the joint general staff in the high command; and so on down.

A start has been made in some divisions of the United States Operations Mission, where Americans and Vietnamese concerned with aid distribution now participate equally as joint chairmen of committees. It is just a beginning, however. At the highest levels there are obvious and perhaps insurmountable difficulties that must be handled gently to protect Khanh. At the lower levels the need for change is less sensitive but more urgent. Besides a substantial increase in American advisers, there is an essential need for a coordinated program of pacification priorities to stop military commanders from drawing haphazardly on forces assigned to protect the “new life” villages.

“Taylor’s great strength is that although he is a military man, he understands this problem perhaps better than any of us,” said one of his senior subordinates. “It may take us longer than we hope for the message to seep through, but we are reasonably confident it will.”

Hope and the Hoa Hao

Another reason for hope, if not for confidence, is the near unanimity among Vietnamese-speaking American rural officials that most
Planner Sees City Gardens No Dream

TRENTON (AP) — The father walks out of his home into a colorful, flowering courtyard.

He says so long to his son, playing on a jungle gym there, gets into his car, follows a network of loop roads out to a park, where he drops off his older son, and drives to the train station.

He takes the train toward center city, passing new, modern buildings which seem to flow into the landscape. He switches to a subway, which after a short ride pulls into an enclosed garden which is the station.

He strolls through tree-lined walks to his job.

Sound pretty visionary?

Is Happening

Well, it is happening to the Philadelphia area, the 450 delegates to the eighth annual one-day state planning conference were told yesterday.

Edmund N. Bacon, executive director of the Philadelphia Planning Commission, said any region can do the same with good planning.

The dollar benefit in improved tax ratables will be amazing, he said.

In a northern suburban section, he said, some developers followed the planning board ideas and have a system of open "greenbelts" around integrated subdivisions for a community of 70,000 people.

In center Philadelphia, Mr. Bacon showed slides, the Pennsylvania Railroad and builder William Zeckendorf have cooperated to put open space right in the city and underground as well.

Idea Realized

"In 1962, everyone thought our idea of underground facilities was screwy," he recalled, "but much of it has come about."

The subway which will pull into a garden will be the only one of its kind in the world, he said, and is "our answer to Moscow."

Philadelphia has been able to make great strides because every year it has a six-year capital development program, constantly shifting according to needs, Mr. Bacon said. Certain definite funds are set aside.

"This is not the wishful thinking of some starry-eyed bureaucrat," he added.

William H. Whyte Jr., associate editor of Fortune Magazine and author of "The Organization Man," told the conference zoning will not prevent concrete jungles in the suburbs.

He proposed that communities buy development rights to farmland, so the public will be guaranteed parkland and open spaces as housing developments overrun the area.

"These farmers should be told they have no assurance they are going to make a killing if they hold out for a better price from a developer," Mr. Whyte said. "The developers just leap-frog past them and their farms gradually run down."
Dr. Stover, 48, has been assistant commissioner of education in charge of the division of administration since Jan. 1, 1955. Dr. Stover's salary with the state was $15,600 this year. He was at the top of his salary range.

Dr. Stover, now a Princeton resident, served as a high school teacher in Springfield Township, Pa.; Princeton; and South Orange-Maplewood. Later he was principal of First Street and Fielding schools in South Orange-Maplewood, superintendent of schools for Livingston, and Essex County superintendent of schools.
Egan Maps Political Comeback Trail Down Aurora's Good Old Skid Row

By Cecil Neth

In the land of Washington, somewhere e.a. of Egan, there's a governmental mess that's got him worried.

With the corporations robbing us blind, and the politicians leading us into war there has to be grass-roots action to turn us into Americans again. Egan says.

Egan — Paul Egan, once again a candidate for mayor in Aurora — believes he could help lead the cleanup right in his own home town.

For instance, he would revive Aurora's defunct skid row, thereby cutting the crime rate and putting the "lousy establishment" in its place.

The two-time mayor (1953 to 1961) and full-time poor man's friend is trying for a comeback at 66. He's running against Albert D. McCoy, 38-year-old dress company executive, in the April 6 election. McCoy is for increased police protection, reasonable taxes and more industry. He is against Egan and skid row.

Egan, whose platform contained 29 planks at last count, is running against many things and for skid row.

"Skid row is the issue in this election," McCoy said. "It will definitely decide the election."

"All people have to go somewhere," Egan argues, "and a tavern is a poor man's club. What else are you going to do with them? Let them join the country club or the Union League Club or the Elks?"

The skid row in question was a tavern-lined section of New York St. It was closed down last year by the present administration. Under Mayor say L. Hunter. Hunter 73, is a former schoolteacher who ousted Egan at the polls four years ago.

"Skid row developed under Egan's administration," McCoy charges, "and 85 per cent of our crime occurred there while 87 per cent of the arrests were out-of-town people."

Egan counters that crime has increased since skid row closed — "We've had about eight murders" — and says the out-of-town people were here at the "establishment's" request.

"Our corporations advertised down South for cheap labor and they got it," McCoy said. "But those hillbillies proved too tough for the city fathers."

Egan, who ran second to McCoy in the mayoral primary, says he is having trouble as usual in trying to get his old job back.

"I was torpedoed in church Sunday before last," he recalled. "And a guy who promised to speak for me changed his speech and I didn't have a chance to rebuttal (sic) it."

His parties haven't worked out too well. "We had a beautiful party at the Romanian Club and the VFW, but the Legion didn't do much."

Then there was the stabbing at his benefit wrestling match at an Aurora arena.

"This woman saw her husband with a babe and nailed her," McCoy said. "She fell right on my civil defense director. We'd have been in swell shape if we'd had a calamity."

Aurora police say the stabbing was incidental to the benefit and irrelevant to the campaign, but Egan can't shake the feeling the whole thing was rigged.

His campaigns are like that, he said, even the winning ones. A politician whom opponents like to run against and an inventive curser during his two prior campaigns, Egan hasn't changed much. But he thinks Aurora has.

The abolition of skid row, he says, is just a symptom of the misuse of power.
BOYS' SUITS IN NEW CONTINENTAL AND IVY STYLING

SIZES 8-12  SIZES 13-20

14.95  17.95

comp. value 17.95  comp. value 22.95

New dress-up fabrics for spring and Easter... lustrous iridescents and solid effects, all-occasion blacks! 3-button Ivy and 2- or 3-button Continental models, with the slim look boys go for!

ALTERATIONS FREE FOR THE LIFE OF THE SUIT

BOYS' SUITS IN NEWEST SPRING FABRICS,
SIZES 3 to 7

6.95

TEEN MAN SUITS IN IVY and CONTINENTAL MODELS, 36 to 40, regulars and longs

23.95

exciting Easter values!

BOYS' LUXURY SPORTCOATS AND BLAZERS

SIZES 8-12  SIZES 13-20

29.95  34.95

comp. value 34.95
Clothes Make the Man, So Girls Watch Closer

LONDON — If the boy friend throws his trousers on the floor at night, he’s not the man for you, girls.

It means, says the British Wholesale Clothing Manufacturers Federation, that the man is lazy, flouts convention in a desire to look big, and will never make a success in his job.

Does the boy friend wear a light colored suit in summer?

If he does, stick to him. This one is boss potential.

The federation, which says it clothes four out of every five men in Britain, has drawn up a chart to help girls pick their husbands.

Gives Pointers

Just how a girl is to know the way a potential husband disposes of his trousers was not explained. But these, according to the chart, are other pointers which clothes give to character:

He turns up for a date looking as if he had just finished gardening. Don’t marry him. Chances are he’ll forget to come home nights.

He says “don’t let’s dress up tonight. We’ll just go to a movie.” The man is stingy. Pin money you may get, but never a dress allowance.

Watch Bermudas

He wears Bermuda shorts to work in a heat wave. Still needs his mother. Let him stay with her.

He prizes old clothes when even the ragman would sneer at them. He is the sort of man who tells wife, children or dog: “You’re sitting in my chair.”

He turns up for a midweek date looking fit for a wedding. Grab him quick. The man who takes care of his clothes is the man to take care of you.
to assist in this program. It is hoped that the bond program will provide the additional funds necessary to complete this program.”

Israel bonds represent the chief source of funds for Israel’s economic development. The savings bond pays the purchaser $150.00 for each $100.00 invested after ten years and the coupon bond pays 4 per cent interest semi-annually for 15 years.
WARRIORS ENACT
NIGERIAN RITUAL

Armed 'Charge' at Ruler
Symbol of Their Loyalty

Special to The New York Times

KANO, Nigeria, June 20—They came here at dawn, 2,000 mounted men with shields and lances, their horses draped in armor.

The wind from behind the column carried the sounds of its advance: the trumpet blasts and the rumble of drums, the music of flutes and the tinkle of tiny bells hung from the warriors' saddles to frighten enemy horses.

First came the chiefs, in robes of brilliant red and indigo blue, then the warriors sheathed in ancient chain mail.

It was just 62 years ago that warriors' saddles to frighten reared outside the walls of Kano.

by a small force of British troops.

Today, with Nigeria two years independent, the column had massed for the old ritual, called the Durbar, in honor of Kano's new Emir, Alhaji Muhammadu Inuwa.

He is the 12th Emir to rule Kano, a district of 4,000,000 Hausas, whose written history goes back to 1100.

Important Trading Center

From the earliest days to the present Kano has served as an important trading center, linking the desert Arabs of the north with the Negroes of the rain forests to the south. The Hausas' language is Semitic, their religion is Islam, but their skins are black.

At 7 A.M. the column had reached the parade ground in the shadow of the city's wall. Thousands of spectators had perched atop the wall long before daylight, waiting for the ceremony to begin.

At 8 o'clock the Emir and his retinue pulled up in limousines as a military brass band played Nigeria's anthem;

these were the only 20th-century touches.

The Emir sat on a dais under a green and white tent. The Governor General, Sir Kashim Ibrahim, administered the oath and placed a white silk tunic lined with gold and silver thread over the Emir's head and shoulders.

Then at the boom of a cannon the long Durbar began as the chiefs and their contingents rode slowly by, their right arms raised in salute.

It took almost an hour. When the last horseman had passed the column doubled back to the farthest end of the field.

There the riders drew abreast and with a shout spurred their horses into a full gallop straight for the Emir and the notables at the other end.

The crowd broke into a cheer as the charge began. It became a roar, as the horses pounded across the last hundred yards, then reared to a stop within feet of the Emir's dais.
OPEN LATE MONDAY AND THIS
N.Y. OPEN MONDAY AND TUESDAY TO
TH OF JULY
AINS FOR YOU AND YOUR FAMILY ... SIZZLIN
SALES ON WEEKEND AND
Congo: a mirror to world

By John K. Cooley
Written for The Christian Science Monitor

Two Congos share the heart of Africa. They symbolize, and have helped to produce, the country's present divisions. They mirror the hopes and apprehensions of the outside world about Africa. Sprawling over nearly a million square miles and supporting 14,000,000 people is the Republic of the Congo (Leopoldville), rich in natural wealth. Premier Moise Tshombe, seeking support in elections running from now until the end of April, nominally governs it. Actually, vast expanses escape Leopoldville's authority. They are shadowed by tribal struggles, ignorance, poverty. These are complicated by the rivalries of the "rebels" politicians who oppose Mr. Tshombe and by those of their African, Arab, and Communist supporters abroad. Despite all this, the Congo's mines and farms are productive. In many parts there is more than a semblance of normal life.

The other Congo

The former colonial power, Belgium, and the United States continue to provide what help they can. Ironically, the United States has incurred the hostility of a large part of Africa for doing so. This is because Mr. Tshombe is still viewed as a "walking museum of colonialism," as Algerian President Ben Bella once expressed it.

Across the green-black undulating waters of the Congo River to the east lies the other Congo, once ruled by France.

This other Congo republic is controlled from Brazzaville by a regime which within the last few months seems to have become almost the孳reame of Chinese Communist diplomats and "technicians." Ironically enough, it was the scene of Gen. Charles de Gaulle's stirring appeal for freedom in 1944, during World War II.

Less than a million people, including many refugees from the tribal wars across the river, live on the 132,046 square miles of this Congo. Many of Mr. Tshombe's foes live there, too.

Tshombe moves

Last Feb. 15, strong-arm youths wearing khaki shorts and black peaked Chinese caps bearing red stars "liquidated" almost the last of the moderate socialist ministers. Those moderates had put President Alphonse Massamba-Debat and Premier Pascal Lissouba into power in 1963.

At the recent foreign ministers' meeting of the Organization of African Unity (OAU) in Nairobi, Mr. Tshombe managed to prevent the testimony of any of the rebel factions from being heard on terms which would have been tacit OAU recognition.

Then he took the offensive. He invited rebel representatives to take part in the Congo elections. He offered to send home the defeated white mercenaries in his army _ provided other African countries would send replacements.

Mr. Tshombe, for the time being, seems to have fought his most vehement African

* Please turn to next page
Take a Ride to a Strange "War"

BY DAVID M. NICHOL
Daily News Foreign Service

BERLIN — Come with me to the strange and undeclared war that is raging along the borders between West and East Berlin. As a foreign visitor your trip begins in a luxurious west end hotel. Conflict in these comfortable surroundings seems impossible far away.

Ten minutes later after a ride with a taxi driver who warns sagely that “you may find yourself in difficulty at Friedrichstrasse,” you are pinned between American and Soviet tanks, their crews glowering at each other over gun sights at a distance of about 300 yards.

WEST BERLIN police and American soldiers are clearing the street. You take refuge in a tiny cafe.

“That will be 25 pfennigs,” says the red-haired proprietor to a reporter who has just hung up the telephone.

Barely three feet outside the window an M-48 Patton tank with the proud name of General Lee has flattened the “No Parking” sign as it maneuvers for an unobstructed field of fire.

Across the street is a four-story bomb-out ruin, festooned now like a Christmas tree with photographers of all descriptions.

One of them makes a misstep in the lowering dusk and plunges three flights into the basement.

A fire department rescue squad extricates the hapless man. He appears to be seriously injured.

INEXPLICABLY a military sedan filled with Soviet officers appears from the Communist side and is allowed to pass.

One hundred feet farther at the corner with Kochstrasse there is a large crowd of Berliners kept in check by ropes and harassed police.

They greet the Soviet sedan with boos and resonating whistles.

The Chow wagon arrives. Some of the military gear is shielded in canvas. The tanks settle down for a long night of waiting and an uncertain tomorrow.

FOR THE FIRST time since the East German uprising in 1953, Americans and Russians are confronting each other directly in this beleaguered city.

The sandwich layer of East Turn to Page 3, Column 1
Hempstone Reporting on Africa

disc Congregationalist who was educated by American missionaries. He taught in various schools for several years before Zulu elders encouraged him to go to the University of South Africa. Following his graduation in 1944, he was offered a position in the House of Assembly as a back-bench colleague of Albert Hempstone, the future member of Parliament for the Transvaal. Hempstone was elected as a Member of Parliament in 1949 and served until 1961. He was also a member of the Transvaal Legislative Assembly from 1945 to 1961. He was appointed a member of the Executive Council of the Union of South Africa in 1956 and served as Minister of Bantu Affairs from 1959 to 1961.

Chief Albert Luthuli was preaching his message of peace to Daily News Foreign Service correspondent Smith Hempstone when the latter took his picture during a visit to the African Leader was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize.

When Luthuli was imprisoned in 1952 for his opposition to the apartheid system, he was supported by many African leaders, including his own son, Benjamin Luthuli. He was released in 1956 and continued to work for peace and reconciliation in South Africa. In 1960, he was arrested again and sentenced to five years in prison. During his imprisonment, he continued to write and speak out against apartheid. He was released in 1961 and continued to work for peace and reconciliation. He was awarded the Nobel Peace Prize in 1960 for his efforts to promote international understanding and to further the cause of human rights.
Ride to Strange ‘War’

Continued from First Page

German Communist police and soldiers at this point at least has almost disappeared.

An American spokesman at a hastily convened press briefing in the back of the cafe reads a statement by Gen. Lucius Clay, President Kennedy’s personal representative.

The appearance of the Soviet tanks, he says — there are 10 in all — has destroyed the fiction that it is the East Germans who are running this new attack on the last vestiges of the “free movement” within Berlin that the four-power agreements guarantee.

“Some day it will go boom,” says the proprietor as she serves the beer.

MIDWAY in one of the tensest passages of this incredible confrontation, a middle-aged man looking very small and ordinary and slightly drunk is escorted along the street with a German policeman on one arm and an American MP on the other.

In one of the intervals of lesser tension you learn that the man is suffering only from nervous shock.

He is an East Berliner who took advantage of a moment when the guards had their eyes fixed on the American convoy.

The man had made a wild dash across the deadly border, shouting: “I’m free! I’m free!” and had collapsed into the helping hands on the other side.

* * *

UNREAL? Impossible in this modern and civilized age?

Even as you stand and watch it, it seems it can’t be happening.

Like the 25 miles of wall and barbed wire that have divided Berlin since Aug. 13, it must be seen to be believed, and then one comprehends it only with difficulty.

* * *

FRIEDRICHSTRASSE is the only border crossing still “open” to foreigners. As such it is the natural focus of the current test of wills.

But Friday dawned without any suggestion it would bring this massive crunch. By 3 o’clock in the afternoon, however, it was obvious that something was about to occur.

There was a restless coming and going of American officers to “Checkpoint Charlie,” which is only about 50 feet from the Communist line.

Promptly at 4:30 with German police as outriders 10 tanks and five armored personnel carriers roared into the area.

* * *

THEN the test began. A Volkswagen sedan with American number plates and three occupants in civilian clothes moved up to the Communist line and was halted.

It turned back and instantly was escorted by three jeeps of armed military police through the border and back again.

Once more it had been established—or so it seemed—that Americans would not submit to identity checks by the Communist East German guards.

The point may seem trivial at a distance, but it goes to the heart of the entire dispute.

If Berlin is a four-power city as the Allies insist, then the Soviets lack the right to make such checks.

* * *

BERLINERS by and large have been heartened by this new evidence that the Americans mean what they say, but there is a wistful query at the end of all their discussions.

Why, they ask, could this not have been done sooner, before the hideous wall took on such unyielding qualities?
Defends Wife in Abortion

Sanitary District Aide Says Mate 'Quit That, Long Ago'

BY RICHARD T. STOUT

A Sanitary District engineer, whose wife was arrested twice this week on charges of attempting to commit abortions, insisted Saturday that she had quit that sort of thing long ago.

"All this kind of trouble was in the past," Chester Andree said.

* * *

THE STOUT, gray-haired man peered out of a doorway of the couple's brick bungalow at 5801 N. Talman at a Daily News reporter and said:

"There must be a mistake. Somebody is trying to get her in trouble."

Andree, sporting a large diamond ring on one finger, was dressed in an undershirt and trousers when he came to the door.

* * *

ANDREE'S WIFE gave police the name of Mrs. Helen Stanko, 57, when she was seized by state's attorney's police Friday.

She was arrested, police said, as she was preparing to perform an abortion on a housewife in a room in a girls' residence at 710 N. Dearborn.

Among the items police found in her purse:

parked in front of the home.

Andree said reporters were "always picking on him" at work at the Sanitary District and now at home.

Neighbors said the Andrees were "quiet" but they "go out a lot."

* * *

"MRS. STANKO" and Mrs. Charlotte Witort, 62, of 2834 Washington Blvd., Franklin Park, were seized Wednesday after two women followed by state's attorney's police said the two were to perform abortions on them.

"Mrs. Stanko" was released on $15,000 bond on this charge and is scheduled to appear before Niles Twp. Justice of the Peace Anton Smiegiel Tuesday, Oct. 31.

She was released on $5,000 bond after the second arrest and is scheduled to appear in Felony Court here, also on Tuesday, Oct. 31, on charges of attempted abortion and conspiracy.

UAW Aims At Chrysler
LOS ANGELES GETS MONORAIL OFFER

Businessman Proposes a 600-Mile Network at No Cost to the City

Los Angeles, May 1—Promoter B. W. Smith announced yesterday that he was preparing to start a campaign to build a monorail network in Los Angeles County.

While the Metropolitan Transportation Authority has been making plans to construct a monorail system, Smith said, the proposed network would be much more extensive. The monorail would be built on a 600-mile network and would be operated by a private company.

Smith said that the monorail would be financed through the sale of stock, and that the company would not receive any public funds.

"The monorail will be a vital transportation system," Smith said. "It will connect the major cities of the county and provide a much-needed alternative to the current transportation system."
latent image

by A. D. Coleman

Name a major contemporary black photographer. Now name another besides Gordon Parks.

Chances are you couldn’t name a second, and odds are also that if you could, it wouldn’t be Roy DeCarava. DeCarava is an unflamboyant artist, little-known to the public. Though he has one superb book to his credit—“The Sweet Flypaper of Life,” with text by Langston Hughes, first published in 1955 and recently reissued by Hill and Wang—and is in the permanent collection of the Museum of Modern Art and the Metropolitan Museum of Art (among others), though his work has appeared in such exhibitions as “The Photographer’s Eye” and Steichen’s “Family of Man,” fame
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It have to cost a leg to Ste with Safari H
Note that the *Herald Tribune* reporter considered Eisenhower's attack on Edward Kennedy more important than the criticism of President Kennedy's foreign policy. Such differences of opinion are not uncommon, but note that the second paragraph of the *Herald Tribune* story makes it clear that the reporter considered the former President's statements on foreign policy very important.

**IMAGINATIVE LEADS**

The hard-fact summary lead will probably continue to be used most often on standard stories. Many reporters, however, are increasingly turning to imaginative leads—and refer to them as "feature treatment." The value of applying a feature touch to a news story should be obvious from these:

It was so quiet at Wrigley Field today that you could hear the New York Mets drop their 119th game.

Stoneacre is being demolished. Three red chimneys jut from the rubble. In a slope of debris, a bathtub is caught like a boat in jagged ice.

O say can you sing "The Star-Spangled Banner" without mumbling the words and pattering out on the high notes?

Actors Equity last night entered the dispute over whether Shakespeare in Central Park this summer is to be or not to be.

Republican legislators today greeted Governor Rockefeller's tax increase program like small boys faced with a giant spoonful of nasty medicine. They did not like the taste of it and they were not sure it was going to do them any good, but they believed they would probably have to swallow it anyway.

Note how the writer of the following story enlivened what could have been a dry, factual news report on a speech by a zoologist:

The late lamented Dr. Kinsey never interviewed fresh-water mussels, and it's probably just as well.

Their sex life is not only pitiful, but some of them can't decide whether to be male or female.

So they're both.

And if that isn't confusing enough, it's possible that certain kinds produce equally backward children—solo—for generations on end. The whole business scrambles genealogy, makes a travesty of legitimate parenthood and intrigues Dr. Henry van der Schalie.

"We haven't the foggiest notion of how this works," said Dr. van der Schalie. He's trying to get to the bottom of the mixed-up mussel matter at the University of Michigan and is in town for a conclave of the American Malacological Union.

The 54-year-old zoology professor divulged the problem on a bench at the Smithsonian's Natural History Museum. He delivered a paper on the subject today.

"In most mussel families the sexes are separate, but in some you have hermaphrodites (both male and female) all the time. We suspect that they can self-fertilize.

"The same gland will produce eggs and sperm at the same time. Why the devil this same tissue has the ability to do it is what I want to know," he said.

"Family life among mussels has always been pretty bleak, he explained. Papa and Mama, in bed with thousands of other mussels, never meet each other, unless they're hermaphroditic, which doesn't make things much better anyway.

"Female eggs rest in the gills and are fertilized by sperm drifting by in the water."

Beginning reporters can learn a great deal about the structure of the body of a news story from this example. Note the interweaving of direct quotation and paraphrase; the story is dominated by neither. Note, too, the frequent, but not too frequent, attributions: "said Dr. van der Schalie," "he said," "he explained." The reader is never in doubt at any point as to whether the zoologist or the reporter is making a statement, but there is nothing monotonous about the use of attribution (as there would have been had the reporter inserted "he said" in three or four other places).

**SUSPENDED INTEREST STORIES**

Although the inverted pyramid is the standard form for presenting news, it is by no means the only structure. The chronological account has a place in the news columns, but the reporter should not use it simply because he is bored with the usual. Some events lend themselves readily to suspended-interest treatment; most do not. A perceptive reporter will recognize instantly the unusual aspect that indicates the need for an unusual approach. This story might have been written conventionally, but surely its newsworthiness springs not from
Robert Frost—Flaws And Frailties


By Gwendolyn Brooks

That voice, which was a box of grit or fine-ground drone. Here it is.

You cannot get a successful summing up of a man by reading his letters to one person. The number of each man’s languages approximates the number of his acquaintances. There is a slight modification of the difficulty, however, when Robert Frost is the man. Because Robert Frost, caring not overmuch for any human being as a huggable item, held back in his emotional transactions with one-and-all. He cared for his own vision as a huggable item. He cared for the cold of thought (“idea” would be an insufficient word) and hard whimsy.

At Bread Loaf a few years ago John Ciardi observed that Robert Frost was “no lollipops.” It was a truth chortingly endorsed by America’s finest poet, and it is certainly italicized by these letters to Louis Untermeyer. Louis Untermeyer, anthologist and poet, was for almost 50 years an intimate friend and idolater of Frost. From time to time he reinforced the revolting reputation. Often he served as a sort of literary, and golden, spittoon for the giant who aimed in his direction giant-secrets galore.

Here we learn, from intimations and declarations sour or deceptively sweet (do not trust that sweetness) or glancingly cruel or carefully tender or wrong out of minor wrath, that Frost did not like such things as poetry societies, campaigns for togetherness, brotherhood, interracial understanding, do-in-good (he preferred “doon-well”), and the United Nations, which he felt was even worse than the League of Nations. And he felt that “war was the natural state of man.”

He was, says Untermeyer, for a very long time convinced that every living poet was his potential if not his actual rival; “the awards of the Nobel Prize in Literature to T. S. Eliot in 1948 and to Albert Camus a few days before our visit [October, 1957] seemed not so much neglect as a personal affront.”

From these pages we can make up a good long list of poets, novelists and critics Robert Frost thought little of: a few of them could rouse him to quite lively petulance or rage, and what wielder of the pen has been able at “enemy”-definition? or more willing to indulge?

These are illuminating letters. They are forthright. “I can’t burn if I was born into this world to shine without heat.” “...do or say my damnest I can’t be other than orthodox in politics, love and religion:...” “I am of deep shadow all compact like onion and the savor of me is oil of tears.” “What I love best in man is definiteness of position.” “I lump them together, politics and philosophy, as things a young fellow might toy with in his salad days.” “... the tones of everyday talk... have emanations of grandeur and dignity and reverence and heroism and terror.” “As I get older I find it easier to lie awake nights over other people’s troubles.” “... alone with nothing to think about but thoughts and how to keep them out of our poetry so it will be pronounced pure by the authorities on purity self-set up.”

Concludes Untermeyer: “His was a high stoicism which could mask unhappiness in playfulness, which could even delight in darkness.”

Concludes Frost: “...had a lover’s quarrel with the world.”

Our giant emerges eroded here and there. But somehow the erosions add to the interest of the total sculpture. Somehow the masteries, the rich essential wisdoms do not suffer from loss of the old overlay of smoothness and sugar. The overlay. For it was only that—and put there by ourselves. The beautiful, gutted, instructive, clean deformities never needed it.

Included here are snatches of verse new to the general public. Much to be regretted is the lack of an index.
Showcase

Island
In A Red Sea
NEW YORK TIMES, Sunday, March 18, 1951:

95,000 Irish Thrill 5th Ave.
In Gallant Parade for Saint
by Robert C. Doty

Twenty miles of Irishmen -- and their women and children, too -- touched with green and gaiety, strode boldly up Fifth Avenue yesterday in the city's annual turnout for St. Patrick. The March wind had an edge like the skirl of a bagpipe and the sun his his face most of the day, but, to the men of Clare and Kerry, and Derry and Down, and of twenty-eight counties more besides, it made no matter.

There was music, there were sidewalks crowded with the folk of the town, and down the middle of the avenue was an emerald-green stripe to show the way.

Chief Inspector August Flath said 95,000 were in the line of march and 2,000,000 others were lining it. There were those literallminded observers who thought he drew the long bow a bit there, but what's the harm of that? There was, it's true, a good deal of going and coming in the crowd and it might well be, they said, that one out of every four persons in the city watched the gallant procession now and then.

Two Mayors and a Predecessor

From Forty-fourth Street to Ninety-Sixth, and from high noon until nearly 6 in the evening, the ranks swept past the reviewing stand at Sixty-fourth Street.

There, in a grandstand bearing an ivy-clad Gaelic harp, Mayor Impelitteri and others of the great ones stood and smiled and waved as the marching groups went by.

Ambassador William O'Dwyer, a County Mayo man -- he that was Mayor of the town before -- arrived a bit after 2 o'clock and drew the cheers of the watchers and the marchers.

"Hi, Bill!" they shouted and some, mindful that he will be testifying tomorrow before the Senate Crime Investigating Committee, added: "Bill, don't let them guys snow you!"

####
St. Patrick's Day, 1947 -- Meyer Berger

In keening wind that tore at their banners, 80,000 men, women and children marched up Fifth Avenue yesterday, from 44th to 96th St., in a four-hour procession to honor St. Patrick.

Shrill blew the pipes and shriller the fifes, and shrill were the million who stood wind-whipped at the curbs. Bright sun spread pale gold on the pavements and turrets, and in the late afternoon the marching phalanxes clumped through barred shadows.

Red-faced and red-kneed, the pipers looked left at the grandstand at 64th St., to smile in salute at Mayor O'Dwyer. His tie was the greenest, and all seemed to know him. Hoarsely the men shouted "Up, County Mayo" and others roared, "Bill-o, the Boy from Bohola." The mayor waved back at the wild-waving blackthornes. He threw them a greeting "Good luck to you all . . ."

The tune of the pipes and the bleating of the fifes called up more marchers -- hour after hour their tread echoed and faded. Wind tore at their capes and whipped the girls' hair. Men clutched at their derbies and held fast to the banners and faces grew redder and fingers more rigid.

The Pipers of Tyrone came like men flying, their kilts whipping behind them. Green-kilted Clare men, bearing the banner of Brian Boru, leaned on the wind abreast of the grandstand, their pipers all grim and their faces all blue.

A wind-harried group from old Tipperary faced "the Boy from Bohola" and played him his favorite pipe tune, "O, Men of the West." A look of nostalgia changed Mayor O'Dwyer. He looked grave for a moment, then threw the salute. The pipers wheeled right in the gathering gloaming, missing never a step or a note in the movement. The crowd had thinned down to shivering handfuls. The westering sun withdrew from the park.

The parade ended. Clattering horsemen closed up the rear. The Mayor came down from the stand, his friends close about him, and moved toward his car. Northward the pipers grew fainter and fainter, and the last tune they played was "Eire Abu."
The Indian Well, by Walter Van Tilburg Clark

The lead:

In this dead land, like a vast relief model, the only allegiance was to sun. Even night was not strong enough to resist; earth stretched gratefully under it, but had no hope that day would not return. Such living things as hoarded a little juice at their cores were secret about it, and only the most ephemeral existences, the air at dawn and sunset, the amethyst shadows in the mountains, had any freedom. The Indian Well alone, of lesser creations, was in constant revolt. Sooner or later all minor, breathing rebels came to its stone basin under the spring in the cliff, and from its overflow grew a meadow delta and two columns of willows and aspens holding a tiny front against the valley. The pictograph of a starving, ancient journey, cut in rock above the basin, a sun-warped shack on the south wing of the canyon, and an abandoned mine above it, were the last minute and practically contemporary tokens of man's participation in the cycles of the well's resistance, each of which was an epitome of centuries, and perhaps of the wars of the universe.
HOW AVALANCHE OF DEATH HIT

By Thomas J. Stone

RANRAHIREA, Peru (AP) — This Andes Mountain village is dead and buried.

Its tiny Roman Catholic church, its tile-roofed houses and its stores lie under 45 feet of rock and mud.

There is not a single visible reminder that a farm village in this snow-capped Andean region by the name of Ranrahirca ever existed.

All that can be seen is a deep, mile-wide river of churned up earth and boulders that crashed down the mountain slopes and entombed the village.

It is unlikely that anyone who was in the village at supper time Wednesday escaped alive. Perhaps 4,000 residents in the area are dead.

Another story, pictures Page 18

In a few terrible minutes—an eyewitness estimated eight—Ranrahirca and a number of little settlements around it were engulfed, burying alive those in the path of the avalanche.

The young as well as the old, the healthy as well as the sick, the rich as well as the poor were killed in their trucks.

There were a few persons living in adobe huts on the hills nearby who heard the warning roar of the oncoming rush of millions of tons of ice, snow, boulders and earth, and fled for their lives.

Man, Wife 2 Children Escape

Among those who escaped are Manuel Melgarejo and his wife and two children.

"We had just had supper when we heard a big noise," he said. "I thought it was an explosion."

"I called my wife, and we grabbed up our two kids and ran, leaving everything behind."

"When we looked back a few minutes later, we saw what had happened. And then it became fearfully quiet, and a black cloud hung over the valley."

Melgarejo, whose house was not in the path of the avalanche, slowly walked back to look where Ranrahirca had been.

"I could not believe it," the 26-year-old mountain man said.

"Not until dawn did I see the awful destruction. There was no one injured. All in the path were killed and buried."

"Some twisted and torn bodies were churned to the surface of the mass. They were placed on litters made of tree limbs and carried to a courtyard near the village."

An Indian woman wearing a broad-brimmed hat, a colored blouse and a black skirt sat next to one of the bodies. She straightened up and buried her face in her hands. She had found her 16-year-old grandson.

In a way, the woman was more fortunate than many others. Hundreds of bodies never will be found. It is considered futile now even to try to dig into the debris for victims, although some relatives seeking their kin poke around with sticks.

Later, perhaps, Roman Catholic rites will be said over the mass grave made by the avalanche.

An Ugly But Swift Death

The avalanche came off the majestic Andes and brought an ugly death. But its speed was a blessing. There could have been no prolonged suffering. Most doubtless did not know what hit them.

Peru will not be faced with a reconstruction task. There is nothing to rebuild and nobody to rebuild for.

An eyewitness estimated that the avalanche pushed a river of debris one mile wide and six miles long. One boulder that crashed down the valley looked as big as a four-story building.
Santo Domingo
Pro-Red Youths
Burn U.S. Flag

SANTO DOMINGO, Dominican Republic (AP)—A band of youths burned the American flag and damaged a U.S. consular vehicle Friday during a pro-Communist demonstration.

Some 25 to 30 youths demonstrated outside the consulate, then marched to the embassy. They carried placards demanding release of a pro-Communist Dominican political leader, Maximo Lopez Molina, saying he had been detained by U.S. authorities at Miami.

A consul spokesman said the United States is certain to lodge a protest over the damage to a car parked downtown. Large holes were burned into the front and back seats of the vehicle, apparently by a gasoline-filled battle movement, which was expelled from the country in November and his party outlawed. But many members of the party have joined with the extremists against the new Dominican government.

The demonstrators shouted “Yankee, go home” and got close to the embassy. They dispersed quickly when a police car drove up. The flag that was burned was stolen from a school.

Chicago Area Writer Reported Considered For Ambassador Post

WASHINGTON (AP)—John Bartlow Martin, a free-lance writer of 185 Maple, Highland Park, Ill., was reported under consideration Friday for an appointment.

BROTHER CAN YOU SPARE A DIME?
The 1962 March of Dimes Poster Girl, Debbie Sue Brown, 5, of Clarkston, Wash., called on President Kennedy Friday to enlist him in the March of Dimes.

Save Boy After Fall Into Lake

An adventurous 11-year-old boy Friday night found that exploring the frozen wasteland along the shore of Lake Michigan is slippery business.

Michael Conrad, 7700 N. East Lake, was pulled from the water after he had fallen from an ice ledge 30 feet out from shore off Juneway Ter.

The owner of a nearby liquor store, Frank Lawson, 39, used two tire chains hooked together to hoist the boy up a 7-foot embankment of ice.

Michael and two companions, George Buyer, 11, and Frank Ondo, 9, had been playing on the ice near the shore. When Michael slipped and tumbled into the lake, George ran to Sheridan Rd. and stopped a woman motorist, Mrs. Gladys Foster.

She entered the liquor at 7765 N. East Lake, alerted Lawson. He ran to the embankment and saw that could not reach Michael, was waist deep in water.

Lawson got tire chains from his car and, with George's he
The Lessons Of Syria

By Nizar Jwaidhe

In a day and a night, President Gamal Abdel Nasser lost half of a modest empire he has labored three and a half years to build.

Syria, a prize coveted by rulers throughout history, chose to quit the United Arab Republic. Thus ended a union that, at best, had been precarious under Cairo’s suzerainty.

The Syrian Army coup d’état Sept. 29 was a rude jolt not only to Nasser’s dream of a greater Arab union, but also to Nasremites and to Arabs of other federalist persuasions who believe that pan-Arabism is attainable.

Syria had been willing to federate with Egypt. The referendum on the creation of the U.A.R. in 1958 produced 1,312,759 Syrian votes for merger and only 39 opposed. But when the rupture came, Nasser had so little support left in Syria it took him only three days to concede that the break was final.

Nasser exhibited statesmanship in the way he accepted the Syrian revolt. After initial at- tempts to quell the dissidents, including a hastily improvised invasion force, he refrained from further moves that would have ended in bloodshed. Thus, Nasser may have salvaged some prestige from the disastrous developments in Damascus.

But the coup remains a blow of inexcusable consequences for the Egyptian president. Already, it has produced repercussions in Egypt itself where the government has resorted to mass arrests of wealthy leaders of previous regimes. This action was taken to forestall events similar to what Interior Minister Zakariyeh Mohiedin termed the “experience in Syria.”

WHAT WENT WRONG with the U.A.R. so hopefully launched in 1958? Where did Nasser and his advisors fail in their consolidation of Syria? Is the Arab nationalist trend toward federation waxing or is the whole concept of unity impractical in the light of Syria’s example?

And other questions perhaps will be answered fully when the dust settles over the ruins of the U.A.R. But already a paramount reality looms clearly—Nasserian’s great appeal is countered by equally strong nationalist, or separatist, currents flowing through the Arab world. Another fact discernable is that the Cairo regime sadly underestimated the power of such forces in Syria.

Among the factors that probably contributed in different degrees to the Syrian-Egyptian break, these emerge as most tangible:

1. Syrian officer corps—disatisfaction with its position in the U.A.R. military hierarchy. Many Egyptian officers were given high posts in the Syrian 1st Army, particularly command of units on active duty. The Syrians regarded this as lack of trust in their loyalty.

2. Alienation of Syrian politicians and their parties after the Syrian regional cabinet was abolished last August in favor of a national regime controlled by Cairo. The fact that in the weeks preceding the revolt there remained only one Syrian vice president to Egypt’s seven contributed to the feeling among Syrian leaders.

3. Nasser’s prestige nationalization program which, although hailed by Egypt’s impoverished millions, had sinister reverberations in Syria where the middle class is willing and, evidently, able to protect its interests.

4. The alienation of support among Syria’s intellectuals and Nasser’s “Arab socialism” and his other policies. They felt slighted by Cairo’s deaf ear to their recommendations and demands.

5. Resentment among the small merchants, civil servants and white-collar workers at the influx of thousands of work-seeking Egyptians.

6. The resurgence of political and social forces that had opposed union with Egypt and that had come to consider Nasser’s policy toward Syria one of outright Egyptianization.

Perhaps the most significant single force in the U.A.R. rupture was the Arab Army. Its French-trained colonels are no strangers to revolutions. To them a coup is
easily accomplished as sipping Turkish coffee at Damascus’ Military Club. The September revolt marked the fifth time since 1949 that troops and tanks struck through the capital to the refrains of a rebel-controlled radio station announcing yet another “liberation” from one form of dictatorship or another.

Prior to the merger with Egypt, Syrian officers had indulged extensively in the struggle for power, along with politicians ranging from the Communists to extreme right-wing nationalists. In 1949, the country was shaken by three successful coups that disposed in short order of two aspiring colonels and brought a third, Adlin Shishbly, to power.

Shishbly, a master anti-Communist and somewhat tolerant of the West, soon took dictatorial powers. In 1954 he was overthrown by a fourth coup and exiled.

SYRIA’S RETURN to constitutional government coincided with two significant events—the rise of the Arab Renaissance Socialist Party and the formation of the U.S.-sponsored Baghdad Pact. Both these developments played their eventual roles in bringing Syria and Egypt into merger.

The leader of the Syrian Socialists, Akram Hourani, has been called the gray, but young, eminence behind a substantial part of the turbulence that marked the country’s course since independence from the French in 1946. He has demonstrated a marked fascination for the power of the military as a political weapon which he has not hesitated to use.

He subscribes to a brand of socialism that is rather muddled, but opportunistic and with a broad nationalist base. Following Shishbly’s fall, the Socialists began to agitate for Arab unity with manifest pro-Egyptian sympathies. They started a flirtation with the Communist Party and the Soviet bloc that almost ended in a Communist takeover.

In March, 1955, Iraq and Turkey established the Baghdad Pact, which expanded to include Iran, Pakistan and Britain with the United States a more enthusiastic “observer.”

THE NEW ALLIANCE precipitated an alarmed Syria into a military arrangement with Egypt. Syria’s fears stemmed partly from anti-Western feelings among some of its leaders. Also it considered the Baghdad Pact a threat because Turkey, a traditional foe, was one of the members.

The Syrian-Egyptian axis and its bitter opposition to the Baghdad Pact in turn alienated the West, particularly the United States which hedged on sale of arms to Syria in the tense Arab-Israeli atmosphere of early 1956.

Increased leftist agitation in Syria and Egyptian attacks on the West and its Middle Eastern allies coincided with an intensive Russian economic and propaganda campaign to penetrate the area.

Soviet arms aid was soon forthcoming for both Egypt and Syria. This was followed by a boost in trade and diplomatic relations between Syria and the Soviet bloc. The door was open for Soviet operatives and the Syrian Communist Party to pave the way for Red rule.

Nasser had been able to control Egyptian Communists and Russian “technicians” but Syria possessed no such leadership.

Syrian Communists, led by adroit and dynamic Moscow-trained Khalid Bakhdah, sup-

THE AUTHOR

Nizar Jwaidhe is former chief of the press section at the U.S. Information Service in Baghdad, Iraq. Previously he was a stringer correspondent for The Associated Press and Time-Life in the Middle East. Before coming to this country in 1959, he also served two years on the editorial staff of the Rome Daily American, Italy’s English-language newspaper.

Born in Iraq, Jwaidhe attended the School of Economics of Baghdad University and for several years worked on Baghdad’s English-language daily, the Iraq Times. He joined The Sun-Times editorial staff two years ago.

UNITED ARAB REPUBLIC

LIBYA

EGYPT

SYRIA

SAUDI ARABIA

IRAN

IRAQ

LIBYA

SUDAN

(Arrows May Be Reversed)
Continued From Preceding Page

ported all nationalist aims. They had hoodwinked the Socialists into believing that the Communist Party could be utilized and, perhaps, later discarded. Bzk达尔什, elected to Parliament and his party was the only Communist group operating openly in the Arab world.

The Anglo-French-Israeli invasion of Egypt in 1956 further strengthened the leftists, until, in August, 1957, leftist politicians, led by Gen. Affif Bizi, took over command of the army. Herziani was rising high and so was a certain Abdel Hamid Serraj, a young officer who headed the army's intelligence department and who would play a peculiar role in the U.A.R.

From August to December, 1957, Communist uprising in Syria moved ahead at such a pace that even the Socialists became aware of the peril. But by then Nasser's forces had reached the climax of their efforts to win Syria to their side.

Confronted with the danger of communism, President Shahid Kawi, supported by other Syrian leaders, among them the Socialists, requested Nasser to consider a merger.

On Feb. 1, 1958, union was accomplished and Nasser set to working cleaning up the Communists, and, while he was at it, elements opposed to his brand of nationalism. The merger broke the Communist myth and Bzk达尔什 later fled behind the Iron Curtain. But Syria's troubles were not over.

It DID NOT TAKE LONG for the Cairo regime to realize that Syria would prove more of a headache than it had bargained for.

Unlike Egypt, whose population is largely homogeneous, Syria is a land of regional and tribal loyalties. It has substantial non-Arab minorities suspicious of policies amounting to Arabism. The country's agricultural and mineral resources render it potentially richer than Egypt. This wealth the Syrians regarded as their own and resented any attempts to turn it into a common asset of the new republic.

To complicate matters, Syrian politicians continued their internal squabbles while fighting a running battle with Nasser about the autonomy they wanted for the Northern Region, as Syria was called in the U.A.R.

Abdel Hamid Serraj, elevated to interior minister in the regional cabinet, acted as rather ruthless proconsul for Nasser in Syria. He resisted the influence of the Socialist leader, Hourani, who had become vice president.

Serraj eventually was instrumental in removing Hourani who had also run Nasser's policies.

Hourani was fired from his post in late 1958. Serraj, left to his devices, used pressure to bring Syria into line despite Nasser's warnings to proceed cautiously.

Nasser, EXasperated by middle-class opposition, decided last spring to integrate Syria into the Egyptian economy. He denounced Syrian economy as anarchic, creating panic among Syrian businessmen who began to hoard their money or smuggle it abroad. Signs of resentment did not deter Nasser. On Aug. 17 he abolished the Syrian regional cabinet and established a national regime for both regions. Serraj was shunted to a harmless vice presidency in Cairo.

In addition, Nasser began a drastic economic reform program nationalizing banks, insurance firms and industries and further limiting land holdings. In Syria, where four years of severe drought had badly mauled the economy, the reforms were not received kindly.

In mid-January, Serraj was fired or was fired from his post, leaving a nonpolitician as the sole Syrian vice president serving with seven Egyptians. A few days after Serraj's return to Damascus the army acted.

Serraj was sent hiding after the revolt, identified himself and was not connected with it. He was later arrested.

IN ALL PROBABLY, no one outside army circles knew about the plot. The fact that the army officers who carried out the group handed over power to a civilian regime marks them as desirous of seeing stability return to Syria.

It also seems apart from the Shishkely group despite the fact that they chose Manoun Kurbani, a former collaborator of the deposed dictator, for prime minister.

Kurbani, a 47-year-old law professor, is a French-educated conservative. He held cabinet rank and was speaker of parliament under Shishkely. He has promised to restore constitutional life within four months, proposing to rule, meantime, with the help of the army. He has retained the most promising of Nasser's reformers and declared his regime as Socialist—a term that covers a lot of territory in the Middle East.

Kurbani lost no time in declaring Syria's adherence to the United Nations Charter, the Arab League, Arab ideals and a policy of non-alignment in world affairs. He even reached his own plan for Arab federation—in a decentralized union—possibly to counter Nasser's still formidable following.

IT REMAINS TO BE SEEN whether Nasser will attempt to regain control in Syria through his supporters there. He has labeled Kurbani's "reformers" and has blasted Kurbani's lack of enthusiasm for the revolt on financial support he claims wealthy Syrians gave the rebels. But Nasser's popularity among workers and peasants who benefited from his reforms cannot be turned to advantage because these groups are leaderless and would not pull Nasser.

Nasser was probably sincere in trying to weld the two regions into a functioning whole. But he acted too long on the advice of Egyptian nationalists who do not share his wider concept of Arab unity.

If Syria is linked with Egypt, Syria will not fail to affect the balance of power in the Middle East. Iraq is no longer a member of the Baghdad Strategic Pact and Nasser.

Jordan's King Hussein, who was the first to recognize the rebel regime, is no friend of either Iraqi Prime Minister Abdul Karim Kassem or Nasser, but is pro-West. This fragment

Jubilant Syrians gather outside Damascus building to watch civilians remove flag of United Arab Republic after successful rebellion against Gamal Abdel Nasser. (UPI)

by reference to our immediate awareness that we exist and think, and by our perception of the truth that a triangle is bounded by three lines only. All reasoning, he holds, is based upon these and other "intuitive" principles.

INTUITION, SAYS DESCARTES, provides not only the fundamental premises for reasoning, but it also certifies each step in the process. Thus, in order to reason that 2 plus 2 equals 3 plus 1, we must recognize intuitively not only that 2 and 2 make 4, and that 3 and 1 make 4, but also that the first statement follows from the second. Though men may not be able to establish reasoning, they, on the other hand, know by "intuition" not the knowledge of those fundamental principles which are necessarily prior to all reasoning, but rather the knowledge of eternal truths possible only to minds already disciplined by reasoning. His belief that the mind can reason by itself is supported by Plato and Plotinus, and also by many mystics.

Pascal approaches the subject of intuitive knowledge in a different way. He insists that there are two distinct types of minds: intuitive and mathematical. The mathematical mind deals readily with abstractions and with deductions from clearly defined principles, but it is unable to follow lines of thought which do not admit of arrangement in logical form. The intuitive mind, though it is often unable to see logical relationships, sees the principles of things immediately—principles "felt rather than seen." Each type of mind perceives certain things to which the other is blind.

WITH DESCARTES definition of the intuitive mind, we come close to the meaning of intuition as it is commonly used in nonphilosophical circles. Although a man with powers of intuition and women with mathematical abilities, it is much more frequently maintained that a woman's understanding is intuitive, while a man's is mathematical. The modern world is dominated by scientific thinking. Science insists that all statements which claim to be true must be completely verifiable. This is the standard which must be set for public examination. Science is necessarily hostile to intuition. In the words of Freud, one of the foremost proponents of the scientific view: "There is no other source of knowledge of the universe, but the intellectual manipulation of carefully verified observations, in fact, can be obtained from revelation, intuition or inspiration."

You can win a 54-volume set of the Great Books of the Western World by writing a letter, not to exceed 150 words, incorporating a question of general interest for Dr. Adler to consider for inclusion in this column. Each week he will select as first-prize writers the winners of the three best letters. He will use one of these letters as a basis for a future column and will answer it in terms of the intellectual heritage of the Great Books. —443 works by 74 authors, spanning 30 centuries of thought. Address the letters to Dr. Mortimer J. Adler, in care of The Sun-Times.
THE STATE

Week of Talk: Poverty, Birth, Death

BY HENRY M. HANSON
Of Our Springfield Bureau

SPRINGFIELD, Ill. — The nattily dressed social workers in the Illinois Senate fought all week long over the high cost of poverty, and then went home muttering at each other.

The House busied itself with weightier matters—birth and death.

Private citizen Arnold Maremont came to Springfield and told the House Public Aid Committee, “birth control isn’t something en route. It is something that has arrived.”

Rep. Abner Mikva (D-Chicago) pleaded for the House to abolish capital punishment.

“Why do we have to stoop to the dirty rotten business of legalized murder” he asked.

But the 177 House members were not ready to give up the death penalty, and it appeared they were not ready to act against illegitimate births.

* * *

ONE OF GOV. Otto Kerner’s aides, apparently taking a head count on birth control, asked Rep. Anthony Scariano (D-Park Forest) how he planned to vote on a bill by Sen. Morgan (Bud) Finley (D-Chicago) that would drastically curtail the program.

Scariano — struck by the irony that Kerner has not stated his own position — answered, “I have an old war injury in my back. When birth control comes up for a vote, I plan to enter the hospital and write a book about the governor — titled ‘profiles in courage.’”

TWO FOES of the birth control program needed Maremont in a question and answer session that followed Maremont’s testimony.

A few minutes earlier, the same lawmakers, Rep. John W. (Bill) Carroll (R-Park Ridge) and Raymond Kahoun (R-Chicago), failed to vote when the committee considered a bill to outlaw coin-operated machines that dispense contraceptives in public places. The bill died by a 11-4 vote.

Two prominent men have yet to be heard by the committee before the birth control vote takes place. They are Prof. Philip Hauser, University of Chicago population expert, and Dr. John Rock, Catholic Obstetrician and professor emeritus of Harvard University, who has written a book on birth control titled “The Time is Now.”

WHEN THE VOTE comes on the House floor, Speaker John W. Lewis Jr. (R-Marshall) plans to order youngsters from the galleries and leave the rostrum to ask the House to save the Illinois Public Aid Commission birth control program.

Lewis’ argument: “A woman who becomes pregnant out of wedlock is looked down upon for the rest of her life. But the man who deserts his offspring has always walked the streets with the highest respect. He is the one who should be punished. Yet it is the woman who is denied birth control information.”

Lewis has earned praise from lawmakers for a skillful and fair performance in the exhausting job of speaker. If the IPAC program is saved, Lewis’ role will not be insignificant.

* * *

THE LEGISLATIVE week, which was marked by a series of emotional hearings, cleared one potentially dangerous one.

It was the “open occupancy” fight in House Executive Committee on a bill to create a fair housing practices commission to end discrimination in housing.

Galleries were jammed. An overflow crowd milled in the Capitol rotunda while testimony boomed over loudspeakers. For five hours the debate continued while state troopers in plain clothes mingled in the crowd.

Incidents were avoided and most of the credit went to the committee chairman, Rep. Albert W. Hackmeister (R-Chicago), who pounded a heavy gavel, put down demonstrations and gave both sides a fair hearing.

AT WEEK’S END, the lawmakers sped home, many of them highballing 80 miles an hour or better on Route 66. Traveling to and from their Springfield chores, they are exempt from speed limits.

Before departing, House members denied the public the right to go 80 on the same highway.

Rep. Horace Gardner (R-Chicago), one of a small band of representatives to support Rep. Rae C. Heiple II (R-Washington) on a bill to permit an 80 m.p.h. limit on four-lane divided highways, told the House that a week earlier he had come upon 10 lawmakers stopped on Route 66 by state troopers who thought they had nabbed average motorists.
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Left

Decline

W. RYWECK
Chicago Area Committee for a Nuclear Policy

in the issuance of his “Peace on Earth” has drastically stepped into the void left by theatom in international esteem and adoration. The universality and all-inclusive scope of Pope John’s encyclical is its universality and all-inclusive scope. Addressed to “all men of good will,” rather than only those of the Catholic faith, it is an appeal to all mankind, the religious as well as the non-religious, the westerner as well as the easterner, the capitalist as well as the Communist, “on establishing universal peace in truth, justice, charity and liberty.”

He concludes that the “common good of the entire human family” must be promoted. He reminds the human family of its basic oneness and interdependence. The mechanism through which the common good is to be achieved is an international public authority, or strengthening and expansion of the United Nations. But in all efforts to achieve international peace and well-being, the integrity of the individual and his basic rights as a human being are to be cherished and safeguarded.

Pope John reminds us that truly lasting peace will not come from international arrangements or universal institutions, no matter how worthy. Ultimately, the bedrock of a peaceful world is man’s inner convictions.

Terms Message ‘Earth-Shaking’

BY THE REV. ROSS ALLEN WESTON
Minister of the Unitarian Church of Evanston

Man is in desperate need of the kind of leadership that will make the quest for ethical maturity and physical survival a major priority. Such leadership has been lacking for more than a generation.

No nation, whether America or Russia, has been sufficiently disturbed to demand that we stop slaughtering each other.

Now that lack of leadership has been filled. It has come, not from Washington or London or Moscow, but from Rome—the seat of authority of one of the most monolithic and authoritarian institutions the world has ever known: the Roman Catholic Church. And yet from its leader has come a great rallying call for Western man to return to those values which constitute his democratic heritage.

POPE JOHN came from peasant stock and he is familiar with the desperate needs of the farming and working classes of the world. But he is also concerned with the need of the Roman Catholic Church to relate itself realistically to the revolutionary aspects of the Atomic Age. The Church must become more democratic, more rational and more humane, or it will cease to speak, let alone minister to the spiritual needs of modern man.

The Pope’s encyclical must be seen from this perspective. It is an appeal to all men—Catholic and non-Catholic—to “grow up.”

One does not have to be a Catholic to agree with its basic postulate that there is in the hearts of all men a universal desire to be good, to think clearly and to be friendly to all who walk this earth. A non-Catholic will not agree with the theological justification for this belief, but he will certainly commend its philosophical basis. For it is the root of the Protestant Reformation, the French Revolution and the American Revolution. In short, it is the heart and core of democracy, and it is the only road toward peace.

For the Pope of Rome to remind Western man to return to those values upon which his free society is based, is an earth-shaking experience.

TO ME, the most important, and in fact a most exciting, section of the encyclical is a proposal for a “world community” which would be great enough to deal with those economic and political issues which existing bodies, national and international, cannot adequately handle.
July 3, 1961 - Tragedy befell at least three hundred basketball fans when the bleachers they were sitting on collapsed at McGaw Hall at 9:30 Monday morning. After the national anthem was played at the All-Star game, the fans sat down and the bleachers at the south end of the hall collapsed.

(33 were killed and 205 injured - )

"One of the sadder events of the morning was when Roger Kaiser of the East All-Star team was placed on the casualty list."

(he was killed)

"the bleachers collapsed and fell to the floor with 1200 people aboard"

"McGaw Hall, Northwestern fieldhouse north of Central Street and Ashland Avenue, was to have been a scene of cheers and relaxation today. Instead it was a center of great tragedy."

"The final casualty list from this morning's bleacher collapse at McGaw Hall in Northwestern University, is in!"

"The cause of the collapse of the bleachers at McGaw Field today which has been unknown is beginning to come to light."

"Some of these patients are so critically injured that they may die any day."

"St. Francis took in 66 injured"

The board of inspection held "a shortage of small help"

"The spectators all sat down in unison"

-MORE-

"The town of Evanston was today hard hit by tragedy and misfortune. By the end of the day a large department store in the town was left in ashes (Ed. note: it was only minor damage) and the score at a local basketball game was 83 persons dead and 205 persons injured."
A Swan Song's Ending

BY JACK HEWINS

AP Sports Writer

It will be a cold day when Howard Gray goes bird watching again. Probably about 20 below zero.

The persistent Mr. Gray will struggle into the deep snows of Montana's Centennial Valley in February to wind up four years of filming the life story of the trumpeter swan, America's biggest and one of its rarest birds.

You may think it strange to find in this 7,000-foot high, snow-choked and iced-up valley 35 miles west of Yellowstone Park, a bird that could fly south if he so desired.

But there are warm, unfreezing springs in the valley and the trumpeter can't stand people. Hounded by hunters of meat and feathers, he retreated before the advance of man until the wild lands were nearly gone and so was he.

THE MEAT was no delicacy but the low-flying bird was easy to shoot. His feathers were prized for the delicate down and the Hudson's Bay Company shipped skins to Paris by thousands for the making of powder puffs. Trumpeter quills made the world's finest pens before the metal pen-point was developed.

The snow-white giants, which can reach a weight of 40 pounds, once were known throughout North America. By 1932 there were only 69 left: 31 in Yellowstone Park, 26 on the Red Rock Lakes of Centennial Valley; 12 on the rest of the continent.

The government bought 40,000 acres in the valley in 1935 and made it a refuge in an effort to save the trumpeter.

"MOUNTAINS of the Continental Divide jump straight up from the valley," says Gray, "but warm, unfreezing springs flow into Red Rock Creek. Automatic feeding silos were set up at these springs and the swans became year-round residents, discarding the habit of migration."

An outdoors commercial photographer, Gray was filming a fishing episode on a Montana lake when his camera caught a mother swan and three cygnets. The swans all but stole the show and Gray decided to try a documentary movie on the life of the trumpeter.

With the cooperation of the U.S. Bureau of Sports Fishing and Wildlife, he made occasional safaris into the isolated valley and has recorded the nesting, feeding, growing up of the swan.

HOWARD GRAY uses no blind, but dresses in coveralls and cap camouflaged like a World War I battleship. Standing perfectly still, he blends with the landscape.

"Adult swans will leave if a person comes within 300 yards," Gray said he learned.

"Swans nest on top of muskrat houses, built of sticks in the swampy waters of Red Rock Lakes. I pulled one boot after another for a quarter-mile to reach a nest. The parents were gone but they had covered the clutch of seven eggs with several inches of sticks and grass.

"For several hours I stood in the muck, filming the hatching of a cygnet. Following the growing up of the family, I learned that the parents may swim away with the first three or four cygnets, abandoning the unhatched eggs."

GRAY LEARNED that trumpeters mated for life, but of the several hundred now in existence — the total was up to 488 by 1955 — there are only 50 mating pairs and just 20 cygnets grew to adulthood in the refuges last year.

"By the time the cygnets are feathered out in October," he says, "the parents teach them to fly by example. They take off with a run and a great beating of wings, folding back their big feet like an airliner once they're aloft. Then they circle back to alight and prod the youngsters with their beaks, trying to force them into flight."

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90 DAY IN THE HOME SERVICE
The Impossible Dream
Of Jimmy Ellis

by Joe Fleherty

Not since the 1936 Olympic Games in Berlin, when Jesse Owens ran the 100 as the White master race, has a sporting event featured such security as that at the Frazier-Ellis heavyweight title bout Monday night at Madison Square Garden. The Garden was so populated by police one thought the Fuehrer had staged the show.

Hundreds of boxing buffs who couldn’t afford the high-priced seats ($75 and $100) were held behind police barricades in the lobby, while the Beautiful People and the anointed were passed through the cordon of cops to their plush seats. The old-line Irish and Italians who keep the sport alive tried unsuccessfully to find scalpers holding tickets for the cheaper seats ($10), while a voice on the loudspeaker (achtung!) instructed the cops to remove the riff-raff. And the cops, both black and white, were monuments of officialdom who bore out the historic theory that it is dangerous to give anyone a hat embroidered with brass.

But the saddest blow to the working class was that even a truce at the door failed—in a society that prides itself on capitalism. This moral perversion was compounded by the social rumor that William F. Buckley, Jr., had invited Barbara Long to attend the bout with him, but she refused, because she already had an escort, Alger Hiss. This vicious left counter-punch by Miss Long might move Buckley to describe her evening out as the “Odyssey of a Friend.”

Inside, Joe Frazier made things better for everyone except Jimmy Ellis. The drama of the evening, of course, was finally settling the split claim to the heavyweight crown. Frazier has reigned in five states, including New York, while Ellis has been the recognized champ of the World Boxing Association. The shadow on the drama was Muhammad Ali whose crown was lifted for not fulfilling his contractual obligations to the Viet Cong. The evening turned out as predicted. Frazier devastated Ellis who lived up to his role as the 6-1 underdog.

One thought Ellis might have made a better go of it. After all, he was Ali’s sparring partner for years and adopted much of his new-fledged boxing style, a style which could have spelled trouble for the flat-footed, straight-ahead Frazier. But then, Gary couldn’t stand like Bing, and that was the sad note of Ellis’s evening.

Ellis also had Angelo Dundee, the canny little magician who gave Ali the formula to lick Liston in his corner. What Frazier had going for him was his firm philosophy that the way to crumble a castle in the air is to assault its foundation, the stomach. The fable being that this time Cinderella attended a wretcher’s ball.

In the first round, there was a hint that Ellis might carry it off. He jabbed well, landed some combinations, and kept Frazier from bulling him into the ropes. What he didn’t take into consideration was that Frazier, like all good laborers, was just trying to work up a sweat.

Midway in the second round the moment of truth arrived. Ellis landed his best shot, a right hand to the head, and Frazier did little more than blink. Then he did a lot more. He sank a left hand into Ellis’s stomach, letting out all the air from Jimmy’s impossible dream.

In the third Frazier just went about his work—banging the belly, never losing his discipline by going head-hunting. Or, for those with an “Easy Rider” mentality, he was doing his own thing in his own time.

The fourth he obeyed the first commandment of the ring: “Kill the stomach, and the head dies later.” Having buried Ellis’s stomach a round earlier, Frazier now decided it was time to send his head to Forest Lawn. He dropped Ellis with a picture left hand for an eight-count. Ellis, with much less success than Lazarus, rose, only to have the left flatten him again for the count of nine when the round came to an end.

The magical Dundee worked over his fighter in the corner, but one wonders if even Oral Roberts could have succeeded at such a feat of revivalism. When the bell sounded for the fifth, Dundee signaled that his fighter had had enough. Ellis shook his head in disgust (but not convulsively; even in the acting department he is inferior to his mentor), then jumped up, and hugged Frazier as one would embrace a governor who came through with a last-minute pardon.

Frazier has run through his division. There is no one of quality left for him to fight. Except. Frazier is the king in the counting house counting all his money, but floating around without recognition is that beautiful blackbird Ali, who just might be capable of snapping off his nose.

And that is the fight one would love to see. But since Ali is a “national menace,” one assumes the Garden would be even more zealous next time in their security precautions. One is saddened at the thought of all those little old men who have been the life blood of the sport trying to buck the CIA and an armored division to get to the $10 window.
New York emerges "here" as a laboratory in which a limited range of experiences attains special intensity. Most prominent among this particular laboratory is that human beings are the only remaining manifestation of nature. The others have been stamped out and paved over. So it's a city in which relationships between people take on far more importance than they can possibly support. Aldous Huxley once observed that urban dwellers copulate more often than their rural counterparts because sexuality is the only communion with nature left to them. "Going Places" is suffused with that sexuality, and also with the horrors that ensue from it.

The book gets down to the horrors right at the outset. In the first story, "Manink," a coed, whose boy friend refrains from seeing her to preserve the fragile equilibrium he needs to graduate work, meets a fiercely lonely Turkish student; they rape each other in the Turk's car. From the episode Melanie learns the "distinction between life and sensibility." Suddenly, experiences that she knew only as ideas have become real possibilities. Now, having taken a long step out of adolescence, she wants her boy friend to accompany her. Interpreting a description of his doctoral dissertation, "she told him about the rape. He sat up with words about the impossibility of confidence, the betrayal of expectations, the end of things. He was amazed, he said, the world didn't break and the sky fell down. As far as he was concerned the ceremony of innocence was drowned. While he packed she rubbed her knees and stared at him. He noticed her staring and said, "I don't like you."

Later a girl in her dorm discovers that Melanie has hanged herself. When the Turk finds out, he gets drunk, wanders into a field, and, sure that she loved him, confines her image and caresses it. Yes, "Manink" could almost be grand opera, but the writing takes it elsewhere—closer perhaps to the nuttiness of gossip, or to the alarm of a 4 a.m. phone call made by someone at the edge of sanity.

Cataclysm is present in many of these stories, even if only a few are as melodramatic as the first. Sometimes it's the avoidance of melodrama that's cataclysmic. In "Mildred" the relationship between the narrator and her girl friend has reached that state of disintegration in which she keeps fishing for compliments and then repudiating his authority to compliment her:

"I'm not pretty."
"Yes, you're pretty."
"I know I'm attractive in a way, but basically I'm ugly..."
"I like your legs."
"You're the only boy friend I've ever had who was a coward. It's easy to like my legs."

Two of her friends arrive. Without quite being told, we know

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THE SEATTLE TIMES Sunday, February 15, 1970 21
A President Visits Alaska

Text by Ivan Doig

Warren Gamaliel Harding was quite possibly the only American President who could look dignified while somebody handed him a fish.

He also was the first President to visit Alaska, and at his first stop there at the Indian town of Metlakatla, the townsfolk took the chance to greet him in style.

President and Mrs. Harding arrived at Metlakatla July 8, 1923. Besides the handsome salmon, the Metlakatians presented him with an Indian canoe paddle, gave Mrs. Harding a bouquet of wildflowers and put up an arch which read, “God Bless Our President.”

The President came to Alaska by ship, the transport Henderson. But the Metlakatians had come by canoe. In 1887 an Episcopal missionary, William Duncan, had led the Indian community from British Columbia to begin anew on Annette Island, near Ketchikan in Southern Alaska. Under Father Duncan’s leadership until his death in 1918, the Metlakatlan colony built a foursquare Victorian town with plank sidewalks, trim houses, a cannery, a sawmill and a monumental church.

The reception given President Harding and his entourage at Metlakatla quickly was matched in enthusiasm at the next stops. Before the presidential party headed back toward Puget Sound, Mr. Harding sledged a golden spike on the government railroad, drove a locomotive, was photographed “painting” a section house and was given a gold pan by the Alaskan Yukon Pioneers.

For all the ceremonial frivolity, the trip was shadowed with ill luck. Political scandal was catching up with the Harding administration in Washington, D.C. The Henderson rammed the destroyer Zeilin in the fog off Port Townsend on the return trip.

The President, worried and weary, went through his heavy schedule in Seattle, including a long speech at the University of Washington, before leaving by train the night of July 27, 1923. He fell ill on the train and on the evening of August 2 died at the Palace Hotel in San Francisco.

The Indians of Alaska’s Metlakatla colony operated a fish cannery. During President Harding’s 1923 visit they gave him a large salmon.

A large crowd turned out at Metlakatla to hear the first speech by a United States President on Alaskan soil.
Above—Metlakatla was viewed from the water. The twin-steepled church built by William Duncan’s followers dominated the town. Below—Besides a salmon, President Harding also received a canoe paddle from formally-attired Roderick Davis.
**CHICKEN VERSAILLES**
(Yield: 8 to 8 servings)

1. Rinse chicken pieces and pat dry. Season with salt and pepper. Blend flour and orange peel together in small paper bag. Add chicken, a few pieces at a time, and shake to coat all sides well.

2. Heat oil and butter or margarine in large skillet. Saute chicken pieces until golden brown. When all of chicken has been browned, cover it loosely and cook over low heat until chicken is tender about 45 to 55 minutes. Turn pieces once or twice during the cooking period.

3. To make sauce, combine orange juice, sherry and lemon juice in small saucepan. Mix together dry ingredients and stir into liquid. Heat, stirring well, until sauce has thickened. Remove from heat and add orange sections.

4. Arrange chicken on large platter and spoon a little of the orange sauce and fruit sections over chicken. Serve remaining sauce as an accompaniment.
woman chasing and high living, he still had a remarkable physique."

Floyd also had a brief film at the movies, "acting" in 30 or 40 low-budget films, including one rather hefty part opposite Eleanor Boardman in "The Way of a Girl." For $75 a day, Floyd knocked out another fighter, "according to the script," and let Miss Boardman feel his biceps.

Always a truthful man, Floyd once made national headlines by engaging a wrestler in the ring to settle the question of whether a boxer or a wrestler could come out on top. Floyd knocked the wrestler down, but the man crawled across the ring and grabbed Floyd by the legs and threw him. Floyd was convinced.

"There is no way a boxer can beat a wrestler unless he knocks him out with the first punch," Floyd says. "Once he gets a bear hug on you, it's all over."

Although he never could hammer a nail himself, Johnson hired some good journeymen and went into the construction business here after a brief stint in the sheriff's office. He earned a small fortune in home building during the Second World War and added another "bundle" building larger structures afterward.

"When his wife of 40 years died a few years ago, Floyd remarried "somebody my age, not one of those young things so many old folks take up with." He's very happy with his new wife's grandchildren and the five of his own.

Johnson has scrapbooks filled with photographs and sports-page clippings, but he only hauls them out when a visitor begs to see them.

Most of the famous names and faces of boxing's "Golden Era" are there. And so is Floyd, who sums it all up this way:

"They've almost all gone now. Fast living didn't help a lot of them. Only Gene Tunney was smart enough to make his pile out of fighting and quit before he got hurt. I got hurt, but I had too much pride to go down when it would have saved me a lot of punishment.

"I think fighters should be allowed to wear head-protective devices in the ring. Let 'em win on points instead of trying to kill each other. But the crowd wouldn't buy that, I guess.

"Me? I'd never do it again. I'm a human being. And human beings weren't made to get hit in the head with fists, with or without gloves, unless they're awfully hungry."
Washington's First Smoke Jumper

By Ivan Dolg

Francis Lufkin did not see anything odd about jumping out of an airplane his first time up. He still doesn't.

"I can't say that I was scared," he says calmly. "I figured I could figure things out for myself. I knew how the equipment worked, and I'd looked it all over. It was a real opportunity, as far as I was concerned, to get in on something new."

Lufkin, now 59, leaned back in his office chair, both of us looking out the tinted window toward the Methow Valley and the little landing strip where he came down from that first jump 30 years ago.

I thought about how my stomach jampacked away to hide behind my backbone every time I get up on a stepladder, and about the gimp in my right knee whenever I hop down from anything higher than 18 inches.

Francis Lufkin, eldest of the Forest Service smoke jumpers in the Pacific Northwest, right then greatly impressed my stomach and my knee.

Lufkin is in charge of the North Cascades smoke jumper base at Winthrop, in the Methow Valley north of Wenatchee. Each summer, some three dozen young men train at the base and parachute into Washington's national forests to fight fires.

Smoke jumpers operating out of this base and several other bases from New Mexico to Alaska have made nearly 1,300 parachute jumps since 1940. Lufkin remembers when the idea first got off the ground, from the little river plain outside his office window.

In the autumn of 1939, a small group of Forest Service men and professional parachute jumpers went to Winthrop to test the idea of parachuting men into remote fire areas.

"They had the all-around type of terrain and timber here," Lufkin pointed out, "and the fact that this Cascade Range was mostly all wilderness at that time. And we had an experience of big fires in our back country."

"My experience was, when I took a crew in there, it'd take a day and a half to walk in. Then everyone was so tired, they couldn't fight fires. Now, we go in this same area in 25 minutes."

David Godwin, assistant chief of fire control for the entire Forest Service at the time, "got some information about the Russian paratroopers and had it transliterated. Lufkin remembers. "It got to the point where he thought it was worth a try and had both of us draw up with the Eagle Parachute Co. (of Lancaster, Pa.)"

The concept was accepted, and jumpers were trained and parachute jumped, headed up by Frank Derry.

"Frank, I think, probably originated the statement that you don't have to be crazy to be a parachute jumper, but it sure helps a lot."

The professional jumpers, mostly veterans of the barmaining circuit, were hired to drop into various kinds of terrain in the Methow Valley area to see if it made sense for a man to go to a forest fire by way of an airplane and parachute.

The biggest jump was into the tall trees which could dangle a parachutist like a Christmas-tree ornament.

Trying out the Eagle Co.'s 30-foot back-pack chutes, the hired jumpers made about 60 jumps in October and early November, 1939.

Throughout the tests, Lufkin and a few other Forest Service employees retrieved chutes and chutes from trees.

"That was my job—to go up the trees and get the chutes out, because they were there in the harness and couldn't get loose," he said.

"That all time, we had to go up and lift them up bodily, so they could get the snaps unsnapped. Then they could either come down the limbs or I could let them down on a rope."

After a few weeks, Lufkin decided he wanted to try jumping. It looked simple enough, he says. Besides, it meant a raise of $40 a month.

Derry helped him into a jumping outfit and recited a few instructions. Then Lufkin climbed into the gull-wing Stinson aircraft. The pilot took off the plane up to 3,500 feet.

"The ceiling was down very low that day, and I actually jumped into the clouds," he said.

Lufkin climbed out onto the step of the plane, dropped off feet first, counted slowly to three, and pulled the ripcord. The canopy bloomed above him. He whirled out of the clouds, the ground was down there where it was supposed to be, and Lufkin had a new career.

Impressed with the trial jumps at Winthrop, the Forest Service in the summer of 1940 began smoke jumping in earnest. Small squads of jumpers were stationed at Winthrop and Missoula, Mont.

Lufkin made several more practice jumps at Winthrop. In August, 1940, he made his first fire jump—the first, according to the Forest Service, in the Pacific Northwest.

"My first fire was over here about 15 miles," Lufkin told me as he pointed west towards the North Cascades. "The year before in this same area, they had a fire that cost $41,000. At that time, that was a pretty expensive fire."

Lufkin and another professional parachutist, Glen H. Smith, landed in an open space in the forest and moved in on the fire, a blaze covering about one quarter of an acre.

"We were only there probably five or six hours until a packer came in, and we had it about mopped up. So we loaded our stuff on a couple of mules and brought it out."

Lufkin and Smith had an easier time of it than many smoke jumpers have in the past three decades. Earl E. Cooley, who jumped a month earlier in what the Forest Service records as the first fire jump anywhere in this country, offers a different story.

Cooley and Rufus Robinson, members of the first jumping squad at Missoula, parachuted on July 12, 1940, to fight a fire in Idaho's Nez Perce National Forest.

Cooley writes: "We jumped in the face of a thunderstorm with a 25-30 mile an hour wind blowing and consequently missed our selected spot by a quarter or half mile. My risers twisted and did not become freed until I was almost to the treetops...

"I landed about 90 feet up in a large spruce tree, but managed to climb in to the trunk and climb down the tree."

So much for smoke jumping as a casual way of life. I asked Lufkin if he had ever had a bad jump.

"Well, no, not myself."

He sat back, a big, weathered man who doesn't seem used to thinking back on the bad ones.

"On my third jump, I had to open my emergency chute," he admitted. "At that time I was still counting my breaths and if you didn't have good position, why sometimes you'd start to tumble... I just trembled into the pilot chute and it wrapped around my foot. It didn't look like it was going to come off, so I started to pull for my emergency...

"I landed out there in an alfalfa field."

He nodded toward the fields west of the smoke jumper base, close to the thick line of three marking the Methow River.

"This was just at daylight in the morning. The farmer was going down there to charge the irrigation water, and I landed in the water right alongside of him. He didn't know I was anywhere in the country, and I guess I scared him about half to death."

Near our feet Lufkin's jump dog, Lady, snored herself awake and looked guilty about it. I glanced around at the wall maps and radio equipment in Lufkin's office, and tried to imagine what it would be like, falling toward the Methow River out there, tumbling through the morning air with a parachute tangled around your feet.

I asked Lufkin how many jumps he had made before he quit, nearly 20 years ago.

"I've made about 38," he shook down at Lady and smiled. "After I got that far, they told me I'd better do the administrative work."
Francis Lufkin made his first parachute jump from this small Forest Service plane (above) in the fall of 1939. He followed this in August, 1940, with the first official fire jump in the Pacific Northwest. At right, 30 years later, he observed the smoke-jumping landing facility at Winthrop.
**Prattlings about How to Pick a Motel**

At the end of the day's drive, weary travelers mainly want a refreshing shower and a good night's sleep. There is an element of gamble in choosing the right motel in which you may accomplish this....

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Christmas in books

By Larry Rumley

Christmas, because it is itself a tale of wonder, inspires men to write about it in their fashions and their fashions in the past have given tongue to other men to tell the tales others have written. We all have particular favorites. Just as Charles Laughton and Lionel Barrymore each had his favorites from the world of literature and the talent and desire to share them with all who would listen.

Both had great affection for the writings of Charles Dickens and both brought to life the characters who populate "A Christmas Carol." But Dickens wrote several Christmas stories and his descriptions of English Christmas, as it used to be, in "The Pickwick Papers," are worth returning to.

(Mistletoe has been hung from the ceiling of the kitchen and Mr. Pickwick has just escorted an elderly lady of the house under the branch.)

"The old lady submitted to this piece of practical politeness with all the dignity which befitted so important and serious a solemnity, but the youngers, produced by the horror of a thoroughly imbued with a superstition for the custom of the fashion for the custom; or imagining that the value of a salute is very much enhanced if it costs a little trouble to obtain it, screamed and struggled in the covers of their cloaks and threatened and remonstrated, and did everything but leave the room, until some of the less adventurous gentlemen were on the point of deserting, when they all at once found it useless to resist any longer, and submitted to be kissed with a good grace . . ."

One of the famous stories by Henry Van Dyke, "The Other Wise Man," describes the journey of three men who sold their worldly goods and bought three great gems: a sapphire, a ruby and a pearl, to give to the King whose star he had seen in the brilliant night sky.

He sped by horse to a meeting with the other Magi several days later, but he never caught up with them.

He stopped to give a dying man water which revived him. When Arthaban reached the meeting place his friends had gone without him and he returned to Babylon to sell his sapphire with which to buy provisions and camels for the journey to the new King.

"March on! There is no child here. The house is empty.

The years passed, 33 years, and at an older, wearier Arthaban walked slowly to the place called Golgotha where crucifixion was to take place. An old man and his daughter were being dragged through the streets by Macedonian soldiers. Again there was a need, again a troubled moment in which to make a decision. The pearl became the ransom. Arthaban had resolved the conflict in his soul — between the expectation of faith and the impossible of love.

As he gives his last treasure a heavy file falls and strikes him. Dying, he bears a faint voice from far away saying, "Verily, I say unto thee, Inasmuch as thou hast done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, thou hast done it unto me."

His journey was ended. His treasures were accepted. The Other Wise Man had found the King.

Similar in message are two lovely stories, "The Juggler of Our Lady," a medieval legend, and "The Christmas Flower" by the late Joseph Henry Jackson, who was books editor of The San Francisco Chronicle. In the former a juggler, Cantalbalt, lonely and dispossessed by the cruelty and hypocrisy of men, seeks refuge in a monastery only to find the world with its mirrored self reflected in the world without; pride, and prejudice, are not evils of the city alone. But when the brothers have contributed their gifts to the altar without a miracle taking place, it is Cantalbalt, giving the only gift he can, his skill as a juggler, who wins acceptance and the grace and compassion of the Virgin, because his alone is a gift of love.

In Jackson's story, it is the gift of a dusty plant, placed on the altar of a poor Mexican church, that brings the miracle. The dusty leaves bloom brilliantly, the red glintens in the church, and the Christmas Flower, the poinsettia, is the gift that ends the tribal worship of the false god, Tzalo. The gift of love has won acceptance.

And then, of course, there's H. L. Mencken's "Christmas Story," written, as he said, "to surpass, transcend and put an end to all other Christmas stories."

Determined to treat the Skid Road dregslets who customarily burled their souls in decry missions in return for a holiday meal, his fictional host provides the trimmings and rents a hall, furnishes dinner, beer and cigars and stipulates only that there be absolutely "no evangelical harassment of whatever sort . . ."

But of course the plan fails when one of the newly-stuffed patrons, maudlin from beer and conditioned by habit, begins to weep, to bare his past, to confess his sins. The effect is calamitous.

It is Mencken's love for man's dignity, his hatred of cant that intrudes upon that dignity, that makes his a proper story for Christmas, whatever its deviations from tradition.

O. Henry's "Gift of the Magi" is more traditional in its recognition of selfless love as the quality that most makes Christmas important, that reaches its essential meaning, and in the story of sacrifice of personal possessions to give each other what each most wants, O. Henry has caught this quality beautifully.

Writing of the Christmas stories of Dickens, D. N. Brereton said: "The truth is — and herein lies the secret of his universal appeal — that Dickens made the spirit of Love a household god to whom every domestic hearth was an altar. We seek the world over for success and wealth and happiness, and find them not, until, footsore and weary, we return home and there, waiting patiently for us, is that Love which we sought, though we knew not what we were seeking; and we fancy that Dickens whispers to us that the Spirit of Love is just this little book. Christmas are one and the same."

Dickens himself said: "Christmas comes but once a year—which is unhappily too true, for whereas we come into contact with it the whole year round we shall make the earth a very different place."

A lovely book

"ESPECIALLY AT CHRISTMAS," by Celestine Sibyle, Doubleday and Co.$2.85.

One of the rules for survival as a good newspaper reporter is: Don't get emotionally involved with the news sources. Celestine Sibyle, a gifted writer, violated that rule daily and came up with some of the best copy on The Atlanta Constitution.

This delightful little book is readable, with a score of stories and came up with some of the best copy on The Atlanta Constitution. The 11th person is the author who writes from her heart about the characters in the poor districts of Atlanta and the red hills of Georgia.

Her characters are real people. I know, you see, because she and I worked for the same chain of newspapers. Her husband, Jim, and I were desk mates back in 1922.

Next to Celestine my favorite character was Mrs. Dooley.

Fun and rhymes for youngsters

"THERE WAS A WISE CROW," by Joseph Low. Follett. $2.50.

This little book of nonsense will tickle most children. And the clever drawings, also by Joseph Low, add to its appeal. From the old owl, who tried, with a score of other rhymes, to the black yak who had a fat sack of bright birds on his back, it offers fun and rhymes.

TOM STOCKLEY
Old West

"THE AMERICAN HERITAGE OF GREAT ADVENTURES OF THE OLD WEST." American Heritage Press. $3.95.

Stories in this collection were originally published in American Heritage magazine and are worth preserving in book form. Each story (all are true, by the way) proves that history in the hands of professional writers is far from dull.

The subjects range from stage coaches to the exploits of David Thompson, the explorer and mapper, from the storming of the Alamo to the California gold rush, and from a story about Geronimo to the first dude ranch in the West.

Pacific Northwest readers will be interested in a story about the massacre of the Whitmanas as well as a story by Senator Warren G. Magnuson about the great locust plagues. It is called "Pharaoh Had it Easy."

ARCHIE SATTERFIELD

Attractive book for naturalists

"THE LIVING WILDERNESS" by Rutherford G. Montgomery. Cadmo Printers. $4.85.

Caxton Printers has issued a new edition of Rutherford G. Montgomery's "The Living Wilderness," which first appeared in 1964. It is a collection of essays on the wild creatures of North America, based on the author's observation of their habits and individual traits. He tells how to look for these animals and study their ways of life.

This is an attractive volume for the nature lover, well illustrated and full of facts interestingly presented.

LUCILE MCDONALD

Helpful book for hikers

"FOOTLOOSE AROUND PU-GET SOUND" by Janice Krenmeyer. The Mountaineers, Seattle. $1.95.

If Western Washington some day becomes a seething mass of hikers, packs on backs, guidebooks in hand, trudging in all directions, The Mountaineers will have to admit to a good share of the responsibility.

The past few years have seen four hiking guidebooks to the mountains of the Puget Sound area published by the club. Now the newest publication in the series opens up the lowlands to the tramping devotees. "Footloose Around Puget Sound" brings together text by Janice Krenmeyer, a feature writer for The Times, photos by Bob and Ira Spring and sketch maps by Helen Sherman.

Mrs. Krenmeyer has two other guidebooks to her credit — both outgrowths of a "Footloose in Seattle" series she did in The Times. The new Mountaineers production presents 100 walks from tidewater Puget Sound to the Cascade and Olympic foothills.

Photos illustrating the hikes in all of the guidebooks have been by the Spring brothers. The mixture of historical notes, personal observations and interesting commentary in the text makes this a little more than just a guidebook. It also indicates the amount of research, tramping about in the trails and work that went into the production — two years on the part of Mrs. Krenmeyer.

HERB BELANGER

Changing styles in wedding gowns

An interesting chronicle of changing styles in wedding gowns has been published by Mrs. Ada B. Odendrider, 6046 Fourth Ave. N. W., Seattle.

"Wedding Bells" is the title of this attractive paperback book which includes 45 photographs, nine in full color, by Ronald B. Christiansen. The book records style changes from 1800 to 1969.

Mrs. Odendrider designed the dolls entirely, molding, firing and finishing the heads, hands and slipped feet, designing and starching the bodies and handstitching in authentic fabrics the bridal costumes and accessories.

The dolls were displayed last year at the Seattle Museum of History and Industry.

The book is available from the author Price: $8, plus 50 cents postage and sales tax.

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Gothic influence


Anyone planning a trip to Eu- rope would do well to include this informative and delightful study of Gothic architecture on his reading list. The book's many pictures and descriptions can help the prospective traveler decide which cathedrals to visit, and will help him know what to look for. Sacheverell Sitwell of the distinguished English literary family writes from a background of long familiarity and apprecia- tion of his subject.

Of the many impressive ar- chitectural wonders he cites the cathedrals of Reims and Chartres "which with Versailles are the great sights of France." His other favorites include cathedrals at Leon, Bourges and Amiens and the Paris classics. Notre Dame and Saint-Cha- pelle, England's classic churches, many with great steeples, are included, as well as exam- ples in Spain, Italy, Germany and elsewhere.

Sitwell's work increases the reader's respect and admira- tion for the amazing artists and craftsmen who produced such elaborate stone work, flying buttresses, gargoyles and stained-glass windows so many centuries ago.

JOHN HAIGH

Science simplified


Here is a nontechnical de- scription of the Apollo program that culminated in the moon landing. It will be an interesting refer- ence book for the young reader and the casual adult space reader — but probably won't contain much new for the brainy youngster who has fol- lowed the program closely.

HILL WILLIAMS

Best Sellers in Seattle

FICTION

"The Godfather" by Mario Puzo.

"The Horse on the Strand" by Daphne DuMaurier.

"The French Lieutenant's Woman" by John Fowles.

"The Seven Minutes" by Irving Wallace.

"The Inheritors" by Harold Robbins.

NONFICTION


"Living Poor" by Moritz Thomsen.

"Washington" by Ray At- lison and Carl Gobin.

"The Graham Kerr Cook Book" by Graham Kerr.

1970 World Almanac is out

Do you know that a catclaw blackbean is an American spe- cies of tree? Or that the Mari- ana Trench is the deepest known area of the Pacific Ocean at 36,198 feet (com- pared to an average depth of 13,739 feet)?

Of course you do if you keep informed with The World Alma- nac, the oldest such publication available. And that gives you an advantage over many per- sons who have not yet devel- oped the splendid habit of buy- ing the almanac each year.

The 1970 edition, bigger (952 pages), more colorful (with a new four-page, full-color section about our space achievements), more informative than ever, is available now at Seattle book counters and in the lobby of The Times.

Exclusive highlights include a comprehensive review of 1970s job market; a guide to ba- sic first aid; a report on the achievements of women and a pageant of history, "One Hundred Americans of the World Almanac." Only The World Almanac can make that claim, because it is 182 years old.

The price is $1.95 at book stores and The Seattle Times business office or $2.25 by mail with coupons in The Times.

Eskimo art


A tourist in Alaska these days might get the impression that Eskimo art is a latter-day in- dustry consisting mostly of ivory bracelets and good-luck charms.

Not so. This special category of the arts, classic in simplic- ity, always has been a part of Eskimo life. It still is and is finding a place on the contem- porary scene.

The story of Eskimo art, from ivory engravings to paint- ings, is told in this new publica- tion sponsored by the Interior Department's Indian Arts and Crafts Board. It is an 87-page, magazine-size booklet.

The talents of Dorothy Jean Ray, the author, include anthro- pology. The subject could not be in better hands. Mrs. Ray is remembered for two of her books published in recent years by the University of Wash- ington Press — "Artists of the Tundra and Eskimo" and "Esk- imo Masks, Art and Cer- emony."

The publication can be or- dered for $1 from: Superintendent of Documents, U. S. Gov- ernment Printing Office, Wash- ington, D. C. 20402.

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THE SEATTLE TIMES, SUNDAY, DECEMBER 21, 1969
What if We'd Had a Monorail 50 Years Ago?

Illustration by Irwin Caplan
MEMBERS

SEATTLE TIMES' readers also remember — and write letters. For instance:

"Do you remember yellow sickers, decorated by hand with graffiti and illustrations? John Hold, Jr.'s cartoons were an excellent source for pictures.

"We Peteragers wore 'rainboots', flat-topped rubber galoshes (no zippers them) with narrow for edging. We wore them over our shoes all day in school, carried our compacts, pens, combs and any other junk we found necessary. We had to walk rather spraddle-legged.

"For dress occasions we were permitted 'Little Louis' heels in contrast to 'French' heels that grown-up women wore. Papa, who had a number of daughters, bought (wholesale) dozens of artificial silk black-lace hose. The lace part stopped about six inches below the knee and ended up with black cotton tops. Being second-hand, the designs never matched quite the same.

"One season, 'King Tut' decorations, especially in earrings, were an 'in' thing. Mine were about three inches long and of gold-wash and enamel and caught on everything.

"Do you remember the boys who finally had achieved long pants continued to wear stockings so they could roll up their pants and get into the movies as juniors?"

Helene Schlick
215 S. 218th St., Des Moines.

T. R. Bardue, 1214 Meridian Ave. N., commenting on a recent remembrance of ice-delivery trucks, recalls: "That distinctly 1920's wet wood aroma propagated by the natural phenomenon of ice melting on the silver-strewn floor of those same trucks."

"And how very intense that smell was, as we crept in for those coveted gems of ice chips. So pungently unique, in fact, that even after these 40-odd years any odor of wet, seasoned, splintered fir today quickly transports the writer back over the decades, up over the tailgate, around the canvas curtain and into these trucks' cool interiors.

"You must recall also how extremely limp and ineffectual were those wood shovels — while sodden — but so hazardous to a kid's knees and elbows when dry and brittle."

Bardue also asked, "Do you ever think of these Iceboxes?"

- The abundance and annual productivity during the 1920's of harelip bushels and blackberries on Seattle's many empty lots.
- The Saturday streetcar ride to the Pike Place Market with mom for fresh vegetables, farm eggs, fish, meat and/or Manning's yellow, blue or brown bag of coffee freshly ground and bargain-priced.
- The full pickle barrels under the old Portland-rose walk at Smith Cove, their contents huge, juicy and available to youthful pier fishermen — and I would guess the transient knights of the road from the nearby Great Northern yards.
- The Kitsap Transportation Co.'s little steamers Vashon II, Maniow, Hyak and Poushob, furnishing scheduled service to Puget Sound's islands and the Olympic Peninsula; a trip to one of which was probably the high point of a young schoolboy's summer vacation.
- The 200-pound bags of walnuts reposing on what is now Pier 55 or 56, or stacked high-and-extremely vulnerable to any of the pocket knives which were standard equipment to perpetually ravenous, restless young adventurers.

"Perdue adds: "A guy could wallow in his own nostalgia forever, it seems... but by God we had a hell of a good time and I feel we got so much more out of life than today's unlucky youth get for some reason, and the disparity is simply tragic."

"Our youth isn't getting a fair shake out of life — not for the reasons which they themselves feel, but because they are victims of prosperity. Kind of twisted, isn't it?"
PRATTLEINGS

IN THE HOSPITAL

Reading of astronomical costs, care of questionable quality and other deficiencies, I looked forward to a stay in the hospital with dread. Overcrowded and overworked they gave me A-1 care nonetheless, plenty of attention, nourishing gruel, clean sheets, back rubs, and pills all hours of the day and night—all with smiles and kind words. I feel I got my (and my insurance company's) money's worth...

Just wait until I get to be a full-fledged nurse... There'll be changes.

Hospital gowns are tailored for average (4'8") patients...

Guess who gets the muscle jobs—the male nurse or the aide?

Doctor McManus! Doctor Martin! Doctor Silencer! Dr. Inspy! When it's time to go home, the administrative details can be complex, and the bill may come as anything but an aid to quick recovery...

The P.A. system keeps everyone informed as to what is going on...

Kinda-bitsy—skimpy, isn't it?

This is where the original 'mini' designs were born!

You've got the legs for it, though—muscular knees, knotty calves—well-heh?

Eight million seventy seven running thou and thirty six cents!

What I thought I heard you say...

Gray Chevvy in doctors' parking lot—your lights are on!
Seattle’s Monorail Plan—1918

By Ivan Doig

It looks like something Mary Poppins would ride to a Sauti concert.

In case you don’t recognize it, the transportation system pictured here is the monorail plan proposed for Seattle in 1918. As shown below, an artist foresaw the Universal Elevated Railway running along Westlake, right, and Fourth Avenues. Above is a sketch of a car.

What promoters had, mostly, was the idea. Other than that, their grand plan for making Seattle the monorail capital of the world was pieced together from a few patents, a dinky bankroll, and much, much bravado.

Elevated monorails were not unknown in 1918. One carried passengers above the Wupper River in Germany, and smaller ones had been built in such places as Djibouti and St. Paul. For 20 years there had been a monorail operating in Ireland, the Listowel and Ballybunion Railroad.

Clearly unable to match the Irish line in magnificence of name, the Seattle group went for optimism instead and incorporated in May, 1917, as the Universal Elevated Railway Co.

By late 1918, the major investor and president was Albert E. Holland, a druggist in Sedro Woolley. David O. McClay, who managed a garage on Capitol Hill, was secretary-treasurer. A Seattle man, Ernest G. Howe, emerged as the most active promoter of the group; he was designated vice president and general manager.

Their assets were several patents on monorail equipment. They planned to sell stock to the public, use the money to build a demonstration monorail in downtown Seattle, then watch the profits from their patents tumble in as the world began following Seattle’s example.

Their timing seemed promising. The city had bought privately owned water and electrical systems and was running them itself. Prospects were that street railways might be bought and operated by the city, too. If the monorail clicked as a downtown transit system, the city might pay big for it.

Nearly 200 miles of street railways laced through Seattle already. What could a monorail offer? Howe and his associates had the answer handy in a promotional flyer:

“Do you realize that SURFACE OBSTRUCTION, such as floods and snow, railroad crossings, congestion of various types, also derailing of rolling STOCK, killing and mangled of PEOPLE and destruction of PROPERTY, building and maintaining large STEAM and ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVES, as well as TRESTLES and ROAD BEDS to carry the same, the OVERHEAD TROLLEY expense and THIRD RAIL danger, also many other things too numerous to mention, would PRACTICALLY all be ELIMINATED by establishing a System as represented by this COMPANY’S PATENTS? However, for all those surefire advantages, the Universal Elevated Railway Co. faced a problem we know all about. There was a war on, and money was tight.

Through committees working under the Federal Reserve Board and the War Finance Corporation, President Wilson’s administration scrutinized all large investment issues in the last year of World War I. Any considered not necessary to the national interest were shelved.

At times, the Capital Issues Committee for the West Coast stirred up action nearly as lively as what was happening Over There. When the committee chairman, a San Francisco banker, told the city of Los Angeles to hold back on scheduled civic projects, Angelinos howled that he was sabotaging the progress of their city of dreams. Seattle tossed similar urgings to austerity while City Light was working on plans for the Skagit hydroelectric project.

But Ernest G. Howe was undaunted by a mere committee. (The correspondence between Howe and the Capital Issues Committee is in the archives-and-manuscripts division of the University of Washington library.) Early in October, 1918, he asked for permission for the monorail company to issue $100,000 in stock.

Howe confidently told the committee he had visited various large cities and “received,” many during the war, criticizing the system, as well as encouragement.”

The committee members noted that the monorail company claimed potential profits worth $2 million. They also noted that the total investment behind the company seemed to be about $7,000,000. Cash on hand at the Universal Elevated Railway Co. was $200.

The arithmetic did not add up to what bankers like. The committee promptly pronounced the stock issue plan “exceedingly speculative, unessential, and unnecessary at this time.”

Howe returned with a three-page letter saying he could not imagine where the committee got the idea that the Universal monorail scheme was not essential to the national interest.

The company, he protested, was not a “fly-by-night proposition . . . but good established business people backing, he said, that the decision was merely an oversight because the committee was so busy. Howe again requested approval of the $100,000 stock issue.

The committee was somewhat hunched to Howe this time. It remarked that with the exception of two inventors who had put up most of the original $7,000, “it does not appear that any of these gentlemen have contributed real money for the stock” they planned to sell to the public.

Howe charged back. “This plainly shows that your knowledge, with reference to this business is insufficient,” he wrote the committee. “. . . Do I understand that you gentlemen take it upon yourselves to pass upon our company’s business as incompatible to national interest and that our assets and services rendered to this company are intangible, when men of ability and knowledge, knowing the official and engineering capacity, have passed upon it as being valuable and practical?”

The committee remained unswayed by the weight of verbiage. Howe was told that the matter was considered closed.

Opportunity closed up on another front, too. While Howe was hounding the Capital Issues Committee, the city of Seattle bought the existing street railway system for $15 million.

And the Universal Elevated Railway Co.? It packed its dream and faded away, its only vestige the idea which became Seattle’s monorail 43 years later.
COMPUTER WARRIOR: death and desolation

By Larry Green

The computer is not just a simple tool for business or entertainment. It is now seen as a threat to the very survival of society. The dehumanization of warfare, the blurring of the line between the real and the virtual, and the potential for mass destruction through cyber-attacks are all issues that are being addressed.

WHERE WE ARE

Where computers first emerged was in the military, where they were used for calculations and communication. The first practical computer was the ENIAC, which was built in the 1940s. Since then, computers have revolutionized warfare, allowing for more accurate targeting and faster decision-making.

WHERE WE'VE BEEN

The United States was the first to develop a computerized military system, known as the DODNET. This system was designed to allow for the sharing of information among all branches of the military, but it was not always successful. In 1996, a cyber-attack was launched on the DODNET, which caused chaos and confusion among military leaders.

WHERE WE'RE GOING

The future of computer warfare is uncertain. Some experts believe that the use of computers in warfare will continue to increase, while others believe that it will eventually be replaced by other technologies. Regardless of what happens, the computer is here to stay, and its impact on society will continue to grow.
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We're not low on any specially priced items
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Up to

Smokey's
Empire Way

West Center
Lead to story by Ernie Pyle: written for Scripps Howard.

If you don't have July 25 pasted in your hat I would advise you to put it there immediately. At least paste it in your mind. For I have a hunch that July 25 of the year 1944 will be one of the great historic pinacles of this war. It was the day we began a mighty surge out of our confined Normandy spaces, the day we stopped calling our area the beachhead and knew we were fighting a war across the whole expanse of France....
3-PC. DUAL-PURPOSE SUITE
You Get 82" Sofa-Bed And Both Chairs!
Regularly $119.95. Danish style sofa converts to a bed for 2; has consoled belting compartment. Foam embolishing throughout, rich walnut finish frame, decriber fabric. Matching chair plus high-back chair.
$100
22 Weekly

LOVELY MODERN 3-PC. SUITE
Regularly $119.95. Handsome beige finish on select cabinet woods. Pieces include optional 5-drawer double dresser with attached landscape mirror, chest of drawers and bookcase headboard bed in full or twin size.
$100
22 Weekly

SAVING $19.95
LOVELY MODERN 3-PC. SUITE
Regularly $119.95. Handsome beige finish on select cabinet woods. Pieces include optional 5-drawer double dresser with attached landscape mirror, chest of drawers and bookcase headboard bed in full or twin size.

8-PC. BUNK BED OUTFIT
PLUS DESK OR CHEST
3 Famous SEALS
Mattresses Included!
All 8 Pieces
$100

BUNK BED OUTFIT
PLUS DESK OR CHEST
3 Famous SEALS
Mattresses Included!
All 8 Pieces
$100

Here’s what you get: bunk bed with 2 Sealy mattresses, 2 springs, ladder and guard rail. Plus choice of plastic-top desk or chest. Maple finish on fine hardwood.

4-PC. EARLY AMERICAN SUITE
Regularly $119.95. You can't beat this bargain anywhere! Built of solid maple and select woods. Roomy 6-drawer double dresser, framed mirror, 4-drawer chest and full or twin poster style bed. Dustproof, center-guided drawers.
$100
22 Weekly

6-PC. EARLY AMERICAN DINING SUITE
Solidly built of fine hardwoods and finished in warm, mellow maple tone. Round table extends to family size 45"; you can't burn, stain or scar the plastic top. 4 comfortable seat chairs and attractive buffet base.
$100
22 Weekly

2 COMPLETE SEALT HOLLYWOOD BED OUTFITS
Not Just 1, but 2 Outfits! Free 2 Pillows Included!
$100
22 Weekly

COMPLETE For
Here's what's included: 2 famous Sealy mattresses, 2 box springs, washable plastic headboards and 2 pillows. 29" twin size outfits.

ARVIN 16" PORTABLE
• Compact...
• Weight Only 24 lbs...
• Expand for Private Listening

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"Touch-N-Wash" control for any load! Has 2 speeds, 5 water rimes, spin switch, lint filter. 2 years service!

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Easy Terms

Life-like 22" pictures! Exclusive "cool" chassis cuts down on repairs. On orders for easy moving. 90-day service!

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True, vivid stereo! Plays all sizes and all speed records. Tone, volume and balance controls. 90-day service!

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Performance that rivals that of a console. Bulit-in antenna and carrying handle. Free 90-day carry-in service.

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Aragon Waltzes Out The Way It Came

By Jack McPhaul

In a special world, unique for stars always bright and clouds never stormy, a three-day wake is in progress.

The serene Aragon balcony, a Spanish-Moorish castle type of creation symbolic of the gaudy era in which it was born —the Reoing '20s—will cease to exist as a waltz-and-fox-trot haven Sunday night.

The obsequies began Friday night to the sound of saxophones, clarinets and marimbas. And there also began for thousands of people a pilgrimage back in memory to the days of their youth.

Thousands Turn Out
When Wayne King, the "waltz king," opened the first night of the three-day finale by leading his orchestra in "A Kiss in the Dark," there were an estimated 3,000 persons in the balcony. An even larger number was on hand for the Saturday dancing, and there will be thousands more in the balcony on Lawrence near Broadway Sunday night.

The majority of the couples are middle-aged and older. Many, like maestro King, are grandparents. For them the journey to the Aragon is a sentimental trek.

Tremendous applause greeted the 62-year-old King when he appeared on the scene.

"Life Started Here"

"I feel as if the crowds sold my fans." He looked as though he meant it, and they looked as if they were ready to weep, too.

"My whole life started here," said King.

While a few couples actually dance, most crowd around the Aragon Ballroom bandstand to listen on last time to the music of the "Waltz King," Wayne King, who made his Aragon debut in 1927.

KING MADE DEBUT AS A LEADER AT THE ARAGON AND STAYED SEVEN YEARS. HE HAS REAPPEARED THERE AT INTERVALS DURING THE LAST 35 YEARS. HIS APPEARANCE FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 1927 RESULTED IN AN EVENING OF SURPRISE AND ENJOYMENT.

"Welcome home," the crowd cried out. King had him with the saxophone he used in his debut. In playing "A Kiss in the Dark" he was repeating the number he opened with seven years ago. On the stage was violinist Herbert Miska, an original member of his band. On the ceiling, a mural was designed to resemble a Spanish plaza, artificial stars twinkled and equally make-believe fleecy clouds floated.

Merrill M. Green and his wife Irene, of 344 Cumberland, Des Plaines, danced to the music of "You Made Me Love You." They danced at the Aragon 35 years ago when Merrill was courting Irene. Friday night was their first visit since the days of their youth.

The Opposite View
"We came to say good-by to Mr. King," said Mrs. Green. "We always loved his music. The atmosphere and the music were so beautiful"

For an opposite viewpoint a young girl who was visiting the Aragon for the first time in company with her parents wanted to see the father. She wanted to see where he had danced with her mother.

"I watched dad's eyes light up when it was his turn," the daughter reported while her father was briefly absent.

"I understand his sentiment but good grief, this place is weird."

She looked about at the carvings, scrollwork and tiles and queried, "Was this the sort of stuff people went for in the 1920s?"

Memories Of 25 Years
William Brockeoff and his wife Amy, of 2433 W. Berwyn, would have disagreed. Their memories of the Aragon go back 25 years.

"As I remember it," said Mr. Brockeoff, "attendance was 75 cents during the depression. It was a good place to come and forget your troubles. When we didn't have the ticket money, we danced at home to Wayne King's music on the radio."

Admission this week-end was $2.50 for singles and $3.50 for couples. Oscar Brotman, a theater owner who has purchased the Aragon in partnership with Leonard Sherman, said $18,000 in advance orders was in the till when the doors opened for the finale.

5 States Represented
Five states were represented among the advance ticket buyers. Presumably most were former Chippewas with fond memories of the Aragon.

DURING INTERMISSION KING TOLD A REPORTER THAT HE STARTED OUT PLAYING "SWEET, MELODIC MUSIC, THE KIND I PERSONALLY LIKED" AND "LUCKY FOR ME THERE WERE A LOT OF OTHER PEOPLE WHO LIKED IT, TOO."

For decades the Aragon stuck to the Watley sentimental music, while elsewhere ballrooms went in for the boom and the blare.

"We played very little of the Charleston," said King.

Floor men moved in to hula-hooping and rug cutting and announcements were made that "exhibition dancing by shifts is strictly prohibited."

The mambo and the cha-cha were popular in their day but not at the Aragon.

Parents Pleased
"It was one of the few dance halls I know of where careful parents allowed their daughters to go unescorted," said King. "Floor men kept an eye on the fellows who came alone. The wrong ones were sent on their way."

Cards were distributed to unescorted girls stating, "Ladies, don't hesitate to accept the offer of a dance from a gentleman. When he asks you for a dance, he pays you a compliment. Please consider it in that light and the enjoyment of your visit to the ballroom will be increased."

Men were not allowed in unless they were properly attired. There was a shop where they could rent coats and ties. Sweater girls were denied admission, and in the 1940s women wearing slacks were turned away.

A Romantic Check
It's estimated that more than $1,000,000 men and women learned to dance in classes held at the Aragon. How many marriages developed from romances that began on the dance floor can never be counted.

Brotman announced in advance that a nurse was among the 125 employees on hand. The grandfathers and grandmothers thought that was rather amusing. None seemed fearful that he would collapse while dancing to the strains of "The Waltz You Saved for Me."

"The Aragon is not going to come tumbling down. Brotman and Sherman will operate it as a roller-skating rink. It's a good clean exercise but who ever saw a boy and girl roller-skating check to check?"
Children Still to Pay for the Tortured Birth of Israel

By DAVID HELD
London Sunday Times

Or was it a justifiable war, as Churchill said in the late 1930s? Or was it, as some of the anti-war movement insist, a crime against humanity, as charged by the Jewish National Council in the Jewish Headquaters of Jerusalem on the eve of the State of Israel? Or was it, as some of the post-war British Labour government insisted, a war of aggression, as charged by the United Nations, by 30 nations who had called for an armistice, by the British Labour government of Clement Attlee, and by the Labour government of Canada? Or was it, as some of the post-war British Labour government insisted, a war of aggression, as charged by the United Nations, by 30 nations who had called for an armistice, by the British Labour government of Clement Attlee, and by the Labour government of Canada?

History is Vital

Yet the words of all men are properly remembered, and what is, perhaps, perhaps, the most vital - is not a component of Jewish history - is what is now known as the "Great Difficulties"?

Great Difficulties

Try to bring it all together. It was the Jewish National Council of London, in 1939, that first said what has come to be known as the "Great Difficulties".

The Jewish National Council was made up of the leaders of the Jewish community in London, and was the first Jewish organization to call for a Jewish state in Palestine. The council met on August 10, 1939, and passed a resolution calling for the immediate establishment of a Jewish state in Palestine. The resolution was adopted unanimously, and was signed by all the members of the council.

The resolution was a response to the situation in Europe, which had been worsened by the outbreak of World War II. The council believed that the war would lead to a increase in anti-Semitism, and that the Jews of Europe would need a place to call their own.

The council's resolution was a significant step in the history of the Jewish people, and it helped to lay the groundwork for the establishment of the State of Israel in 1948. The council's resolution was also a testament to the determination of the Jewish people to create a homeland of their own, and to never give up on their dreams.

Old Events Shed Light on the Present Issues

"TIERRA" DRAPERIES

TOTALLY MACHINE WASHABLE
insulted practically in a truly luxurious mood
Penney's to machines-washable tushy dry, never iron. Insulated with SheepBed 600* new applied fleece. Magnificent floral brocade. Sizes for all your windows!

There's more than a beautiful hue to these draperies. Sheffield 600* new applied fleece. Magnificent floral brocade. Sizes for all your windows!

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FIVE YEAR COLOR GUARANTEE*
Fight Ended as Suddenly as It Had Begun; Toll—31 Yanks Dead

By HENRIETTA McCAY
Associated Press

The 120th Birthday of the 1st Diviso
nion already had a mellow
ness on its face, fresh from a
bitter fight. The 31 American
soldiers left North Korea, and
victory was confirmed.

In addition to the 31 soldiers,
there were 2 Americans who
were injured in the battle. The
Yanks said it was an easy win.

The Americans had 31
soldiers and 2 wounded.

Air Pollution
Problem in India

Calcutta, March 18—A
mysterious disease spread
throughout the city, causing
cases of illness and death.

The disease is called "Sudden
Death," and it appears to be
a new strain of influenza.

As much as 20,000 of the
people in the city have
suffered from the disease.

In response to the crisis,
the government has set
up a task force to investigate
and find a cure.

Fashion wheels right through summer in carefree separates!

Colorful short sleeve Sweat Shirts
Summer classics...with comfortable washable of 100% cotton and
fully cotton flax fabric. One neck collar neck styling. Scoup up arrival at
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Popular cut off jeans
Comfortable shirt denim softs and with high
elastic band. 125% cotton and 36% cotton
blend. Great summer look! 3.98

Comfortable stretch Denim
Ankle Pads knee stick, perfect for any
season or for any activity! Tiny waist
pockets. Of 20% cotton and 36% stretch
denim. Have side slipper, adjustable waist
belt. 3.98

Floral print cotton
Summer Blouse
The year's favorite summer classics with a bright and beautiful
cotton print. Available in different colors. With button front, matched skirt. Lovely low
price too! 3.98

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AUBURN  EVERETT
AURORA VILLAGE  NORTHGATE
BALLARD  RENTON
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BRIDGESTON  UNIVERSITY
DOWNTOWN SEATTLE  WEST SEATTLE

The troops were some time to as soon as Callahan, his face reflecting dejection,
covered the face of his wearing American. The same of the dead soldier was not
immediately available.
Dining at an Elegant Restaurant

Where Waiters Move Like Panthers

NEW YORK CITY

Every New York restaurateur worth his bœuf à la mode has a dream at one time or another that goes like this: He envisions a truly great restaurant, smaller and more elegant even than Le Pavillon, where he would welcome guests as to his home.

Quality would never be compromised, cost would never be an issue. Crisp linen tablecloths, gleaming Baccarat crystal, bone china, and heavy Christofle silverware would grace the tables, of which there would be 17 at most.

Waiters would move with the stealth of panthers, ever-watchful yet never in hovering, obeisant evidence. The guests would be people of means and discriminating taste who would linger over dinner for hours savoring the wines’ bouquet.

Pleasing the Palate

For these dream guests, a master chef would perform prodigies of grande cuisine, working with only the finest materials. The Dover sole would indeed come from Dover, even if it had to be ordered by transatlantic telephone the day before. The veal would come only from milk-fed calves of the highest quality. The asparagus, as Charles Lamb once said, would “inspire gentle thoughts.” And the wine, of course... impeccable.

Such a dream restaurant does exist in New York today. It is called Lutece.

Few of Lutece’s patrons today realize that the restaurant has been open for seven years, that the first five years were more of a nightmare than a dream come true for its stubborn young owner, André Surmain, who nearly went snowblind staring at the islands of white linen tablecloth in his empty restaurant. Most of Lutece’s patrons “discovered” it in 1985, along with Gourmet Magazine, which said at that time:

“Generally regarded as one of the top three or four restaurants in New York and very likely one of the top two in reality, Lutece maintains the art of gastronomy at a spectacularly elevated level.”

Mr. Surmain derives a wry, “where were you when I needed you?” satisfaction from such long-awaited accolades. From the outset, however, he steadfastly refused to court publicity and to this day refuses to advertise. Food and travel writers have always been welcome to dine at Lutece—but they must pay the same as everyone else.

“We aren’t even listed in the Yellow Pages,” he says proudly. “We don’t want to be listed with other restaurants. Gourmet and Cue Magazines list us; well, we can’t stop them.”

Gossip and society writers find Lutece barren ground. Mr. Surmain jealously guards the privacy of prominent guests such as Jacqueline Kennedy, and they like it that way.

“The other night,” he confided, “an English lord came here to dinner with a certain young lady not his daughter. He went on from here to a night club, where he was photographed by the papers. That sort of thing does not happen in my restaurant.”

A New York Brownstone

Lutece occupies the first two floors of a five-story brownstone at 249 East 50th St. Until recently, Mr. Surmain, his American-born wife, Nancy, their four children, and bassett hound Gaston lived on the top two floors, adding to the carefully nurtured illusion that guests, when they enter Lutece, are entering the

It’s just like eating at home (if you happen to be a Rockefeller).
She might as well be a million miles away—her thoughts are!
This young student and thousands like her are playing hooky every day right under the gaze of their teachers. Such students can’t seem to concentrate, grow restless and lapse into daydreams.
All too often, the cause of such “truancy” is a lack of good eating habits.
Many children do not achieve all they might in school and in other activities simply because their bodies are not properly nourished. It’s a fact that one out of every five school children starts the day with an inadequate breakfast. About one-half of all adults, two-thirds of all teen-age girls and one-third of all teen-age boys skimp breakfast or skip it altogether.

Make sure you’re giving your family all the nourishment they need by planning each meal around the Basic Four Food Groups. Get a free copy of “Family Feeding For Fitness and Fun,” which describes the Basic Four Food Groups and explains how to use them to create more nutritious meals.

Write to the Public Relations Department, American Dairy Association, 20 N. Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60606.

A “Kid-Pleasin’ Meals” promotion, sponsored by the American Dairy Association, is appearing in supermarkets right now. Its purpose is to help you plan thrifty, well-balanced meals that appeal to children as well as the whole family. Look for “Kid-Pleasin’ Meal” ideas at food stores near you or ask your dairy route man.

A message from dairy farmer members of American Dairy Association.
If No Federal Employees Here, Still Need for New Schools

By RALPH POMMIKOWSKI
Tribune Staff Writer

Although one of every five students in Great Falls public schools are children of persons employed by the federal government, the possibility of their moving out of the system does not significantly affect the need for new school construction here, says W. Tod Barkhurst, assistant superintendent for special services.

Refuting the argument that new schools might not be needed if government contractors moved out, Barkhurst said, "If we adjusted our figures every time Boeing moved in or out, we'd never get anywhere."

He emphasized that last year, at the peak of missile construction and remodeling work, there were only 13 high school and 266 elementary students who were children of missile workers. "Even if they do move out," he added, "roughly 40-45 per cent of them eventually return and stay here."

About 3,600 of the 19,000 students in Great Falls schools last year were federal workers, he said, pointing out that "federally connected" not only refers to a serviceman's children, but also can be children of "a trapper on the Lewis & Clark National Forest," since both are government employees.

"When we had 10,000 students in 1962," said Barkhurst, "we barely made eligibility requirements of four per cent federally connected kids. Our enrollment has gone up twice since 1962, but federally connected numbers have gone up about eight times." He said government subsidy payments to the school district for education of these children - "impact funds" - do not pay the entire cost of their education, but that the amount is equitable in view of the fact that government involvement here, including contractors, generates more business and raises more tax money that eventually is returned to the school district for operation.

"But more than that," he noted, "it is the only federal money that can be used 100 per cent to reduce local taxes and for current operating funds." With no strings attached, Barkhurst annually goes to Washington, D.C., to fight the district's case for federal funds. His early-life experience as a nitroglycerine truck driver in the southern Illinois oilfields must undoubtedly give him nerve for the job, which often includes testifying before Congressional subcommittees whose members are budget-minded.

"We're about on schedule with the building expansion," he said, "and if the population levels off, we're not going to be hurt. We're planning for the kids we have and can reasonably expect to have in the near future.

"If the population should level off, Barkhurst said philosophicaly, the district then could abandon some of the oldest, out-dated and most badly mislocated elementary schools in the city. He added that this possibility is remote, however, since Great Falls has been tagged as a city of high growth potential.

He said the district this year will rent classroom space at St. Luke's parochial school in Riverview until the new Skyline Elementary School is completed north of Henderson Heights. He said the move was necessary to relieve overcrowding at other schools, and added that the two new elementary schools will absorb most of the overloads and be full the day they are opened.

For the school year starting Tuesday, he said, an enrollment increase of 833 students is expected, not counting enrollees in the new post-high school vs-tech program.

Commenting on other school business he is responsible for, Barkhurst said, "There are more people here in need of a high school education than an elementary one," in connection with this year's basic education classes.

Basic education provides for education of persons to eighth grade level, and is paid for by the Office of Economic Opportunity (OEO). He said the program, which offers classes at all times of day, has been a success, but lamented the fact that federal funds are not available to substantially subsidize a similar program for high school instruction. About 70-100 students, in all age groups, will receive basic education this year.

Seven hundred students took driver training this summer, Barkhurst said, and used 11 autos furnished by local auto dealers. Half the cost of driver education formerly was paid by the state, the administrator said, but a recent ruling by the state Supreme Court has cut off the source of these funds - which was an extra charge assessed to traffic violators.

During the winter, he added, the number of cars will be reduced to five. Last year, more than 1,200 students and adults learned to drive through the program.

My Touches on Lowry Site... sun-tetons report

Dunkle Hits Sun-Teton Report

Sunday, Sept. 1, 1968

Great Falls Tribune 13

The Fish and Game Director also found fault with the report's "Economic and Financial Analysis," and concluded that the proposed Castle Reef site "would be as damaging to our resource as would be the Sun Butte site."

He said that either would destroy valuable winter range and added that to "compromise the winter range is to compromise the game populations of the wilderness.

Copies of the letter were sent to Montana's congressmen and senators, and to Gov. Tim Babs

home-grown - Montana is not the land of the
fruited plain. There are exceptions, though - such as these grapes that Mr. and Mrs. Jim Paulin cultivated in their yard a few years ago.
Congress Reconvenes
Wednesday

WASHINGTON (AP) — With both political conventions finished, Congress will return next week to handle legislation and initiatives in the hot-house political atmosphere of a presidential election year.

Meanwhile, with all House seats and 24 Senate seats at stake in November, those seeking re-election will have to keep a close eye on things back in their home states.

Much of the heavy backing of unfinished legislation is controversial. Several members have considered various legislative initiatives to the campaign which will figure prominently.

Main issues arising from the post-convention session include:
- President Johnson's hotly contested nominations to the Supreme Court of the United States.
- Gun-control legislation.
- Major budget bills which could produce fresh controversy over congressional mandate for spending cuts.
- Extension of the nation's basic farm programs.
- Anti-poverty measures.
- Foreign aid proposals already delayed deeply and expected to encounter still more trouble.
- A proposed treaty bar to the spread of nuclear weapons to non-nuclear nations, an issue considered the invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet Union and its Communist bloc neighbors.
- Conservation measures to establish a national system of trails and a Redwoods National Park.

How long the post-convention session will last is uncertain. Members facing opposition are anxious to return home for full-time campaigning as soon as possible.

13 Bodies
Found After Indiana Fire

GARY, Ind. (AP) — Fire destroyed the homes of 13 families in an apartment building in the city's Midtown section Saturday. Thirteen bodies were recovered.

Dr. Alexander S. Williams, Lake County coroner, said the three children previously reported missing were found at a neighboring apartment building.

Police did not release any of the names of the victims, but the bodies were identified as those of four adults and three children.

By Kay Bartlett

SPEARSBURGH, S.D. (AP) — Three women were traced to their homes Wednesday by federal agents who have been searching for them since they were reported missing this past summer.

The three women are believed to be associated with the.Byte computer network, which is suspected of being involved in illegal activities.

The women were last seen in the area of Spearfish, South Dakota, on Aug. 10. They were reported missing by their employers, who said the women had left their jobs without explanation.

The FBI has been searching for the women for several months, and the search has been focused on the area around Spearfish.

The women's families have been told that if they do not learn any information about the women, they will be contacted by the FBI.

553 Czechs
Ask Asylum In Austria

VIENNA (AP) — The Austrian Interior Ministry announced Wednesday that 553 Czechoslovakian citizens have asked for political asylum, the highest number in the Soviet bloc countries.

The announcement came just as the United States signed an agreement with the Czechoslovakian government to exchange political asylum seekers.

The agreement was signed in Washington on the same day that the United States signed a similar agreement with the Soviet Union.

The agreement with the Czechoslovakian government allows for the exchange of political asylum seekers, as well as the repatriation of political prisoners.

Joe Jones, who runs cattle on his 6,000 acres near Belle Fourche, said, "The more we have, the better prepared we are and the less chance there is that we will fail in the future." He added that the news was good because he had been concerned about the weather.

Alfred Allen, a retired postal employee who runs a ranching lot in Rapid City, said the enemy could not get past Ellsworth Air Force Base, the Strategic Air Command base that contains the 150 missiles in South Dakota.

"If the missiles are fired, we tell them to fire them," Allen said. "They have the ability to fire them, and we don't want to see them fired."

The Air Force will only confirm that the missiles are nuclear, but it will not say whether they are equipped with a bomb or a bomb-like warhead or what their destructive force might be.

"I can only suggest you look at Hiroshima or Nagasaki and draw your own conclusions," said Maj. Thomas McKeehan, chief of public information for the Air Force.

Some of the targets, which are played in the showers, are the apartments that suddenly rise from the prairie, yellow with sweet clover and blue with ditches in the road.

"Subconsciously you're aware of the missiles being there, but you tend to forget them when you're white," said Earl Waterland, who works daily in his sheep-cleaning shop at the missile site on his land.

"Waterland sees every day looks like a pin-stamped power installation. But he knows it is not.

He knows the television poles and electronic gadgets he sees are atop a buried missile, pointing to Europe or Asia within 30 minutes.

He knows the raised section of concrete inside the securely pacemaker-locked area is really a 50-foot concrete dock that will be blown off by jet power seconds before the missile rolls out.

He knows that beneath the characteristic piece of top soil there is a sophisticated instrument of destruction that can destroy an entire population in minutes.

Minute man intercontinental ballistic missiles are buried deep in the ground in Rapid City, Wyoming, Montana and Missouri.

Each day for five years now the missiles have passed the harmless-looking concrete and earthen walls that now stand where the launch control centers were built only a year ago.

The launch control centers were built only a year ago. The missiles went up to the air but were at a standstill the entire time.

"The missiles will eventually have to be fired, and we expect them to be fired," Allen said. "They have the ability to fire them, and we don't want to see them fired."

But the Air Force has said that the missiles are not ready for a test run.

"If they had handled it right, most of those fellows would have simply given them the land."

"It makes you think of the American people who will be killed for doing nothing. It makes you think of mass death," said Marge Barlow, who at 16 is far more in control than her mother.

"I was told that the wind was coming from a third of the trees that needed it."

Once the land was acquired, the front widened. Pot shots were taken at Air Force personnel more than once. Some construction worker was marching across the land with an irate rancher with a loaded rifle.

Then the ranchers from Brook
Homer Bigart: lead from dispatch on a massacre in Cameroon.

A band of rebel youths drugged with hashish gave this town (Dschang) a night of horror last week.

They came down from the high, gaunt hills to the northeast, marching boldly along the red clay road singing a rebel song to the tune of "John Brown's Body". Splitting into three groups, they easily penetrated the sleepy, static defense of French African troops.

They infiltrated into the heart of town and before the garrison could be aroused, they had butchered or burned 74 persons, mostly women and children....
CARTER ENERGY DIET

How a 'Gas Guzzling' U.S. Family Is Hit

BY ROBERT REINHOLD

New York Times

With four snowmobiles, two motorboats, a six-berth motor home, one truck, one car, three tractors, one four-wheeler, one motorcycle, two air conditioners, a heated greenhouse, two food freezers and a sauna bath, the Gene Swanson family of Lake Elmo, Minn., was slightly dismayed yesterday.

If the Swansons consume a little more energy than most — they keep a 250-gallon tank of gasoline in the yard and spend $1,400 a year to fuel the "kids' toys" alone — their style of life is not untypical of the kind of living and recreational patterns into which so many Americans shifted during decades of cheap abundant energy. It may be too soon to gauge the ultimate consequences of President Carter's energy program for the average consumer, but if an informal check yesterday with families in all parts of the country is any indication, most are prepared — some resentfully — to make adjustments in the way they live, work and play.

And no matter how carefully crafted the program may be to cushion the impact, it appeared yesterday it would visit some painful, possibly unfair, dislocations on a society thoroughly dependent on private automobiles and other energy-hungry devices.

Until now, Gene Swanson, who owns a plumbing and heating business near St. Paul, never gave much thought to all the gasoline his machines devour. Now he says he may have to get rid of some of the recreational vehicles and make a few less weekend trips to the family's farm 62 miles away in Wisconsin. But he still plans to take his mammoth Dodge Travo Motor home on a three-week jaunt to Nova Scotia this summer.

The sacrifices will not be so bad for Swanson or his wife, Florence, who knew poverty in their youths. But they are worried about their three teen-age boys, children of affluence for whom snowmobiles have always been as much a part of life in the north country as snow in January.

But if the Swansons will have to give up a snowmobile or two, many other Americans fear the sacrifices will cut much deeper, into food, cloth-

Seattle Post-Intelligencer

THE VOICE OF THE NORTHWEST... SINCE 1863

P-I Phone Listings, Page A-4 5**
FRIDAY, APRIL 22, 1977

15¢ in Western Washington; Canada 25¢; Elsewhere as posted
Quickly
National/International Digest

Quote . . .
"Carter should spend a couple of weeks with a poor family to see what we go through," said Susanna Maldayrow of Jersey City, N.J., about the President's proposals to increase the cost of energy, Page A-1.

Diabetes Drug Faces Ban

The Food and Drug Administration said yesterday it may ban a drug used by a quarter million diabetics and which a Ralph Nader research group contends may have caused hundreds of deaths. Dr. J. Richard Croot, director of the FDA's Bureau of Drugs, said the oral diabetic drug, phenformin, does have a "serious side effect," called lactic acidosis, which can cause death.

A New Kind of Pop?

Watergate Plea ReportedlyRejected

The New York Times
WASHINGTON — The Supreme Court was reported yesterday to have voted 3 to 3 last Friday to refuse to review the conviction of John N. Mitchell, H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman in the Watergate cover-up case.

Chief Justice Warren E. Burger was reported by court sources to have postponed a final disposition of the case, however, and to have scheduled the matter for reconsideration at the justices' regular private session today in hopes of getting a change in the vote so that the appeals by the three former Nixon administration officials could be heard.

National Public Radio first reported the action. The court's spokesman, Barrett McGurn, declined to comment on the report. The New York Times subsequently confirmed it through other sources.

The justices take their votes in private sessions at which no outsiders are present, not even the clerks. The justices consider the secrecy of their sessions highly important — both because decisions are traditionally subject to change up until the last minute before public announcement and because of the effects that premature disclosure might have, such as on the stock market, in a financial case.

Leaks about votes taken by the justices are thus extremely rare.

The NPR correspondent who broadcast the report, Nina Totenberg, attributed the information only to "sources" at the court.

The justices who voted to refuse to review the Watergate cover-up convictions were reportedly William J. Brennan Jr., Thurgood Marshall, Potter Stewart, Byron R. White, and John Paul Stevens.

The justices who voted to hear the case were reportedly the chief justice and Justices Harry A. Blackmun and Lewis F. Powell Jr. — who, along with Justice William H. Rehnquist, are the Nixon appointees to the court. Rehnquist, according to the sources, decided not to participate in deciding the case because of his "friendship" with Mitchell.

If the review is formally declined by the court, then Mitchell and Haldeman would have to begin serving their prison terms. Ehrlichman already is in the federal prison in Stafford, Ariz., serving time for the so-called Ehrlichman break-in.

Man Wins Delay On Girlfriends Abortion

MAPLEWOOD, N.J. — (AP) — A 23-year-old man won a temporary court decision yesterday forbidding his girlfriend from having an

New York Times

administration switch on effects of program

pacts on the economy and less growth than from the energy prog might otherwise occur.
A ‘Gas Guzzling’ Family’s Plight

From Page A-1

ing, heat, possibly their very jobs.

Even before the latest crunch, gasoline and utility bills had about stretched Susanna Muldrow of Jersey City, N.J., to the limit. A 37-year-old black woman without a husband at home, she supports nine children and two grandchildren on her $180 a week take-home pay as a nurse’s aide plus $334 a month in welfare benefits.

Her utility bills averaged $233 a month last winter, up from $118 in 1972. She spends another $50 or so a month just to get to work and back in her 1967 Oldsmobile Cutlass. Mrs. Muldrow says she may try to cut down the heat some more next winter, but beyond that still higher fuel costs will cut into food and clothing for her children.

“This just about pushes me to the wall,” she said. The President’s suggestions about buying smaller cars and talk about tax credits leave her cold. A small car? “I’d need three,” she said, pointing to her flock of children. Tax credits? She doesn’t make enough money to pay income taxes.

“Carter should spend a couple of weeks with a poor family to see what we go through,” she said.

But one need not be as poor as Mrs. Muldrow to feel threatened by rising fuel prices. Millions of comparatively affluent Americans live in suburbs that exist only because of the automobile. For many families, having two or even three cars is not a matter of luxury but necessity.

Consider, for example, Edwin and Vivian Taylor of Bohemia, N.Y. He drives his 1966 Buick every morning to the Long Island Railroad Station to commute to his job as a sales engineer in Manhattan; his wife gets around in a 1966 Cadillac.

Already, the Taylors feel, they have cut back their energy use almost to the minimum. Together they drive less than 15,000 miles a year, they have turned down the heat in their eight-room house, and they seldom drive into New York to visit Taylor’s parents anymore. Even so, gasoline, heating oil and electricity runs them about $2,000 a year.

“How much further can I go?” Taylor asked. “I feel I’m being penalized because I live in the suburbs and we need the cars. Public transportation is not available. You know what’s going to happen. I’m going to pressure my employer for an increase to make up for what is coming out of my pocket and his prices are going to go up. It’s a vicious circle.”

If the price of gas goes as high as Carter has warned, Taylor says they would have to get rid of one car. His wife is talking about getting a bicycle so that she doesn’t have to take the Cadillac on small errands.

American economic life is so dependent on the private car that even the R. Thomas Flynn Jr.s. of Buffalo, who call themselves “lower middle class,” have three cars. Flynn drives five miles to work as a bartender in a Volare, his wife Mary Jean drives to her job as a medical secretary in a new Toyota, and their daughter Sue, who lives at home, takes her 1970 Ford Maverick to college. None can use public transit.

Flynn gave the President credit for having the “guts” to propose his energy program, but said he would continue to maintain two cars “because we need them to get to work.” He added that he doubted many Americans would accept hardship easily because “there unfortunately is no patriotism anymore.” Flynn said he would start buying his gasoline across the border in Canada if American taxes get too high.

Some found the program much less demanding than expected. George Lincoln of Attleboro, Mass., was listening very carefully Wednesday night because he owns a 35-foot motorboat that gets only 3 miles a gallon and because he has started to build a solar heating system for his home.

“The plan wasn't as harsh as I expected,” said the 42-year-old electrician. “It looked like he was going to put a big tax on gasoline right away. This is not going to change the way I live – at least for the time being.”
PERSONAL PERSPECTIVE

Will Power Be ‘For Sale’?

By PAUL O'CONNOR

It is one thing to say we should preserve our local quality of life and protect ourselves from paving over King County from the sound to the Cascades with California-type urban sprawl. It is something else to do it.

Some body of government has to have the power to regulate and direct the path of local development, which will inevitably shape our environment for generations to come. No single agency now has that power, but the King County Council is trying to get it.

As things now stand, no single agency of government is responsible or accountable for the course of development. Development is regulated, controlled, directed or stopped only through an intricately related maze of governments and their agencies.

Local sewer districts, the State Boundary Review Board, suburban cities, the County Council, Metro, the State Environmental Protection Agency and the federal government all play a part in encouraging or discouraging growth and its direction.

Development has historically happened by itself. It may be governed by certain rules of thumb — like where sewers go so goes the population — but it is basically a random operation.

Development and growth, it should be remembered, were until a few years ago a primary says it is “un-American” and “socialistic” for governments to decide land-use planning. He said nothing should interfere with free enterprise development.

And, he said, “It is ridiculous to compare this county with Los Angeles... To say that will happen here is crazy.”

Hoppe is right about one thing: There is a danger in giving absolute land-use planning to any government because the government is only as good as the people elected to serve in it. And one may well wonder about the potential for personal profit open to future members of the County Council, with the ability to say yes as well as no to development.

A system once established can be abused, “and absolute power corrupts absolutely.” If the power to control the shape of King County is vested in the County Council, or anywhere else, the potential for graft is mind boggling.

Control of the land has always been the basis of power. And the power with which the county is flirting is enormous. Perhaps we can trust the present make-up of the council, but even this year five seats are up for re-election, and certainly the council will change over the years.

Will that power one day be “for sale?”

But you’ve got to trust someone with the power or King County will become Los Angeles; and crazy it would indeed be. The council’s planning ‘activists’ have shown the foresight to insist
GREAT BEGINNINGS
GREAT ENDINGS

a collection of memorable first and last lines from literature etc.
GREAT BEGINNINGS & GREAT ENDINGS
was created by an Intermediate Graphic Design class as an exercise in production techniques.

This booklet is for educational purposes and is not intended for sale. Its purpose is to serve as a vehicle to promote the humanities.

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Printed in Montana U.S.A.
Memorable first and last lines from literature, anthropology, autobiography, poetry, popular fiction, history, philosophy, religion, children's books, drama, etc.

How many can you recognize?
INTRODUCTION

FORBIDDEN PLEASURES

Beginnings and endings command our attention. They provide the excitement of anticipation and the satisfactions of closure, even when that closure is deliciously indeterminate, as in the last words of Samuel Beckett's *The Unnamable*: "You must go on. I can't go on. I'll go on." The words "excitement" and "satisfaction," of course are terms of desire, and that, finally (and initially) is what beginnings and endings are all about. How many of us indulge that extreme and almost forbidden pleasure of opening a book simply to read its first or last sentence? I only need to read the words "Who's there?" in *Hamlet* to quiver over the expectation of an interrogative orgy that will follow. I don't need to read beyond "For a long time I used to go to bed early," from Proust's interminable *Remembrance of Things Past*, to get a rush of pleasure, for these words not only predict but contain what is to follow. In my case, they predict and contain particularly the episode when the narrator Marcel dips his pastry in his tea, and his tasting of this concoction opens the floodgates of memory which threatens to drown both narrator and reader in a rapture of recollection.

I sometimes sneak the Richmond Lattimore translation of Homer's *Iliad* from the bookshelf simply to read that awful and ecstatic last line, "Such was the burial of Hektor, breaker of horses." To me there is no more powerful concluding line in all of literature. Each time I read those compact and stark words, my heart stops. I again receive the terrifying shock or recognition that this book was not about the anger of Achilles or the victory of a powerful man over one who lost his nerve but was instead about human nobility and excellence even when courage fails. This is pure unmitigated pleasure. As is the pleasure of the memorized opening or closing line, for here we have not the ecstasy of anticipation or the satisfaction of closure but the trance of the mantra, a phrase repeated so often that it loses all denotative meaning and comes to exist as pure language, music. Surely many opening lines to great poetry have become mantras. For me, Coleridge's "In Xanadu did Kubla Khan a stately pleasure dome decree" is a mantra, as is Stevens' "She sang beyond the genius of the sea." The opening sentences of Vladimir Nabokov's infamous *Lolita* is a favorite mantra of mine: "Lolita. Light of my life, fire of my loins. My sin, my soul. Lo. Lee. Ta: the tip of the tongue taking a trip of three down the palette to tap, at three, on the teeth. Lo. Lee. Ta. She was Lo, plain Lo, in the morning, standing four feet ten in one sock. She was Lola in slacks. She was Dolly at school. She was Dolores on the dotted line. But in my arms she was always Lolita." This is equaled only by the closing sentences of the very same book: "I am thinking of aurochs and angels, the secret of durable pigments, prophetic sonnets, the refuge of art. And this is the only immortality you and I may share, my Lolita."

What is most shameful to admit is that we don't even have to have read the book in order to get carried away in the erotics and the opiates of language. Sometimes what
we only imagine is enough to create an unbearable excitement of anticipation. Sometimes what we only imagine has happened is enough to satisfy us. Sometimes we don’t even need to imagine what is to come or what has been: the words and their relationship to one another in the sentence is enough to enter into rapture, their creases and folds, their gaps and gapings, the way they fill up and empty out. Consider this calorific obscenity from Henry James: "What determined the speech that startled him in the course of their encounter hardly matters, being probably but some words spoken by himself quite without intention—spoken as they lingered and slowly moved together after their renewal of acquaintance." To have traversed the hills and dales of that opening line from "The Beast in the Jungle" amounts, I think, to having paid one’s dues. One can fairly say, without guilt or embarrassment, that reading that sentence is to have read the whole thing.

But this isn’t "Cultural Literacy" we’re playing. That fiction takes itself much too seriously and really believes that playing the game makes for "educated" if not "better" people. This game of beginnings and endings, far more important and interesting, knows that it is at core provisional, that it isn’t required to pay homage to a literary canon established by Western, white, Protestant males, and that it probably doesn’t make us better folks. But by Pip, it’s fun to do. It’s part of that text which the French semiotician Roland Barthes says in the last sentence of The Pleasure of the Text, granulates, crackles, caresses, grates, cuts, and comes. "That," the book concludes, "is bliss."

Michael Sexson
Many years later, as he faced the firing squad, Colonel Aureliano Buendía was to remember that distant afternoon when his father took him to discover ice.

Glory be to God for dappled things—

One day Uncle Wiggily Longears started out for a ride in his automobile. It had a turnip steering wheel that he could nibble on when he was hungry.

Whether we listen with aloof amusement to the dreamlike mumbo jumbo of some red-eyed witch doctor of the Congo, or read with cultivated rapture thin translations from the sonnets of the mystic Lao-tse; now and again crack the hard nutshell of an argument of Aquinas, or catch suddenly the shining meaning of a bizarre Eskimo fairy tale: it will be always the one, shape-shifting yet marvelously constant story that we find, together with a challengingly persistent suggestion of more remaining to be experienced than will ever be known or told.
planned my death carefully; unlike my life, which meandered along from one thing to another, despite my feeble attempts to control it. My life had a tendency to spread, to get flabby, to scroll and festoon like the frame of a baroque mirror, which came from following the line of least resistance. I wanted my death, by contrast, to be neat and simple, understated, even a little severe, like a Quaker church or the basic black dress with a single strand of pearls much praised by fashion magazines when I was fifteen.

Indian summer is like a woman. Ripe, hotly passionate, but fickle, she comes and goes as she pleases so that one is never sure whether she will come at all, nor for how long she will stay.

Because I could not stop for Death—
He kindly stopped for me—

It was just noon that Sunday morning when the sheriff reached the jail with Lucas Beauchamp though the whole town (the whole county too for that matter) had known since the night before that Lucas had killed a white man.

Tonight I can write the saddest lines.

Write, for example, 'The night is shattered and the blue stars shiver in the distance.'
IT was a bright cold day in April, and the clocks were striking thirteen.

California, Labor Day weekend . . . early, with ocean fog still in the streets, outlaw motorcyclists wearing chains, shades and greasy Levis roll out from damp garages, all-night diners and cast-off one-night pads in Frisco, Hollywood, Berdoo and East Oakland, heading for the Monterey peninsula, north of Big Sur . . . The Menace is loose again, the Hell’s Angels, the hundred-carat headline, running fast and loud on the early morning freeway, low in the saddle, nobody smiles, jamming crazy through traffic and ninety miles an hour down the center stripe, missing by inches . . . like Genghis Khan on an iron horse, a monster steed with a fiery anus, flat out through the eye of a beer can and up your daughter’s leg with no quarter asked and none given; show the squares some class, give 'em a whiff of those kicks they’ll never know . . .

The night Max wore his wolf suit

’Twas the night before Christmas, when all through the house Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse.

WELCOME to an evening under the breast of the Divine Mother.

In a hole in the ground there lived a hobbit. Not a nasty, dirty, wet hole, filled with the ends of worms and an oozy smell, nor yet a dry, bare, sandy hole with nothing in it to sit down on or to eat: it was a hobbit-hole, and that means comfort.
IN the beginning God created the heaven and the earth.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform;

...And the government of the United States of America is herewith suspended, except in the District of Columbia, as of the emergency. Federal officers, including those of the Armed Forces, will put themselves under the orders of the governors of the various states or of any other functioning local authority. By order of the Acting President. God save the people of the United States....

Beware thoughts that come in the night. They aren't turned properly; they come in askew, free of sense and restriction, deriving from the most remote of sources. Take the idea of February 17, a day of canceled expectations, the day I learned my job teaching English was finished because of declining enrollment at the college, the day I called my wife from whom I'd been separated for nine months to give her the news, the day she let slip about her "friend" — Rick or Dick or Chick. Something like that.

Half a league, half a league,
Half a league onward,
All in the valley of Death
Rode the six hundred.
WHEN Mrs. Frederick C. Little’s second son arrived, everybody noticed that he was not much bigger than a mouse. The truth of the matter was, the baby looked very much like a mouse in every way.

IN Dublin, sometime in the early ’eighties, on the last day of the month of March, a mother in child-pain clenched her teeth, dug her knees home into the bed, sweated and panted and grunted, became a tense living mass of agony and effort, groaned and pressed and groaned and pressed, and pressed a little boy out of her womb into a world where white horses and black horses and brown horses and white-and-black horses and brown-and-white horses trotted tap-tap-tap tap-tap-tap over cobble stones, conceitedly, in front of landau, brougham, or vis-à-vis; lumberingly in front of tramcar; pantingly and patiently in front of laden lorry, dray, or float; and gaily in front of the merry and irresponsible jaunting-car:

in Just-spring when the world is mud-luscious

A big unseen bell goes “Bong!” Knots come loose, long-woven bonds break from their folds and clutches. “It is my time now,” says the mother while tugs and struggles in her womb say, “My time too has come.” There is a tearing asunder of every last hold and bond, the violence of leaving the nine-month home to enter a second and vastly larger home. In the mother and the child the crashes and explosions go on, a series leading to the final expulsion. Not till then can there be a birth certificate, a name and a christening, a savage small mouth tugging at pink nipples.
As I walk'd through the Wilderness of this World,
I lighted on a certain place, where was a Den:
And I laid me down in that place to sleep: And
as I slept I dreamed a Dream.

In the midway of this our mortal life,
I found me in a gloomy wood, astray

It was a queer, sultry summer, the summer they electro-
cuted the Rosenbergs, and I didn't know what I was doing in
New York.

Ours is essentially a tragic age, so we refuse to take it tragically.

Lew Welch just turned up one day,
live as you and me. "Damn, Lew" I said,
"you didn't shoot yourself after all."
"Yes I did" he said,

The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;

James Bond, with two double bourbons inside him, sat in the final de-
parture lounge of Miami Airport and thought about life and death.
1  TOM!
   No answer.
   "Tom!"
   No answer.

2  Your mind and you are our Sargasso Sea

3  In the great forest
    a little elephant is born.
    His name is Babar.
    His mother loves him very much.

4  How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.

5  There is but one truly serious philosophical problem,
    and that is suicide.

6  There is sweet music here that softer falls
    Than petals from blown roses on the grass,

7  CALL ME ISHMAEL.
It was a bad time. Billy Boy Watkins was dead, and so was Frenchie Tucker. Billy Boy had died of fright, scared to death on the field of battle, and Frenchie Tucker had been shot through the nose. Bernie Lynn and Lieutenant Sidney Martin had died in tunnels. Pederson was dead and Rudy Chassler was dead. Buff was dead. Ready Mix was dead. They were all among the dead. The rain fed fungus that grew in the men's boots and socks, and their socks rotted, and their feet turned white and soft so that the skin could be scraped off with a fingernail, and Stink Harris woke up screaming one night with a leech on his tongue. When it was not raining, a low mist moved across the paddies, blending the elements into a single gray element, and the war was cold and nasty and rotten. Lieutenant Corson, who came to replace Lieutenant Sidney Martin, contracted the dysentery. The tripflares were useless. The ammunition corroded and the foxholes filled with mud and water during the nights, and in the mornings there was always the next village and the war was always the same. The monsoons were part of the war. In early September Vaught caught an infection. He'd been showing Oscar Johnson the sharp edge on his bayonet, drawing it swiftly along his forarm to peel off a layer of mushy skin. "Like a Gillette Blue Blade," Vaught had said proudly. There was no blood, but in two days the bacteria soaked in and the arm turned yellow, so they bundled him up and called in a dustoff, and Vaught left the war. He never came back. Later they had a letter from him that described Japan as smoky and full of slopes, but in the enclosed snapshot Vaught looked happy enough, posing with two lightly nurses, a wine bottle rising from between his thighs. It was a shock to learn he'd lost the arm. Soon afterward Ben Nyström shot himself through the foot, but he did not die, and he wrote no letters. These were all things to joke about. The rain, too. And the cold. Oscar Johnson said it made him think of Detroit in the month of May. "Lootin' weather," he liked to say. "The dark an' gloom, just right for rape an' lootin'." Then someone would say that Oscar had a swell imagination for a darkie.

That was one of the jokes. There was a joke about Oscar. There were many jokes about Billy Boy Watkins, the way he'd collapsed of fright on the field of battle. Another joke was about the lieutenant's dysentery, and another was about Paul Berlin's purple balls. There were jokes about the postcard pictures of Christ that Jim Pederson used to carry, and Stink's ringworm, and the way Buff's helmet filled with life after death. Some of the jokes were about Cacciato. Dumb as a bullet, Stink said. Dumb as a month-old oyster fart, said Harold Murphy.

In October, near the end of the month, Cacciato left the war.
I F THERE EXISTS such a thing as a spirit-of-place, imbuing each of the continental masses of the world with its own unique and ineradicable sense of rhythm, mood, and character, and if there exists an indigenous form of faith deriving from it, then it is to the Indian we must look for that expression of life's meaning which alone differentiates America from Europe, Africa, and Asia.

Whose woods these are I think I know.

Turning and turning in the widening gyre
The falcon cannot hear the falconer;
Things fall apart; the center cannot hold

It was a dark and stormy night.

WHEN MY MOTHER WAS PREGNANT WITH ME, SHE TOLD ME LATER, a party of hooded Ku Klux Klan riders galloped up to our home in Omaha, Nebraska, one night.

It was a knockout blow—a punch so overwhelming that I didn't get back on my feet for fourteen years. And to deliver a blow like that, they went to a lot of trouble.

IN 1914 Archduke Franz Ferdinand of Austria was assassinated at Sarajevo, and little of the Europe he had known survived him.
This was no time for play.
This was no time for fun.
This was no time for games.
There was work to be done.

Now is the winter of our discontent

Amoebae leave no fossils. They haven’t any bones. (No teeth, no belt buckles, no wedding rings.) It is impossible, therefore, to determine how long amoebae have been on Earth.

Robert Cohn was once middleweight boxing champion of Princeton. Do not think that I am very much impressed by that as a boxing title, but it meant a lot to Cohn.

Batter my heart, three-personed God

A sombrero fell out of the sky and landed on the Main Street of town in front of the mayor, his cousin and a person out of work.

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe
1. Last night I dreamt I went to Manderley again.

2. Among other public buildings in a certain town, which for many reasons it will be prudent to refrain from mentioning, and to which I will assign no fictitious name, there is one anciently common to most towns, great or small: to wit, a workhouse; and in this workhouse was born; on a day and date which I need not trouble myself to repeat, inasmuch as it can be of no possible consequence to the reader, in this stage of the business at all events; the item of mortality whose name is prefixed to the head of this chapter.

3. Woodman, spare that tree!
   Touch not a single bough!

4. When in the Course of human events, it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth, the separate and equal station to which the Laws of Nature and of Nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

5. Listen, my children, and you shall hear
   Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,

6. **TRUST YOURSELF**
   You know more than you think you do.
1 Landscape-tones: brown to bronze, steep skyline, low cloud, pearl ground with shadowed oyster and violet reflections. The lion-dust of desert: prophets' tombs turned to zinc and copper at sunset on the ancient lake. Its huge sand-faults like watermarks from the air; green and citron giving to gummetal, to a single plum-dark sail, moist, palpitant: sticky-winged nymph.

2 A SATURDAY AFTERNOON IN NOVEMBER WAS APPROACHING THE TIME OF TWILIGHT, AND THE VAST TRACT OF UNENCLOSED WILD KNOWN AS EGDON HEATH EMBROWNED ITSELF MOMENT BY MOMENT. OVERHEAD THE HOLLOW STRETCH OF WHITISH CLOUD SHUTTING OUT THE SKY WAS AS A TENT WHICH HAD THE WHOLE HEATH FOR ITS FLOOR.

3 so much depends upon

4 O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms, Alone and palely loitering?

5 There was once a boy named Milo who didn't know what to do with himself—not just sometimes, but always.

6 I was a child murderer. I don't mean child-murderer, though that's an idea. I mean child murderer, that is, a murderer who happens to be a child, or a child who happens to be a murderer.
She was so deeply imbedded in my consciousness that for the first year of school I seem to have believed that each of my teachers was my mother in disguise.

April is the cruellest month, breeding Lilacs out of the dead land, mixing Memory and desire,

Whan that Aprill with his shoures soote The droghte of March hath perced to the roote,

Oh, to be in England Now that April's there,

To the red country and part of the gray country of Oklahoma, the last rains came gently, and they did not cut the scarred earth.

The sun reverberated off the buildings with the brilliance of a handful of diamonds cast against an iceberg, the shimmering white was blinding, as Sabina lay naked on a deck chair in the heat of the Los Angeles sun.

The sea is calm tonight
How is it possible to bring order out of memory? I should like to begin at the beginning, patiently, like a weaver at his loom. I should like to say, 'This is the place to start; there can be no other.'

Once upon a time and a very good time it was there was a moocow coming down along the road and this moocow that was down along the road met a nieens little boy named baby tuckoo...

Who has ever stopped to think of the divinity of Lamont Cranston?

If music be the food of love, play on

Dark spruce forest frowned on either side the frozen waterway. The trees had been stripped by a recent wind of their white covering of frost, and they seemed to lean toward each other, black and ominous, in the fading light. A vast silence reigned over the land. The land itself was a desolation, lifeless, without movement, so lone and cold that the spirit of it was not even that of sadness. There was a hint in it of laughter, but of a laughter more terrible than any sadness—a laughter that was mirthless as the smile of the Sphinx, a laughter cold as the frost and partaking of the grimness of infallibility. It was the masterful and incommunicable wisdom of eternity laughing at the futility of life and the effort of life. It was the Wild, the savage, frozen-hearted Northland Wild.

O World, I cannot hold thee close enough!
The gale tore at him and he felt its bite deep within and he knew that if they did not make landfall in three days they would all be dead.

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the Pit from pole to pole

Should I get married? Should I be good?
Astound the girl next door
with my velvet suit and faustus hood?
Don't take her to movies but to cemeteries

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary

If only you would touch my heart,
if only you would put your lips to my heart
your delicate mouth, your teeth,
He was an old man who fished alone in a skiff in the Gulf Stream and he had gone eighty-four days now without taking a fish.

I caught this morning morning’s minion, kingdom of daylight’s dauphin, dapple-dawn-drawn Falcon,

When I woke up this morning, I found I’d turned into my mother.

By the shores of Gitche Gumee,
By the shining Big-Sea-Water,

Each race contributes something essential to the world’s civilization in the course of its own self-expression and self-realization. The character built up in solving its own problems, in the experience of its own misfortunes, is itself a gift which each offers to the world.

About suffering they were never wrong,
The Old Masters:

Now as I was young and easy under the apple boughs
HERE is Edward Bear, coming downstairs now, bump, bump, bump, on the back of his head, behind Christopher Robin. It is, as far as he knows, the only way of coming downstairs, but sometimes he feels that there really is another way, if only he could stop bumping for a moment and think of it.

A bunch of the boys were whooping it up in the Malamute saloon

CALDWELL turned and as he turned his ankle received an arrow. The class burst into laughter. The pain scaled the slender core of his shin, whirled in the complexities of his knee, and, swollen broader, more thunderous, mounted into his bowels. His eyes were forced upward to the blackboard, where he had chalked the number 5,000,000,000, the probable age in years of the universe. The laughter of the class, graduating from the first shrill bark of surprise into a deliberately aimed hooting, seemed to crowd against him, to crush the privacy that he so much desired, a privacy in which he could be alone with his pain, gauging its strength, estimating its duration, inspecting its anatomy. The pain extended a feeler into his head and unfolded its wet wings along the walls of his thorax, so that he felt, in his sudden scarlet blindness, to be himself a large bird waking from sleep. The blackboard, milky slate smeared with the traces of last night's washing, clung to his consciousness like a membrane. The pain seemed to be displacing with its own hairy segments his heart and lungs; as its grip swelled in his throat he felt he was holding his brain like a morsel on a platter high out of hungry reach.

In the last quarter of the twentieth century, at a time when Western civilization was declining too rapidly for comfort and yet too slowly to be very exciting, much of the world sat on the edge of an increasingly expensive theater seat, waiting—with various combinations of dread, hope, and ennui—for something momentous to occur.
HERE was once a velveteen rabbit, and in the beginning he was really splendid.

This is a tale of a meeting of two lonesome, skinny, fairly old white men on a planet which was dying fast.

One of those no-neck monsters hit me with a hot buttered biscuit so I have t' change!

IT WAS ABOUT ELEVEN O'CLOCK in the morning, mid October, with the sun not shining and a look of hard wet rain in the clearness of the foothills. I was wearing my powder-blue suit, with dark blue shirt, tie and display handkerchief, black brogues, black wool socks with dark blue clocks on them. I was neat, clean, shaved and sober, and I didn't care who knew it. I was everything the well-dressed private detective ought to be. I was calling on four million dollars.

Lay your sleeping head, my love, Human on my faithless arm;

Mother died today. Or, maybe, yesterday; I can't be sure.
Those privileged to be present at a family festival of the Forsytes have seen that charming and instructive sight—an upper middle-class family in full plumage.

""

That Sam-I-am!
That Sam-I-am!
I do not like
that Sam-I-am!

""

A long time ago, when all the grandfathers and grandmothers of today were little boys and little girls or very small babies, or perhaps not even born, Pa and Ma and Mary and Laura and Baby Carrie left their little house in the Big Woods of Wisconsin.

""

Dear God,

I am fourteen years old. I am I have always been a good girl. Maybe you can give me a sign letting me know what is happening to me.

""

The Moon’s the North Wind’s cooky.

""

What happens to a dream deferred?
It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, it was the age of wisdom, it was the age of foolishness, it was the epoch of belief, it was the epoch of incredulity,

It is a truth universally acknowledged, that a single man in possession of a good fortune must be in want of a wife.

Scarlett O'Hara was not beautiful, but men seldom realized it when caught by her charm as the Tarleton twins were.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,

When shall we three meet again? In thunder, lightning, or in rain? When the hurryburly's done, When the battle's lost and won.

The terror, which would not end for another twenty-eight years—if it ever did end—began, so far as I know or can tell, with a boat made from a sheet of newspaper floating down a gutter swollen with rain.

I saw the best minds of my generation destroyed by madness

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright
1 On an exceptionally hot evening early in July a young man came out of the garret in which he lodged in S. Place and walked slowly, as though in hesitation, towards K. bridge.

2 It looked extremely rocky for the Mudville nine that day

3 Amory Blaine inherited from his mother every trait, except the stray inexpressible few, that made him worth while.

4 I had a farm in Africa, at the foot of the Ngong Hills.

5 In the ancient city of London, on a certain autumn day in the second quarter of the sixteenth century, a boy was born to a poor family of the name of Canty, who did not want him. On the same day another English child was born to a rich family of the name of Tudor, who did want him. All England wanted him too.

6 The goose that laid the golden egg
Died looking up its crotch

7 The sun shone, having no alternative, on the nothing new.

8 For the first fifteen years of our lives, Danny and I lived within five blocks of each other and neither of us knew of the other's existence.
HAPPY families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

The force that through the green fuse drives the flower
Drives my green age;

Everyone in Lame Deer knew that old shit-brown Buick.

EXCEPT for the Marabar Caves—and they are twenty miles off—the city of Chandrapore presents nothing extraordinary.

If you really want to hear about it, the first thing you'll probably want to know is where I was born, and what my lousy childhood was like, and how my parents were occupied and all before they had me, and all that David Copperfield kind of crap, but I don't feel like going into it, if you want to know the truth.

Whether I shall turn out to be the hero of my own life, or whether that station will be held by anybody else, these pages must show.
GREAT ENDINGS

1
If I should die before I wake
I pray The Lord my soul to take.

2
And we are here as on a darkling plain
Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
Where ignorant armies clash by night.

3
I did not know then how much was ended.
When I look back now from this high hill of my old age, I can still see the butchered women and children lying heaped and scattered all along the crooked gulch as plain as when I saw them with eyes still young. And I can see that something else died there in the bloody mud, and was buried in the blizzard. A people’s dream died there. It was a beautiful dream.

And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth,—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation’s hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead.
APPY families are all alike; every unhappy family is unhappy in its own way.

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And I, to whom so great a vision was given in my youth,—you see me now a pitiful old man who has done nothing, for the nation's hoop is broken and scattered. There is no center any longer, and the sacred tree is dead.
1 A story is the essential unit of our life, offering the magical imperatives of "so it began" and "so it came to an end." A story encompasses us, justifies our stay, prepares our leaving. Here, in these pages, is the story of the Jews, bedraggled and inspired, who came from eastern Europe. Let us now praise obscure men.

2 Our talk drained rather quickly off into silence and we lay thinking, analyzing, remembering, in the human artist’s sense praying, chiefly over matters of the present and of that immediate past which was a part of the present; and each of these matters had in that time the extreme clearness, and edge, and honor, which I shall now try to give you; until at length we too fell asleep.

3 He might as well call it sleep. It was only toward sleep that ears had power to cull again and reassemble the shrill cry, the hoarse voice, the scream of fear, the bells, the thick-breathing, the roar of crowds and all sounds that lay fermenting in the vats of silence and the past. It was only toward sleep one knew himself still lying on the cobbles, felt the cobbles under him, and over him and scudding ever toward him like a black foam, the perpetual blur of shod and running feet, the broken shoes, new shoes, stubby, pointed, caked, polished, buniony, pavement-beveled, lumpish, under skirts, under trousers, shoes, over one and through one, and feel them all and feel, not pain, not terror, but strangest triumph, strangest acquiescence. One might as well call it sleep. He shut his eyes.

4 I shut my eyes and all the world drops dead.

5 Trials never end, of course. Unhappiness and misfortune are bound to occur as long as people live, but there is a feeling now, that was not here before, and is not just on the surface of things, but penetrates all the way through: We've won it. It's going to get better now. You can sort of tell these things.
What if in my waking hours a sound should ring through the silent halls of hearing? What if a ray of light should flash through the darkened chambers of my soul? What would happen, I ask many and many a time. Would the bow-and-string tension of life snap? Would the heart, overweighted with sudden joy, stop beating for very excess of happiness?

For what is the gift of the poet and the artist except to see the sights that others cannot see and to hear the sounds that others cannot hear?

A way a lone a last a loved a long the

The sky turns, and in turning, measures out our lives. To live in harmony with the world and its cycles is the goal of traditional Native Americans. Their patterns for living derive from a deeply held attention to the rhythms of the sky and earth. The lessons of archaeoastronomy and ethnoastronomy instruct us that whether as architects, weavers, hunters, potters, or storytellers, traditional Native American men and women weave their perceptions of the celestial patterns into their lives in order to participate directly in the ways of the universe.

And he shall turn the heart of the fathers to the children, and the heart of the children to their fathers, lest I come and smite the earth with a curse.
1 But after I had got them out and shut the door and turned off the light it wasn't any good. It was like saying good-by to a statue. After a while I went out and left the hospital and walked back to the hotel in the rain.

2 I walked up the winding stair, and entered his room. A lovely figure, as white and almost as clear as alabaster, was lying on the bed. I saw at once how it was. They thought he was dead. I knew that he had gone to the back of the north wind.

3 The night was starless and very dark. Without doubt, in the gloom some mighty angel was standing, with outstretched wings, awaiting the soul.

4 When I died they washed me out of the turret with a hose.

5 I saw a picture of a North Vietnamese soldier sitting in the same spot on the Danang River where the press center had been, where we'd sat smoking and joking and going, "Too much!" and "Far out!" and "Oh my God it gets so freaky out there!" He looked so unbelievably peaceful, I knew that somewhere that night and every night there'd be people sitting together over there talking about the bad old days of jubilee and that one of them would remember and say, Yes, never mind, there were some nice ones, too. And no moves left for me at all but to write down some few last words and make the dispersion, Vietnam Vietnam Vietnam, we've all been there.

6 And I eat men like air.
1 Yes, she thought, laying down her brush in extreme fatigue, I have had my vision.

2 So in America when the sun goes down and I sit on the old broken-down river pier watching the long, long skies over New Jersey and sense all that raw land that rolls in one unbelievable huge bulge over to the West Coast, and all that road going, all the people dreaming in the immensity of it, and in Iowa I know by now the children must be crying in the land where they let the children cry, and tonight the stars'll be out, and don't you know that God is Pooh Bear? the evening star must be drooping and shedding her sparkler dims on the prairie, which is just before the coming of complete night that blesses the earth, darkens all rivers, cups the peaks and folds the final shore in, and nobody, nobody knows what's going to happen to anybody besides the forlorn rags of growing old, I think of Dean Moriarty, I even think of Old Dean Moriarty the father we never found, I think of Dean Moriarty.

3 Three days later Ishido was captured alive and Toranaga genially reminded him of the prophecy and sent him in chains to Osaka for public viewing, ordering the eta to plant the General Lord Ishido's feet firm in the earth, with only his head outside the earth, and to invite passersby to saw at the most famous neck in the realm with a bamboo saw. Ishido lingered three days and died very old.

4 Mumbo . . . Jumbo . . . will . . . hoo-doo . . . you.

5 But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.
Hundred of cats,  
Thousands of cats,  
Millions and billions and trillions of cats—
and not one was as pretty as this one."

Yet there is so much that fills me: plants, 
animals, clouds, day and night, and the eternal in man. The 
more uncertain I have felt about myself, the more there has 
grown up in me a feeling of kinship with all things. In fact it 
seems to me as if that alienation which so long separated me 
from the world has become transferred into my own inner world, 
and has revealed to me an unexpected unfamiliarity with my-
self.

Old father, old artificer, stand me now and ever in good stead.

Ah! Vanitas Vanitatum! Which of us is happy in this world 
Which of us has his desire? or, having it, is satisfied?—Come 
children, let us shut up the box and the puppets, for our play is 
played out.


If it can be done it is not a bad practice for a 
man of many years to die with a boy heart.
1 We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
   By sea-girls wreathed with seaweed red and brown
   Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

2 I have lost myself in the sea many times.
   Ignorant of the water I go seeking
   A death full of light to consume me.

3 The future of mankind lies waiting for those who will come to understand
   their lives and take up their responsibilities to all living
   things. Who will listen to the trees, the animals and birds,
   the voices of the places of the land? As the long-forgotten
   peoples of the respective continents rise and begin to reclaim
   their ancient heritage, they will discover the meaning of the
   lands of their ancestors. That is when the invaders of the
   North American continent will finally discover that for this
   land, God is Red.

4 One ecosystem
   in diversity
   under the sun
   With joyful interpenetration for all.

5 You're a better man than I am, Gunga Din!

6 "but we must cultivate our gardens."
There is grandeur in this view of life, with its several powers, having been originally breathed by the Creator into a few forms or into one; and that, whilst this planet has gone cycling on according to the fixed law of gravity, from so simple a beginning endless forms most beautiful and most wonderful have been, and are being evolved.

But Carrie would have said there was nothing dishonorable about being an Iketee, either.

Oh, it was gorgeousity and yumyumyum. When it came to the Scherzo I could viddy myself very clear running and running on like very light and mysterious nogas, carving the whole litso of the creeching world with my cut-throat britva. And there was the slow movement and the lovely last singing movement still to come. I was cured all right.

Poems are made by fools like me, But only God can make a tree.

It is not society that is to guide and save the creative hero, but precisely the reverse. And so every one of us shares the supreme ordeal—carries the cross of the redeemer—not in the bright moments of his tribe’s great victories, but in the silences of his personal despair.
"To lose the earth you know, for greater knowing; to lose the life you have, for greater life; to leave the friends you loved, for greater loving; to find a land more kind than home, more large than earth—
"—Wherecon the pillars of this earth are founded, toward which the conscience of the world is tending—a wind is rising, and the rivers flow."

Yes.

Then there are more and more endings: the sixth, the 53rd, the 131st, the 9,435th ending, endings going faster and faster, more and more endings, faster and faster until this book is having 186,000 endings per second.

And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Gatsby believed in the green light, the orgiastic future that year by year recedes before us. It eluded us then, but that’s no matter—tomorrow we will run faster, stretch out our arms farther. . . . And one fine morning—
So we beat on, boats against the current, borne back ceaselessly into the past.

(Here Mr. Holly’s manuscript ends, its outer sheets having been burnt when he threw it on to the fire at his house in Cumberland.)
It was not his own voice that called. It was a boy's voice. Somewhere beyond the sink-hole, past the magnolia, under the live oaks, a boy and a yearling ran side by side, and were gone forever.

The sun was just coming up over the hills on his right. As he peered ahead into the great land that stretched before him, the way seemed long. But the sky was bright, and he somehow felt he was headed in the right direction.

And miles to go before I sleep,
And miles to go before I sleep.

The great doors slammed to. Boom. The bars of iron fell into place inside. Clang. The gate was shut. Sam hurled himself against the bolted brazen plates and fell senseless to the ground. He was out in the darkness. Frodo was alive but taken by the Enemy.

Lying on the floor was a dead man, in evening dress, with a knife in his heart, he was withered, wrinkled, and loathsome of visage. It was not till they had examined the rings that they recognized who it was.

He raised his hand and over the desolate earth he traced in space the sign of the dollar.
because my father lived his soul
love is the whole and more than all

Lastly, on the floor of the closet, are a batch of snapshots taken with a box Brownie. There are automobiles in them; a Model A Ford with the windshield down in some, a Chevy sporting a sassy rumble seat in others, and in the older ones, brown with age, a Model T. People are posing by the running boards. It is summer, yet the adults look very formal. The men are wearing stiff collars, the women vast hats and shapeless cotton dresses. But it is the children who seem oddest. Like their parents they are quaintly dressed. There is something else, though. It takes a moment to realize why they look so peculiar. Then you see it. There is an intensity in their expressions. They are leaning slightly forward, as though trying to see into the future. And they are smiling.

& this is for colored girls who have considered suicide/ but are movin to the ends of their own rainbows

He fell in October 1918, on a day that was so quiet and still on the whole front, that the army report confined itself to the single sentence: All quiet on the Western Front.
He had fallen forward and lay on the earth as though sleeping. Turning him over one saw that he could not have suffered long; his face had an expression of calm, as though almost glad the end had come.

Now small fowls flew screaming over the yet yawning gulf; a sullen white surf beat against its steep sides; then all collapsed, and the great shroud of the sea rolled on as it rolled five thousand years ago.
If, at least, there were granted me time enough to complete my work, I would not fail to stamp it with the seal of that Time the understanding of which was this day so forcibly impressing itself upon me, and I would therein describe men—even should that give them the semblance of monstrous creatures—as occupying in Time a place far more considerable than the so restricted one allotted them in space; a place, on the contrary, extending boundlessly since, giant-like, reaching far back into the years, they touch simultaneously epochs of their lives—with countless intervening days between—so widely separated from one another in Time.

Do not go gentle into that good night.
Rage, rage against the dying of the light.

It is not often that someone comes along who is a true friend and a good writer. Charlotte was both.

to unseat Set to Set down Set
usurper of the Royal couch
imposter RAdio of Moses’ bush
party pooper O hater of dance
vampire outlaw of the milky way

But for them it was only the beginning of the real story. All their life in this world and all their adventures in Narnia had only been the cover and the title page: now at last they were beginning Chapter One of the Great Story, which no one on earth has read: which goes on for ever: in which every chapter is better than the one before.
After all, tomorrow is another day.

Let us therefore abandon the rhetoric of crisis, for we are the crisis. Let us stop wasting energy in worrying about a world crammed with people standing shoulder to shoulder and counting the babies born every minute (one in every five of them a Chinese and just about all of them foreign), and begin to use our imagination to understand how it is that poverty is created and maintained. Let us get to know Lady Poverty up close, so that we lose our phobia about the poor. If we must be afraid, let us rather be afraid that man, the ecological disaster, now has no enemy but his own kind. Rather than being afraid of the powerless, let us be afraid of the powerful, the rich sterile nations, who, whether they be of the Eastern or the Western variety, have no stake in the future. The birth of every unwanted child is a tragedy, for itself and for the unwilling parents, but in spite of all the attention we have given to the matter, more unwanted children are born to us, the rich, than to them, the poor. This may seem a paradox, but the time gives it proof.

The creatures outside looked from pig to man, and from man to pig, and from pig to man again; but already it was impossible to say which was which.

Knowledge joined to action—knowledge about what man has been and is—can protect the future. There is hope, I believe, in seeing the human adventure as a whole and in the shared trust that knowledge about mankind, sought in reverence for life, can bring life.

"I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could. I thought I could."
Time held me green and dying
Though I sang in my chains like the sea.

Robert Jordan lay behind the tree,
holding onto himself very carefully and delicately to keep his hands steady. He was waiting until the officer reached the sunlit place where the first trees of the pine forest joined the green slope of the meadow. He could feel his heart beating against the pine needle floor of the forest.

Here vigor fail'd the towering fantasy:
But yet the will roll'd onward, like a wheel
In even motion, by the love impell'd,
That moves the sun in heaven and all the stars.

Only this evening I saw it again,
At the beginning of winter, and I walked and talked
Again, and lived and was again, and breathed again
And moved again and flashed again, time flashed again.

Horse opera and soap opera, then, embody two of the most important American traditions, the frontier and the home town. But the two traditions are split rather than fused. They show that radical separation between business and society, between action and feeling, office and home, between men and women, which is so characteristic of industrial man. These divisions cannot be mended until their fullest extent is perceived.
Then he flipped the cigarette into the pond and heard the hiss and watched it float. He was immediately sorry he did it. Yet there was other debris on the still water and in the bushes if one used the moonlight to look closely.

He didn’t want to look closely. He preferred to think it was lovely and clean and pastoral here by the silent lagoon and the slumbering ducks in the icy water. Where the choirboys frolicked in the duck shit.

And when she was good, she was very, very good,
And when she was bad, she was horrid.

I have my equivalent of claws and teeth, and indeed my arched back and loud hiss are my best defenses. When I need to hide my size and weakness, I can look fiercer than I am, but when I cannot talk or threaten or argue my way out of trouble, then I am in a lot of trouble. We are scavengers in the alleys and streets of a society we do not control and scarcely influence. We survive and perish both by taking lovers. Freedom is a daily necessity like water, and we love most loyally and longest those who allow us at least occasionally to vanish and wander the curious night. To them we always return from the eight deaths before the last.

He bowed low, right down to the ground, in front of the man sitting there motionless, whose smile reminded him of everything that he had ever loved in his life, of everything that had ever been of value and holy in his life.

“You must never go down to the end of the town—
if you don’t go down with ME!”
1. He was the man who rode into our little valley out of the heart of the great glowing West and when his work was done rode back whence he had come and he was Shane.

2. The old man was dreaming about the lions.

3. And what rough beast, its hour come round at last, Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?

4. Be he alive or be he dead, I’ll grind his bones to make my bread.

5. If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

6. the landlord’s black-eyed daughter, Bess, the landlord’s daughter, Plaiting a dark red love-knot into her long black hair.

7. But one thing I know now I will never have—the triumph I once wanted above everything on earth, the triumph I promised myself when I was a heartsick boy, the triumph that slipped through my fingers yesterday, once for all. I will never have that second kiss from Marjorie under the lilacs.
But Love has pitched his mansion in
The place of excrement;
For nothing can be sole or whole
That has not been rent.

But we, when we put the thorns in our breasts, we know.
We understand. And still we do it. Still we do it.

To have arrived on this earth as the product of a
biological accident, only to depart through human
arrogance, would be the ultimate irony.

Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

But I reckon
I got to light out for the territory ahead of the rest, be-
cause Aunt Sally she's going to adopt me and sivilize
me, and I can't stand it. I been there before.

There were three thousand six hundred and fifty-
three days like this in his sentence, from reveille to
lights out.
The three extra ones were because of the leap
years. . . .
I'm sure the red fern has grown and has completely covered the two little mounds. I know it is still there, hiding its secret beneath those long, red leaves, but it wouldn't be hidden from me for part of my life is buried there, too.

Yes, I know it is still there, for in my heart I believe the legend of the sacred red fern.

I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

He might wish and wish and never get it—the beauty and the loving in the world!

Except You enthrall me, never shall be free,
Nor ever chaste, except You ravish me.

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare The lone and level sands stretch far away."

Goodnight noises everywhere

Shantih shantih shantih
And, from far away, but coming nearer, the baby cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries and cries, cries like it means to wake the dead.

This is the way the world ends
Not with a bang but a whimper.

how do you like your blueeyed boy
Mister Death

In her sepulcher there by the sea—
In her tomb by the sounding sea.

The sea
smiles from far off.
Teeth of foam,
lips of sky.

But it was all right, everything was all right, the struggle was finished. He had won the victory over himself. He loved Big Brother.

“'Aloha,” said Alex Justin, and took another sip of the terrible drink. “Alo-fuckin’-ha.”
Only that day dawns to which we are awake.
There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star.

I search and search and I search, and
I can't understand it, Willy. I made the last payment on the
house today. Today, dear. And there'll be nobody home.
We're free and clear. We're free. We're free... We're free...

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

Oxen and wainropes would not
bring me back again to that accursed island; and the
worst dreams that ever I have are when I hear the surf
booming about its coasts or start upright in bed with
the sharp voice of Captain Flint still ringing in my
ears: "Pieces of eight! pieces of eight!"

Then he waited, marshaling his thoughts and brooding
over his still untested powers. For though he was
master of the world, he was not quite sure what to do
next.
But he would think of something.

"It is a far, far better thing that I do, than I have ever
done; it is a far, far better rest that I go to, than I have
ever known."
I do so like
green eggs and ham!
Thank you!
Thank you,
Sam-I-am!

I wanted to pickle a few of the throaty words in oil,
just as one does snow and ice, between straw; but
Pantagruel would not hear of it. He said that it was
foolish to preserve something that one never had a lack
of, but always kept on hand—such as is the case with
good throaty words among all good and joyous Fanta-
gruelists.

But the word is never the same as that which the
word connotes. The word “God” is not God, the word
“Mother” is not Mother, the word “Self” is not Self, the word
“moment” is not the moment. All of these words are empty.
We’re playing at the level of intellect. Feeding that thing in us
that keeps wanting to understand. And here we are, all the
words we’ve said are gone. Where did they go? Do you re-
member them all? Empty, empty. If you heard them, you are
at this moment empty. You’re ready for the next word. And
the word will go through you. You don’t have to know any-
thing; that’s what’s so funny about it. You get so simple.
You’re empty. You know nothing. You simply are wisdom.
Not becoming anything, just being everything.

All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outgrabe.
1. I drink to the word, raising a word or a shining cup, in it I drink the pure wine of language or inexhaustible water, maternal source of words, and cup and water and wine give rise to my song because the verb is the source and vivid life — it is blood, blood which expresses its substance and so implies its own unwinding — words give glass-quality to glass, blood to blood, and life to life itself.

2. In a book dealing with the achievements of the human mind, then, one should not write THE END for there is no end. One should write only

∞

Editor's Note: The Hebrew letter "aleph" is a mathematical symbol for endlessness. It is used with a subscript that describes a particular quality of endlessness; in this case - infinite.
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BEGINNINGS

1. N, 1967 - One Hundred Years of Solitude by Gabriel García Márquez.

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5. P, 1924 - "Tonight I can write" by Pablo Neruda.


5. P, 1854 - The Charge of the Light Brigade by Alfred Lord Tennyson.

2. A, 1919 - "I Knock at the Door" by Sean O'Casey.
3. P, 1923 - "chanson innocence" by e.e. cummings.

2. P, 1521 - The Divine Comedy by Dante Alighieri.

7. N, 1873 - The Adventures of Tom Sawyer by Mark Twain.
2. P, 1926 - Portrait d'Une Femme by Ezra Pound.
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2. P, 1936 - "Guards of the Flights" by Federico Garcia Lorca.
4. P, 1983 - "For All" by Gary Snyder.
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4. P, 1913 - "Trees" by Joyce Kilmer.

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THE END
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"A book
should serve
as an axe
for the
frozen sea
within us."

-Franz Kafka